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My Father worketh hitherto and I work



THE

LIFE AND WRITINGS

OF

BISHOP HEBER:

THE GREAT MISSIONARY TO CALCUTTA,—THE SCHOLAR, THE POET, AND THE CHRISTIAN

EDITED BY

AN AMERICAN CLERGYMAN.

"My Father worketh hitherto, and I work."—John 5: 17

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PREFACE.

In the course of a few years after the decease of the inestimable prelate, Bishop Heber, his widow prepared and published a memoir of his life, which was first printed in England, and afterwards in New York, in two octavo volumes. These volumes contained a great amount of matter which the general reader would not expect to find in a work of biography, furnished chiefly from the European travels of the subject of the memoir before he entered upon the Christian ministry, and from the efforts of his pen on historical topics. In the department of the memoir itself, also, numerous portions found their place which, from their local character, ceased to be interesting in this country and at this distance of time; whilst the size and price of Mrs. Heber's work rendered it beyond the reach of the great mass of readers who might desire to make themselves acquainted with the life and labors of one of the brightest geniuses of modern times.

In this country Bishop Heber is not known as his character, piety, and talents deserve, or as his zeal, efforts, and example in the holy cause of religion demand. The editor of this edition of his Life believes, therefore, that he has rendered an important

service to the cause of truth and godliness, as well as to the republic of letters, in presenting this eminent scholar and devoted Christian minister to the attention of the public, in the present cheap and portable form. This volume is an abridgement of Mrs. Heber's original work; retaining everything essential to give a true and consecutive view of the bishop's valuable life. With the exception of a few pieces of devotional poetry, an occasional brief remark which might throw light on the context, or a connecting link to preserve the chain of the narrative, no additions have been made.

To young men generally, to theological students, to the Christian minister, to the missionary of the cross in heathen lands, and to the Christian community at large, this volume presents principles, motives, encouragements, and a bright and imitable example, beyond all price. Its effect cannot but be eminently beneficial upon every attentive reader's mind. That it may be a means of great good,—in prompting the young to diligence in the pursuit of learning, in animating the Christian to greater fidelity and zeal, in sustaining the ambassador of Christ in the arduous work of the Christian ministry, in leading all to consider their responsibilities and their mortality, and in bringing glory to God, the source of all grace, the author and giver of every good and perfect gift, —is the editor's sincere desire and earnest prayer.

J. W. B.

CONTENTS.

CHAPTER I.

His Birth. — Anecdotes. — Early Education. — School. — Correspondence at Neasdon. — Entrance at College. — Correspondence at Oxford. — Lines on Alchemy. — Imitation of a Poem by the Duke of Normandy. — Recitation of "Palestine." — Anecdote. — Death of his Father. — Election to All Souls' College. — "Sense of Honor," . . . 9

CHAPTER II.

Tour to the North of Europe. — Correspondence. — Letter from Sir J. M. Riddell. — Correspondence. — His Marriage. — Anecdote. — Settles on his Living. — His Charities. — Remarks on "Cœlebs," and on "Zeal without Innovation." — Translation of an Ode of Klopstock's. — Prefatory Notice to the Hymns published in the Christian Observer. — Dictionary of the Bible. — Poems. — Illness, and temporary Removal to Moreton, ... 41

CHAPTER III.

Publication of Poems. — Death of Lieutenant R. J. Shipley. — Illness. — War in Russia. — Moscow. — Madame de Staël. — Wilkins' Siege of Jerusalem. — Death of Colonel Hill. — Return to Hodnet. — His Mode of Life. — Anecdote. — Preaches the Bampton Lectures. — Letter from Lord Grenville. — Correspondence. — Death of the Rev. T. C. Heber. — "Timour's Councils." — Milman's "Fall of Jerusalem." — Kinnier's "Travels in Asia Minor." — Appointment as University Preacher. — Bowdler's "Select Pieces in Prose and Verse." — Anecdote of a Beggar. — Treatise on the Distinction between the Two Marys, ... 65

CHAPTER IV.

Mr. Heber appointed Prebendary of St. Asaph. — Poetical Compositions. — Ladies' Association at Cornwallis House. — Oxlee on the Trinity. — Southey's "History of the Brazils." — Chalmers' "Astronomical Dis-

courses." — Proposed Heads of University Sermons. — Birth of Mr. Heber's First Child. — Changes in Oxford. — Death of the Child. — Lines commencing, "Thou art gone to the Grave." — Letter to Lady Isabella King. — Letter to the Rev. T. E. S. Hornby. — Bristed's "America." — Poetical Compositions. — Ordination Sermon. — Lines, "From Greenland's Icy Mountains." — Reünion of Spirits in Paradise. — Complete Edition of Jeremy Taylor's Works, with his Life, and a Critical Essay on his Writings. — The Traveller's Club, . 95

CHAPTER V.

Mr. Heber's Illness. — Hebrew Literature. — Southey's "Life of Wesley." — Jeremy Taylor's Descendants. — Bow Meeting Song. — Commemoration at Oxford. — Miscellaneous Poems. — Dean of St. Asaph's Illness. — Letter to the Rev. H. H. Milman on a Collection of Hymns. — Letter to the Bishop of Oxford on Taylor's Life. — Translation from the Bostan of Sadi. — Birth of Mr. Heber's Second Child. — Hornby's "Childhood." — Various Letters. — Appointed Preacher at Lincoln's Inn. — Mr. Otter. — Publication of the Life of Jeremy Taylor. — Chambers in Lincoln's Inn. — Roman Catholic Hymns. — Letters. — Specimens of Devotional Poetry, 120

CHAPTER VI

Mr. Heber receives the offer of the Bishopric of Calcutta. — Letters to the Right Hon. C. W. W. Wynn, John Thornton, Esq., R. J. Wilmot, Esq., the Hon. Mrs. Douglas, and others. — Receives his Doctor of Divinity's Degree from the University of Oxford, by Diploma. — Visits Malpas. — His Farewell Sermon at Hodnet. — His last Sermon at Lincoln's Inn, mentioned in a letter from Sir Thomas D. Ackland, Bart. — Preaches at St. Paul's before the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge. — Consecrated at Lambeth. — Receives the Valedictory Address of the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge. — Farewell Letters, ... 155

CHAPTER VII.

The Bishop embarks for India. — Divine Service on Board. — Connection of Eastern Languages with those of the North of Europe. — Landing at Calcutta. — Accumulation of Ecclesiastical Business. — Bishop's College. — Additional Land granted to the College. — Scarcity of Chaplains in Ceylon. — Christian David. — Want of Clergy in India. — Native Female Education. — Suspension Bridge. — The Bishop's Way of Life, ... 185

CHAPTER VIII.

The Bishop leaves Calcutta. — Letter to the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, on the State of Bishop's College. — Mr. Christian. — The Bishop leaves Dacca. — The Puharrees. — Letter from Mr. Chris-

tian. — His Death. — Epidemic Fever in Calcutta. — Letter from Mr Norman Macleod. — Population of the Banks of the Ganges. — Chunar. — Missionary Establishment at Chinsurah. — Extract from Mr. J. Lushington's Journal. — Sonnet, ... 213

CHAPTER IX.

Native Christians. — The Bishop's Illness at Mallaon. — Reasons for the Governor-General visiting the Upper Provinces. — The Bishop's Letter to his Wife, in case of his Death. — Visit to Meerut. — Mr. Fisher. — Letter to C. Lushington, Esq. — Letters to the Venerable Archdeacon Barnes. — Kairah, Good Friday. — Prayer for his Wife and Child, who had embarked for Bombay, ... 240

CHAPTER X.

Extracts from Archdeacon Barnes' Journal. — The Bishop's Arrival at Bombay. — Confirmation and Visitation. — District Committee of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel formed at Bombay. — The Bishop embarks for Ceylon. — Visit to Cotta. — District Committee of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel formed in Ceylon. — Return to Calcutta, ... 261

CHAPTER XI.

District Committee of the Society for Propagating the Gospel formed in Calcutta. — Success of the Bishop's Applications for Assistance in his Plans for the Improvement of the College. — Mission among the Puharrees. — Death of Mr. Adam. — Books sent to All Souls. — Ordination of Abdul Musseeh. — The Bishop visits Chinsurah. — His Illness. — Departure for Madras. — Extracts from Archdeacon Robinson's Publication. — Station of Vepery. — Poonamalee. — Church at Madras, 278

CHAPTER XII.

Quotation from the Poet Montgomery on drawing towards the Close of a Memoir. — The Bishop leaves Madras. — Pondicherry. — Cuddalore. — Visit from the Country Priest of the Tanjore Mission. — The Bishop arrives at Tanjore. — Monument of Schwartz. — Rajah of Tanjore. — Illness of Dr. Hyne. — Contemplated Improvement of the Tanjore Missions. — Visit to the Rajah. — Missionaries at Tanjore. — The Bishop's Arrival at Trichinopoly. — His last Public Acts. — His Death and Burial, ... 294

CHAPTER XIII.

Monuments erected to the Bishop's Memory. — Sir Charles Edward Grey's Speech at a Public Meeting at Calcutta. — Remarks of the

Rev. Dr. Bryce at the same Meeting. — The "Indian Gazette." — Speech of the Honorable the Chief Justice Sir Edward West at Bombay. — Resolutions adopted at Meetings at Oxford and in London. — Tributes to the Bishop's Memory in America. — Right Reverend Dr. Wainwright's Preface to the American Edition of "Sermons of Bishop Heber Preached in England." — Poetry: On the Portrait of Reginald Heber, by Robert Southey; to his Memory, by Mrs. Opie, Mrs. Hemans, and the Rev. J. W. Cunningham, ... 316

MEMOIR.

CHAPTER I.

His Birth. — Anecdotes. — Early Education. — School. — Correspondence at Neasdon. — Entrance at College. — Correspondence at Oxford. — Lines on Alchemy. — Imitation of a Poem by the Duke of Normandy. — Recitation of "Palestine." — Anecdote. — Death of his Father. — Election to All Souls' College. — "Sense of Honor."

THE lamented subject of this memoir was born April 21st, 1783, at Malpas, in the county of Chester, England, of which his father, the Rev. Reginald Heber, was for many years co-rector. His early childhood was distinguished by mildness of disposition, obedience to his parents, consideration for the feelings of those around him, and that trust in the providence of God which formed, through life, so prominent a part of his character. When little more than two years old, he was dangerously ill with the whooping-cough, for which he was ordered to be bled. His mother took him on her knee, saying, "Dr. Currie wishes you to lose a little blood; I hope you will not object." His answer was, "I will do whatever you please, mamma." On the nurse screaming out that they were going to murder her child, he said, "Poor ——! let her go down stairs." The operator then took hold of his arm, on which he exclaimed, "Do not hold me;" and when

assured that if he moved he would be much more hurt, he replied, "I won't stir," and steadily held out his arm, looking the whole time at the operation.

The following year, when travelling with his parents, in a very stormy day, across the mountainous country between Ripon and Craven, in Yorkshire, his mother was much alarmed, and proposed to leave the carriage and walk. Reginald, sitting on her knee, said, "Do not be afraid, mamma; God will take care of us." These words, spoken, as she herself after his death expressed it, "by the infant monitor, carried with them conviction to her heart, which forty-three years of joy and sorrow had not effaced." In 1787, he had an attack of inflammation of the lungs, and was dangerously ill. The severe remedies to which he was obliged to submit were borne without a murmur, and his patience was so remarkable, that, on his father asking the physician whether there was any hope of saving his life, Dr. Currie answered, "If he were not the most tractable child I ever saw, there would be none; but I think he will recover."

In childhood he suffered much from inflammatory disorders. The hours of convalescence were invariably employed in endeavoring to acquire information; and at six years old, after an attack of typhus fever which again nearly brought him to the grave, the first indulgence for which he pleaded was to learn the Latin grammar, that he might have some employment while lying in bed. He could read the Bible with fluency at five years old, and, even then, was remarkable for the avidity with which he studied it, and for his accurate knowledge of its contents. A discussion had, one day, about this time, arisen in his absence between his

father and some friends as to the book in the Old Testament in which a particular passage was to be found. On Reginald's entering the room, his father referred the question to him, when he at once named both the book and the chapter.

It was by his father's direction that the Bible was first put into his hands, in preference to any abridgement of it, in order that he might become more familiar with its beautiful language, and more ready in applying it. The memory with which he was endowed enabled him fully to profit by this system; and its effects were visible in the piety which marked his youth, and was his distinguishing characteristic through life. A trifling anecdote will serve to prove his intimate acquaintance with the Sacred Volume: When he was about seven years old, a party of his young companions were amusing themselves with riddles and cross questions in the room where he was reading. His attention was attracted by the question, "Where was Moses when his candle went out?"—"On Mount Nebo," was Reginald's immediate reply; "for there he died, and it may be said that his lamp of life went out."

He very early became sensible of the necessity and importance of prayer, and was frequently overheard praying aloud in his own room, when he little thought himself within reach of observation. His sense of his entire dependence upon God, and of thankfulness for the mercies which he received, was deep, and almost an instinct planted in his nature. To his latest hour, in joy and in sorrow, his heart was ever lifted up in thankfulness for the goodness of his Maker, or bowed in resignation under his chastisements; and his first impulse, when afflicted or rejoicing, was to fall on his

knees in thanksgiving, or in intercession for himself, and for those he loved, through the mediation of his Saviour.

He had a considerable talent for drawing, especially for architectural designs; and the juvenile sketches, almost entirely from fancy, which have been preserved by his family, bear strong marks of genius, and gave promise of the superiority to which, with little or no instruction, he afterwards attained in that art. The study of natural history was also a favorite pursuit; and he was fond of exercising his powers of observation in watching the changes of insects, and the various habits of animals and birds; but the kindness of his heart would never permit him to keep any creatures in confinement, far less to gratify his curiosity at the expense of their sufferings. When his little sister had a squirrel given her, he persuaded her to set it at liberty, taking her to a tree, that she might see the animal's joy at being restored to freedom. His mind seemed never to be at rest; and occasionally, when with his playfellows, he would remain silent, absorbed in his own meditations, and insensible to everything around him. As his memory retained the information which he acquired from every possible source, so, as his understanding strengthened, he corrected the errors into which his almost unassisted researches in various branches of knowledge naturally led him. From a child he was inquisitive, always eager to obtain instruction, and never above asking the opinions of others, but with a modesty of manner and evident anxiety to acquire knowledge which prevented his being thought intrusive, and insured him the attention of those with whom he conversed. To

this habit, persevered in through life, he attributed much of the desultory knowledge which he acquired. He believed he could acquire some instructive information from every one he met, however deficient might be their general attainments; for he possessed the rare art of inducing people, apparently without design, to converse upon such subjects as they were best acquainted with, and on which they were consequently most able to appear with advantage.

It was a common saying among the servants of the family that "Master Reginald never was in a passion." This was not, of course, intended to assert that he was insensible to the natural emotions of anger and disappointment, but that even in childhood he had so completely acquired the habit of subduing the outward expression of these feelings, that he was never heard to raise his voice in anger, or to use an impatient expression. Emotions of a more tender nature he had considerable difficulty in suppressing; but, from the sorrow of the boy on leaving his parents for school, to that of the man on parting from all he had early loved, to embark for a distant and dangerous country, and under all the afflictions with which his life was checkered, such was the command he had obtained over himself, that, save that by a glistening of the eye or an increased paleness, only those who were acquainted with the unbounded tenderness of his heart and the strength of his feelings could estimate what he was suffering.

Reading was his principal amusement from the time he knew his letters. His elder brother, to whose affectionate superintendence through life of his graver studies he justly considered himself much indebted,

used to say, "Reginald did more than read books, he devoured them;" and when thus occupied it was with difficulty that his attention could be withdrawn. At almost a single glance his eye embraced the contents of a whole page; and these were so strongly impressed upon his memory, that, years after, he was able to repeat the substance of what he then read; while such passages as more particularly struck him were attentively perused once, and remembered through life with verbal accuracy.

His father's library being small, it was one of Reginald's greatest indulgences to visit Dr. Townson, rector of the lower mediety of Malpas, and look over his books, but especially his engravings. This he was never allowed to do in Dr. Townson's absence; for, besides that he then placed little value on books after having once stored his mind with their contents, and was consequently careless in his treatment of them, the doctor was fond of answering his questions, and of giving him such instruction as was suited to his age. His father, himself an excellent scholar, taught him the rudiments of classical learning; and such was his application and quickness that at seven years old he had translated Phœdrus into English verse. The following year he was placed at the grammar school of Whitechurch, under Dr. Kent; and here a singular instance occurred of that perfect power of abstraction of which his mind was capable. He had remained in the school-room one day after the usual school hours, to enjoy a new book which had just been given him; and so completely was he abstracted in it that he was not in the least aware of a "barring out," which, with all its accompanying noise and confusion, had been

going on for a couple of hours around him, and of which he became conscious as the increasing darkness forced him to lay down his book.

The diffidence natural to young and ingenuous minds, and usually observed to accompany genius, was conspicuous in his character: his youthful attempts at poetical composition were kept in secret, and discovered by accident. He was fond of reading and reciting poetry, but, as a boy, had no elegance of delivery; in his brother he had, however, an example which he had discernment enough to value; and he used to listen to his recitations with attention, and endeavor to imitate his tones and manner of repeating verses.

In 1796 he was placed under the care of Mr. Bristow, a clergyman who took about twelve pupils, at Neasdon, in the neighborhood of London. It was here that an intimacy commenced between him and Mr. John Thornton, eldest son of Samuel Thornton, Esq., late M. P. for Surrey, which soon ripened into a friendship cemented by religious feelings, and by a similarity of tastes and pursuits: and, although in after life they were necessarily much separated by the duties of their respective professions, that friendship was preserved and increased by constant correspondence, and ever glowed with undiminished warmth, until death early removed one of them, to await a re-union with his friend in the mansions of bliss.

Referring to the period when their early friendship for each other was formed, Mr. Thornton subsequently said that, "although Reginald Heber, while at Neasdon, may have been occasionally led into trivial errors, yet was he perfectly free from any serious faults; and, amid the jarring feelings, and in some instances depraved

dispositions, of his school-fellows, he was the boy to whom all the well-disposed looked with deference, and the tendency of whose example was to give a tone of rectitude to the school, and to command the approbation even of those who could estimate excellence in another, though themselves incapable of imitating it."

His natural benevolence and charitableness were fostered, and as far as possible directed, by his parents. Of his own money he was so liberal that it was found necessary to sew the bank notes given him for his half-year's pocket-money at school within the lining of his pockets, that he might not give them away in charity on the road. On one occasion, before this precaution had been taken, he gave all the money he possessed to a poor man who stated that he was a clergyman, but that, having lost his sight, he lost his curacy, and his means of subsistence. This person afterwards found his way to Malpas, and from his being recognized by the servant who had attended Reginald to school, this act of beneficence was made known to his parents, for of his own deeds he never boasted; and, as was remarked by the old servant, who mentioned the circumstance, "his left hand knew not what his right hand did."

During the early part of his residence at Neasdon, he had been reading an account of the manner in which an African traveller had successfully parried the attack of a wild bull. There happened to be grazing in a field adjoining to Mr. Bristow's garden a bull of no very peaceable disposition. Reginald resolved on making a similar experiment with this animal, and advanced towards it, holding his hat before his face, and acting all the gesticulations of which he

had been reading, fully anticipating its instant flight. But, on the contrary, the bull ran furiously at him, and he only escaped by jumping over some rails into the garden. In this garden there was a pool of water, divided from the rails by a narrow gravel walk, into which the bull, not being active enough to turn short round like his adversary, plunged, and after floundering forwards for some time, remained sticking fast in the mud, with his head not many feet from an alcove on the opposite side, in which sat quietly at their tea Mr. and Miss Bristow, little expecting such a visitor.

The habits and pursuits of young Heber whilst at Neasdon, Mr. Thornton, who was his class-fellow there for three years, has delineated in the following manner:

"Reginald was endowed by nature with a strong memory and a lively imagination, both of which had been cultivated to an extraordinary degree at the early age of thirteen, by the constant habit of employing a large part of his leisure hours in reading.

"He was not remarkable for quickness of apprehension, neither was he defective in it; but in this respect his class-fellows had sometimes the credit of surpassing him, in consequence of his frequently suffering his mind to wander to other subjects than those immediately before him.

"His superiority was, however, manifested by his compositions in prose and verse, but especially the latter. In his prose exercises there was a maturity of thought and a display of knowledge greatly beyond his years; and his verses were always spirited and original, or if any of the thoughts or expressions were borrowed, they proceeded from sources little known to ordinary readers, and certainly not to his school-fellows. Spenser was always one of his favorite authors. With his Faerie Queene in his pocket, he would sally forth on a long, solitary walk, whilst his comrades were occupied with the common sports of school-boys, in which he seldom engaged. Yet he was by no means unpopular on this account. On the contrary, his invulnerable temper, his overflowing kindness of heart,

his constant cheerfulness, and his inexhaustible power of entertaining his companions, secured to him the affection of all, whether older or younger than himself. In the long winter evenings a group of boys was frequently formed around him, whilst he narrated some chivalrous history, or repeated ancient ballads, or told some wild tale, partly derived from books and partly from his own invention.*

"For the exact sciences, or for critical knowledge, Reginald had no taste. When asked the date of a particular event, he could seldom give it, but he always knew who were alive at the time of its occurrence, by whose agency it was brought about, and what were the important consequences that resulted from it. In like manner, the structure of the ancient languages was to him a matter of secondary importance, which he attended to only as far as he was obliged by his school lessons and exercises.

"The sense of the author was eagerly grasped at by him, but the mere scaffolding of learning he only esteemed as a means of arriving at that sense. Fond, however, as he was of acquiring knowledge for its own sake, he was not insensible to the value of literary reputation; he often spoke with admiration of the distinguished scholars of past times, and used to say, that, with such examples before him, idleness was inexcusable. He also felt the stimulus of emulation in his daily studies; but there was no want of generous feeling when he happened to be surpassed. Generosity was indeed an eminently conspicuous part of his character, not only as a boy, but in every period and relation of after life. Elevated by his intellectual pursuits and pleasures above the ordinary gratifications of school-boys, he had perhaps the less difficulty in resigning his share of them whenever a competition occurred. Self-denial in such matters seemed not to cost him an effort, and I do not recollect an occasion on which that preference of self, which, till subdued by religion, is so common to our nature, was ever evinced by him. Still, though of an unusually mild and yielding disposition, he was capable of being roused by oppression, and of making a vigorous resistance against it; and I well remember an instance when, though sure of being worsted in the conflict by the superior strength of his adversary, he fought manfully, for the purpose, as he said,

* In a similar manner, at a much later period, he attracted his friends around him to listen to romances of his own composition.

of teaching his opponent that tyranny should not be practised on him with impunity.

"At this early period of his life, a reverence for everything sacred, and a remarkable purity of thought, were eminent points in his character.

"Though many of his school-fellows were habitually profane and licentious in their conversation, their example had no influence on him, whilst his own had the most salutary effect upon those who, but for him, would have been too weak to resist the torrent of vice to which they were daily exposed."

Thus early he seems to have been under the influence of the spirit of truth and holiness. Engaged as he was in classical pursuits, he steadily kept to the reading of the Bible, and of uninspired religious books. During the summer holidays, when he was about fourteen years of age, his mother missed her "Companion to the Altar," and on inquiry being made, he brought it to her, saying that he had had it about three weeks, and had spent many hours in reading it; that he had made himself master of its contents, and thoroughly understood them, and begged to be allowed to accompany her to the altar on the next Sacrament Sunday, to which his happy mother consented with tears of joy and affection. Who can wonder that this promising child was tenderly beloved by his parents, whose hearts expanded with gratitude to the Giver of all good for this, the choicest of his boons; or who can estimate the sorrows of her, who, having reared this treasure from infancy to manhood, had watched the blooming of those opening buds, and seen them bring forth fruits of heavenly growth, was called to weep over his early grave! Truly, "if in this life only we had hope, then were we most miserable."

Of the progress of Reginald's studies, his letters to

his friend Thornton, who left the school some little time before his own removal to college, will give the best information.

(TO JOHN THORNTON, ESQ.)

"NEASDON, Nov. 8, 1799

"DEAR THORNTON,—Your account of your mathematical progress quite frightens me. For my part, I confess I have, in that particular, been horribly idle, and have not done a single question in decimals since the holidays; nay, I don't believe I could find my book: however, I am resolved to set about it to-day.

"In Greek I go on in the old train, being now deeply engaged in Longinus, Prometheus Vinct. and the Epistles, with Locke's Commentary; besides which I read the 'Essay on the Human Understanding' for two hours every evening after I have finished my exercise. Locke, you know, I used to think very stupid; but I have now quite altered my opinion.

* * * "I had more to say, but your 'loves of the triangles' stick so in my gizzard that I must immediately begin to hunt for my 'Tutor's Assistant.' How long this whim will keep in my head is uncertain. At present it has full possession of your friend and imitator, REGINALD HEBER."

(TO JOHN THORNTON, ESQ.)

"NEASDON, Feb. 22, 1800.

* * * * * * *

"We had tolerably pleasant holidays; you will laugh when I tell you that a *misochorist* like myself was drawn into a party to a ball. They thought, I believe, to cure me of my antipathy to that kind of see-saw motion, but they have not succeeded. I dislike balls as much as ever.

"I believe you will remember young Bowler, the baker, how he used always to read in his cart. I examined his books some days ago, and found they were Volney, Voltaire, and Godwin. These are the fruits of circulating libraries."

(TO JOHN THORNTON, ESQ.)

"NEASDON, Feb. 26, 1800.

"DEAR THORNTON, — Your kind letter, which I received yesterday, though it relieved me from a very great anxiety, which Payoud's imperfect intelligence had caused, gave me the sincerest concern. I, however, rejoice most heartily to find you are doing so well, and trust that your recovery will be as rapid as your illness was severe.

"I am now eagerly waiting for my brother Richard's return to England, as on his advice will depend the time of my going to college, and the choice of my tutor. I should wish for Harpur whom you saw at Portsmouth. You, I conclude, will be very soon setting off for Cambridge; I wish Oxford was the place of your destination instead. I must, therefore, have my acquaintance to make; but in this my brother's introduction will no doubt be of great use to me. By what I hear, I conceive you are very lucky in having such a person as Mr. Dealtry to introduce you at college You will laugh at me for talking of college six months before my time, but *Tendimus in Latium* * is the principle that rules us all and Æneas talked of Italy when he was only at Carthage.

"I remain, dear Thornton, your affectionate friend."

The next letter, written at the age of seventeen, though not exempt from the prejudices of a youthful and ardent spirit, nor from errors which subsequent experience taught him to correct, displays the bent of his studies, as well as the powers of his mind when employed on the spiritual and temporal affairs of that Church of which he was to become so distinguished an ornament.

(TO JOHN THORNTON, ESQ.)

"NEASDON, June 24, 1800.

"MY DEAR THORNTON, — Your letter, which I received yesterday, was an agreeable answer to one which I had sent off that very morning. I am glad to find that your tour has been pleasant, and,

* We are journeying to Latium; meaning, here, anticipation.

I trust, profitable. I fully agree with you respecting the stipends of the clergy. Were Queen Anne's bounty better regulated, and were it ordered that every clergyman of above £200 a year should, *bona fide*, pay the tenth of his benefices to that, or some other similar institution, and so on in an ascending scale to the largest preferments, as might be thought right and equal, much of this evil, and all its attending mischiefs of non-residence, contempt of the ministry, &c., might, I think, without inconvenience be prevented. This, it is thought, was the intention of Queen Anne; but the death of that excellent woman, and the unfortunate circumstances which followed, threw obstacles in the way of the Church which I fear there is no probability of its being able to get over. * * * I sincerely pray that the Almighty would put it into the hearts of the nursing fathers of the Church to take some order for the comfort of her ministers.

"I, however, am rather apt to regard the interference of temporal authority in these matters with a jealous eye. The rulers of this world have very seldom shown themselves friendly to the real interests of theC hurch. If we consider the conduct of the government in the times of the reformation, and indeed ever since, we shall always find it has been more friendly to its own avaricious and ambitious projects than to consult what is just and pious. Even the piety of an Edward could not prevent his ministers from increasing, instead of rectifying, those evils of which we complain. Besides, I really do, in some measure, doubt whether temporal governors may, without sacrilege, meddle by their own single authority with the revenues of the Church. This appears to have been the opinion of Whitgift, as we may infer from his well-known address to Queen Elizabeth. Let, then, the representatives of the bishops, priests, and deacons of the empire be convened, and by their advice and with their consent, let the King, as head of the Church, and the Parliament, as guardians of the laws, take order concerning this matter. But this the present temper of the times renders, I fear, improbable. I am not one of those who cry the Church is in danger; on the contrary, I think it is in some measure better off than it was thirty years ago, and we have very great reason to be thankful to God for what we enjoy; but really, when we have seen a bishop refused to Virginia, not as yet dismembered, at a time when Popery had been established in Canada; if we compare the magnificent temples, nay, even con-

vents, of the Papists in England with the miserable condition of the Episcopalians in Scotland, and many other things of the same kind, it will scarcely appear that our government is *over-zealous* in this cause.

"I think you are very lucky in your acquaintance with Lord Teignmouth; they are such men, as you have described him, that are to keep us from sinking. Dr. ——— I have heard well spoken of before, but I grieve that, as you tell me, he is negligent even of the mint and cummin of our Church. If our ecclesiastical ordinances are in his opinion lawful, it is very wrong in him to disobey his superiors; if otherwise, when he entered into our Church, and declared his assent to our articles and liturgy, he has committed a sin which I fear in some measure resembles that for which there is no remission. Perhaps this is going a little too far; but it is dangerous ground when a man declares in the presence of the Church and its head, that he is moved by the Holy Ghost to join a society whose institutions he thinks unlawful. Perhaps you may have been misinformed, or I may have misunderstood you. I sincerely hope so. You will possibly think that I stand too much upon ceremonies; but you must consider that though an indifferent ceremony in itself is nothing, yet when commanded by lawful authority it must be obeyed.

* * * * "I must apologize for the length of my letter, and also observe that I am aware that there are many things in it which the world would condemn."

(TO JOHN THORNTON, ESQ.)

"HODNET HALL, August 25, 1800.

"MY DEAR THORNTON,—Your last letter was full of the worst news you could have sent me. I am very sorry to hear of your illness; pray write to me soon to tell me how you go on; but if you are ill, don't hurry yourself, but make your servant send me a line, which will be a great comfort to me,—let it be written by whom it may,—provided it brings favorable intelligence.

"I am sorry that you are edging still farther off from my haunts. but, however, what are fifty or one hundred miles to two lads with affectionate hearts and hardy outsides? Cambridge and Oxford have, as I believe, a mail running between them, so that at college we are only a few hours' drive asunder. * * * * Vale Royal

Abbey, or as it is generally, or at least frequently, called, the Vale Royal of Cheshire, is the seat of our relation, Mr. Cholmondeley, which name, not being over-classical, I was obliged to speak elliptically. I have been a little interrupted in my Greek by two things: first, the examining of a large chest full of old family writings, which I have almost got through; and secondly, I have commenced a diligent re-perusal of the Old Testament, which I trust I shall, *Deo Juvante*,* finish before I go to Oxford. In the course of last week I read as far as Ruth. Excuse the irregularity of this style and character of mine, for the illness which you foretell to yourself sticks in my throat, and confuses a head which is never one of the clearest."

(TO JOHN THORNTON, ESQ.)

"NEASDON, August, 1800.

* * * * * "If you could give me a few instructions for my conduct at first going to college, I should thank you; for though I am well provided both with an instructor and adviser in my brother, yet I shall be glad to hear you too on the subject. * * * * * I send you a sketch of a building which I passed coming from the north, which will interest you as much as it did me; I could almost have pulled off my hat as we drove by. It is Sir Isaac Newton's house, as it appears from the north road. Though I have heard it taken notice of, I never saw any print or drawing of it. You may perhaps think it worth while to improve upon my sketch, which, though from memory, is, I believe, accurate, and draw it yourself on a large scale, as I hope you have not entirely neglected an art which you used to make a figure in here."

(TO JOHN THORNTON, ESQ.)

"HODNET HALL, Sept. 19, 1800.

"You ask me what is my plan of operations in my studies. I am afraid that I have of late a good deal relaxed from my former diligence, and my advances in Homer and Algebra are not equal to what I hoped. I have, however, not totally neglected these; and I have got on fast in my Guicciardini and Machiavel, and at my spare hours have read one half of Knolles' History of the Turks,

* With the help of God.

which you know Johnson highly, and I think deservedly, commends. I, for my own part, have never met with a greater mass of information, or, considering the time when it was written, a more pleasing style. If ever you should meet with it, if you are not daunted with a thick folio, closely printed, you can scarcely find a more agreeable companion for those hours in which you are not employed in other ways. You will laugh at me for studying Machiavel, but I read him principally for the sake of his style; though I frankly own I think much better of him than the generality of the world (who probably have never read him) profess to do.

"I am to be entered at Brazen Nose about the 10th of October, and am to reside immediately, though entrance keeps a term, since I do not want to waste my time any longer. I am to have a private tutor, which I am very glad of. * * * *

"I remain, my dear friend, your obliged and affectionate

"REGINALD HEBER."

(TO JOHN THORNTON, ESQ.)

"MALPAS, October, 1800.

"I still remain here, though term is begun, and I shall not, I think, go to Oxford before the end of the month. My brother is so kind as to promise, if possible, to meet me there. This will of course be much more agreeable, though I have already been introduced to many Brazen Nose men. The college is so superabundantly full that rooms are nowhere to be procured. I am much amused with the preparations I see making for furnishing me with household stuff, such as table-cloths, sheets, &c., &c. It is surely a luxurious age when a boy of seventeen requires so much fuss to fit him out. * * * * My studies go on as usual. Machiavel I rather admire more than at first. My Greek studies will be soon, I fear, *gravelled*, if I continue at home. My brother particularly recommends me to attend the public lectures on astronomy and mathematics at Oxford, as he says they are at present very clever."

(TO JOHN THORNTON, ESQ.)

"OXFORD, Nov. 11, 1800.

"I am very glad to hear you are settled to your mind at Cambridge. My experience of Oxford has been so short that I am no

very competent judge; but the little I have seen of it is certainly what would give me a very favorable opinion of Oxford in general, and Brazen Nose in particular. I have got through all the formalities of examination, matriculation, and all other ——ations that are necessary. I have been fortunate in being able for the present to borrow very decent rooms, and have hopes of still better for my own, next term. As to the plan of my studies, I really know as yet nothing about the matter: that is to be settled to-morrow. My father and mother came up with me here, and go away to-morrow. I was in great hopes that my brother would have been able to meet me, and still expect him daily. My acquaintances lie quite differently from yours. I indeed know several of the fellows, the senior proctor, the bishop,* &c.; but they are *great men*, and not given to associate with freshmen and commoners, so that I believe my acquaintance with them will be only bows. Mr. Hugh Cholmondeley,† indeed, has been very kind to me, and has taken much trouble in getting me settled in my rooms, as my tutor is out of the way. To him I owe my introduction to the few acquaintances I have, who are mostly Cheshire men. The bishop cautioned me very strongly against too numerous an acquaintance; it is a thing I certainly would not court. I am almost entirely without books: my own are as yet at Neasdon. Mr. Cholmondeley has, however, very good-naturedly offered to lend me anything I want that he has got in an excellent library. * * * * I have been just this instant most agreeably surprised by the sudden arrival of my brother Richard. He only staid an instant, and set off to the King's Arms, to my father and mother. I would fain have gone with him; but it is past nine, and the gates are shut."

Mr. Heber was entered in November, 1800, at Brazen Nose College, Oxford, of which his father had been, his elder brother was then, and his younger brother afterwards became, a fellow. As his education had been private, he came to the university under the disadvantage of having an entirely new acquaintance to

* Dr. William Cleaver, Bishop of Chester, Principal of Brazen Nose.
† Subsequently Dean of Chester.

form. His abilities were known only to a few; but his talents for conversation and literature soon introduced him to a circle so large as to endanger the future career of a man of meaner aspirations, or who had a less ardent thirst for knowledge. He never allowed his hours of study to be abridged by his evening parties, but would often tie a wet cloth round his head to keep off the approach of sleep. In his first year at college he gained the university prize for Latin verse, by his "*Carmen Seculare*,"* a poem on the commencement of the new century, which gave that bright promise of success which his future academical career so well fulfilled. The extracts which follow are from letters written during the early part of his residence at Oxford.

(TO JOHN THORNTON, ESQ.)

"OXFORD, Jan. 15, 1801.

"I am very much obliged to you, my dear friend, for your kind invitation to Cambridge, and I could wish it were in my power to accept it. I have, however, been so completely engaged, and shall continue to be so, that an absence however short from college will be attended with considerable difficulty and inconvenience. Our meeting must then be deferred till after this term, when I hope we shall both of us be in London.

"I have got into a habit of tolerably early rising, which I intend to adhere to; the plan is that another man, who has been my companion in the course of mathematics which I have gone through, has agreed to read with me every morning from six till chapel, by which scheme we gain two hours of the best part of the whole day. This system must, however, be altered when chapel begins at six, which it does in summer. I do not find '*Euclid de novo*' so irksome as your friend used to think. Though mathematics will never be the great rallying point of my studies, I should be very sorry to

* Poetry secular; or literary poetry.

be ignorant of them and that philosophy which depends on them. My class-fellow is agreeable and remarkably clever; though only sixteen, his acquirements and understanding are inferior to few in the college. He is at present a kind of tutor to a man at least five years his senior. Some traits in his manner and character I sometimes fancy bear an imperfect resemblance to you; and while they make me still fonder of him, serve to put me in mind of the only cause I have to regret that there are two separate universities in England."

(TO JOHN THORNTON, ESQ.)

"OXFORD, 1801.

"Notwithstanding the miseries of fellowships on which you descant, I should like very well to have one. I cannot indeed conceive how an excellent society, good rooms, and the finest situation for study in the world, can have that effect in benumbing the faculties which you ascribe to it. There will no doubt be many illiberal men in these sort of societies; but I fear those men would have been still less gentlemen than they are at present had it not been for the advantages of a college society. I was much entertained, my dear friend, with the account you gave of time passing away at Cambridge. 'The beef of yesterday is succeeded by the mutton of to-day,' are your words when you show me the manner in which the Cantabs pass their time. You indeed, who are clothed in purple and fare sumptuously every day at the fellows' table, would have more reason to reckon by meals than I should; for the dinners we get here, at least the commoners (for the gentlemen commoners have a table to themselves and fare very well), are the most beastly things that ever graced the table of a poor-house or house of correction. I write this letter in a very ill humor at some circumstances I happen to be engaged in, which are as follows: It is thought expedient that, as I principally feel myself deficient in mathematics, I should stay in Oxford during this next vacation in order to go through a course of lectures with the mathematical professor. This is certainly very much for a man's interest, but it will be very dull, I fear, as few Brazen Nose men with whom I am acquainted will stay. If you could contrive to take the opportunity of this vacation at once to see Oxford, and make an old school-fellow perfectly happy by your company for a day or two, I need not say how glad I should be. If you conveniently can, pray do come.

"I have fagged pretty hard since I have been here, on a perfectly different plan, however, from my Neasdon studies. I was very closely engaged last week with a copy of verses, as you will believe when I tell you that I literally had no time to shave, insomuch that my beard was as long and hoary as that of his majesty the erl king. I succeeded tolerably well in my verses, and had to read them in the hall; the most nervous ceremony I ever went through.

"I agree with you on the subject of that fabled academical leisure. We are, at Cambridge and Oxford, in the economy of time perfect Cartesians; we admit of no vacuum. I have been, through my Cheshire connections and the long residence of my brother, introduced to a great many people; and this has of course produced very numerous parties; but I assure you I shall preserve my character for sobriety. No man is obliged to drink more than he pleases, nor have I seen any of that spirit of playing tricks on freshmen which we are told was usual forty or fifty years ago at the universities."

On the back of one of Mr. Heber's early college exercises is written the following fragment on alchemy:

* * * * *

"So fares the sage, whose mystic labors try
The thorny paths of faded alchemy.
Time, toil, and prayer to aid the work conspire,
And the keen jaws of dross-devouring fire.
In one dim pile discordant embers blaze,
And stars of adverse influence join their rays;
Till, every rite performed, and labor sped,
When the clear furnace dawns with sacred red,
From forth the genial warmth and teeming mould
The bright-winged radiance bursts of infant gold."

In one of the vacations he wrote the following imitation of a song, said to have been composed by Robert, Duke of Normandy, during his confinement in Cardiff Castle, addressed to an oak which grew in an ancient encampment within sight of his windows:

"Oak, that stately and alone
On the war-worn mound hast grown,
The blood of man thy sapling fed,
And dyed thy tender root in red.
Woe to the feast where foes combine!
Woe to the strife of words and wine!

"Oak, thou hast sprung for many a year
'Mid whisp'ring rye-grass tall and sear,
The coarse, rank herb, which seems to show
That bones unblessed are laid below.
Woe to the sword that hates its sheath!
Woe to th' unholy trade of death!

"Oak, from the mountain's airy brow
Thou view'st the subject woods below;
And merchants hail the well-known tree,
Returning o'er the Severn sea.
Woe, woe to him whose birth is high,
For perils wait on royalty!

"Now storms have bent thee to the ground,
And envious ivy clips thee round;
And shepherd hinds in wanton play
Have stripped thy needful bark away.
Woe to the man whose foes are strong!
Thrice woe to him who lives too long!"

(TO JOHN THORNTON, ESQ.)

"OXFORD, 1803.

"MY DEAR FRIEND,—I believe I mentioned in my last letter the causes that prevented me from answering yours immediately. I was at that time in all the perplexity of forming a plan for a long poem, and turning over the bad Latin and tedious descriptions of Reland and Cotoricus. In the middle of this pursuit I was interrupted by a very severe attack of the influenza, which, though it perhaps tended greatly to keeping your letter in my thoughts, incapacitated me from writing at all, as I could seldom bear to sit up, my head and body ached so much. After my recovery, the time was so short and the business so pressing that you will not wonder that I post-

poned writing to you, among the rest of the pleasures which I gave up, till I should have completed the copy. This was accordingly given in on Monday night. I know not whether I told you in my last that it is a sort of prize extraordinary for English verses — the subject, Palestine. I was not aware till yesterday that the same subject had been some time since given for the Seatonian prize I think it, on the whole, a fine one, as it will admit of much fancy and many sublime ideas. I know not whether it ought to have been made exclusively sacred or not. Many men whom I have talked with seem inclined to have made it so; but I have an utter dislike to clothing sacred subjects in verse, unless it be done as nearly as possible in scriptural language, and introduced with great delicacy. I could not refrain, however, from mentioning and rather enlarging on the Messiah and the last triumphs of Judea. The historical facts of Scripture I of course made great use of, as well as of the crusades, siege of Acre, and other pieces of modern story. My brother, my tutor, and Mr. Walter Scott, the author of the Border Minstrelsy, whom I have no doubt you know by name, if not personally, give me strong hopes, and I am, on the other hand, I hope, pretty well prepared for a disappointment. Whether the event be favorable or otherwise, I shall know in about ten days, and will not fail to communicate my victory or defeat."

It was in the spring of 1803 that Mr. Heber wrote "Palestine." In the course of its composition, Sir Walter Scott happened to breakfast with him one morning, together with his brother and one or two friends, previous to their joining a party of pleasure to Blenheim. "Palestine" became the subject of conversation, and the poem was produced and read. Sir Walter remarked, "You have omitted one striking circumstance in your account of the building of the temple — that no tools were used in its erection." Mr. Heber retired from the breakfast table to a corner of the room, and before the party separated produced the beautiful lines which now form

a part of the poem,* and which were at a subsequent period, and alas! on a far different occasion, quoted by Sir Charles Edward Grey, as illustrative of the manner in which he trusted the Church of Asia would arise, and in which the friend he then mourned was so admirably qualified to foster its growth. At the anticipated period Mr. Heber had the pleasure of informing his friend at Cambridge that he had obtained the prize.

The success which attended this prize poem has been unparalleled in its class; universally read at the time, by many committed to memory, it has retained its place among the higher poetical compositions of the age, and has since been still further immortalized by the genius of Dr. Crotch, musical professor in Oxford.† The effect which its recitation in the theatre produced is thus recorded by an eloquent contemporary, writing at the interval of twenty-four years:

"None who heard Reginald Heber recite his 'Palestine' in that magnificent theatre will ever forget his appearance — so interesting and impressive. It was known that his old father was somewhere sitting among the crowded audience when his universally-admired son ascended the rostrum; and we have heard that the sudden thunder of applause which then arose so shook his frame, weak and wasted by long illness, that he never recovered, and may be said to have died of the joy dearest to a parent's heart.‡ Reginald

* "No hammer fell, no ponderous axes rung;
Like some tall palm the mystic fabric sprung.
Majestic silence!"

† It has also been translated into Welsh by Dr. Owen Pugh, who had previously translated Milton's Paradise Lost into the same language.

‡ There is no truth in this story; but an error cannot be regretted

Heber's recitation, like that of all poets whom we have heard recite, was altogether untrammelled by the critical laws of elocution, which were not set at defiance, but either by the poet unknown or forgotten; and there was a charm in his somewhat melancholy voice, that occasionally faltered, less from a feeling of the solemnity and even grandeur of the scene, of which he was himself the

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which has given occasion to the following lines, by Miss Jermyn, published in one of the annuals for 1829:

"ON THE RECITATION OF PALESTINE.

"Hushed was the busy hum; nor voice nor sound
Through the vast concourse marked the moment near,
A deep and holy silence breathed around,
And mute attention fixed the list'ning ear:

"When from the rostrum burst the hallowed strain,
And Heber, kindling with poetic fire,
Stood 'mid the gazing and expectant train,
And woke to eloquence his sacred lyre.

"The youthful student, with emphatic tone,
(His lofty subject on his mind impressed,)
With grace and energy unrivalled shone,
And roused devotion in each thoughtless breast.

"He sang of Palestine — that holy land,
Where saints and martyrs, and the warrior brave,
The cross in triumph planting on its strand,
Beneath its banners sought a glorious grave.

"He sang of Calvary, of his Saviour sang,
Of the rich mercies of redeeming love;
When through the crowd spontaneous plaudits rang,
Breathing a foretaste of rewards above.

"What means that stifled sob, that groan of joy?
Why fall those tears upon the furrowed cheek?
The aged father hears his darling boy,
And sobs and tears alone his feelings speak.

"From his full heart the tide of rapture flows;
In vain to stem its rapid course he tries;
He hears the applauding shouts, the solemn close,
And, sinking from excess of joy, he dies!"

conspicuous object, — though that feeling did suffuse his pale, ingenuous, and animated countenance, — than from the deeply-felt sanctity of the subject, comprehending the most awful mysteries of God's revelation to man. As his voice grew bolder and more sonorous in the hush, the audience felt this was not the mere display of the skill and ingenuity of a clever youth, the accidental triumph of an accomplished versifier over his compeers, in the dexterity of scholarship, which is all that can generally be truly said of such exhibitions; but that here was a poet indeed, not only of bright promise, but of high achievement, — one whose name was already written in the roll of the immortals. And that feeling, whatever might have been the share of the boundless enthusiasm with which the poem was listened to, attributable to the influence of the '*genius loci*,'* has been since sanctioned by the judgment of the world that has placed 'Palestine' at the very head of the poetry on divine subjects of this age. It is now incorporated forever with the poetry of England."

When Mr. Heber returned from the theatre, surrounded by his friends, with every hand stretched out to congratulate and every voice raised to praise him, he withdrew from the circle; and his mother, who, impatient of his absence, went to look for him, found him in his room on his knees giving thanks to God, not so much for the talents which had on that day raised him to honor, but that those talents had enabled him to bestow unmixed happiness on his parents. It is easy to conjecture what, with these feelings of piety and filial affection, must have been the tone of the letter written on this occasion to Mr. Thornton, and yet it is impossible not to regret its accidental loss. Had he possessed a mind less fortified by Christian humility, the praises which were now showered on him might have produced dangerous effects; but the tone of his character never varied; at college and

* Genius of the place.

through life, though distinguished by great cheerfulness and buoyancy of spirits, he retained the sobriety of mind which had marked his childhood, and he attracted not only the admiration but the love of his contemporaries; for, besides that great superiority seems to be almost out of the reach of envy, his talents were accompanied with so much modesty and kindness that the laurels which he won could not be viewed with jealousy even by those whose exertions in the same race had failed of success.

He was always remarkable for the purity of his ideas, and early in life he was known hastily to close a book from something meeting his eye which his heart shunned. One who knew him well, and had been his companion in his gayest and most unreserved hours, used to say, "that, if his heart had no other covering than a glass, its thoughts were so pure no one need fear to read them." And his conversation evinced the delicacy of his mind. His innocent gayety and his inexhaustible fund of anecdote, the information on almost every subject which his extensive reading and his memory enabled him to bring forward, made him the pride of his family, the delight of his acquaintances, and the pattern by which his younger friends strove to form themselves.

In the early part of the year 1804, Mr. Heber sustained the heaviest affliction which an affectionate son is called on to endure. The death of his excellent father, in his seventy-sixth year, is thus related to Mr. Thornton:

"MALPAS, Feb. 22, 1804.

"DEAR THORNTON,—Thank you heartily for your friendly condolence: indeed, we have stood in need of comfort, as so grievous a

deprivation must bear heavy on us, though the manner in which my father was taken away was most merciful both to himself and to us. May we die the death of the righteous! It was an event he had long looked forward to, and held himself in readiness to meet. It seems but yesterday, though eight months have since elapsed, that he came to the Act at Oxford with all the sprightliness and mental vigor of youth, as gay, and to all appearance as healthy, as his children. Yet I believe it was about this time he perceived in himself some symptoms which he considered as a warning to trim his lamp and be prepared. Alas! in a month after we returned to Hodnet these symptoms grew more serious. Dr. Currie quieted our apprehensions in some degree by explaining the nature of his disorder, and assuring us that old age had nothing to do with it. My father's opinion remained, however, unchanged; he went through a long course of medicines, I think principally for our sakes, and from a sense of duty, for he often said all was in vain. Much of his time was passed in private prayer and reading the Scriptures: among his friends, his spirits were as even and his conversation as cheerful as ever. He often exhorted us to be prepared for his loss, and reminded us of the hope which he had in our Saviour. The skilful treatment of his physician, joined to his own excellent constitution, seemed at length to have completely conquered the complaint, and removed the fears of all but my mother, who, as she saw more, apprehended more from his declining strength and appetite. In his letters to me at Oxford he mentioned slightly, that, though his disorder was gone, his strength did not return; but I considered this as the natural consequence of his confinement, and hoped that spring would set all right. At last I received a dreadful summons to return here immediately. He had suffered a relapse, accompanied with a painful and terrifying hysteric hiccough. His days were without ease and his nights without sleep; his mind remained the same, blessing God for every little interval from pain, and delighting to recount the mercies he had experienced, and to give his children comfort and advice. These conversations, which were much more frequent than his strength could well bear, I trust in God I shall never forget. Our hopes in the mean time were buoyed up by many fair appearances, and by the gradual diminution of his pains; but we could not long deceive ourselves. When at length all hopes were over, we knelt

around his bed, his wife and all his children; he blessed us, and over and over again raised his feeble voice to bid us be Christians, and to hold fast our faith. He spoke of the world as a 'den of wild beasts,' that he rejoiced to leave, and prayed God to guard us in our journey through it. My mother was quite overwhelmed with grief and fatigue, having for six weeks never taken off her clothes. He chid her gently for sorrowing as without hope, and talked much of the Divine Rock on which his hope was founded. The next morning he expressed a wish to receive the Sacrament, and bade me, in the mean time, read the prayer in our liturgy for a person at the point of death. I, through my tears, made a blunder, which he corrected me in from memory. He now expressed some impatience for the Sacrament, saying he 'hoped not to be detained long.' Mr. Bridge (the curate) arrived, and we all together partook of the most solemn communion that we can ever expect to join in in this world, — to which, indeed, my father seemed scarcely to belong. A smile sat on his pale countenance, and his eyes sparkled brighter than I ever saw them. From this time he spoke but little; his lips moved, and his eyes were raised upwards. He blessed us again; we kissed him, and found his lips cold and breathless. O Thornton, may you (after many years) feel as we did then!

"I have been two days writing this letter, for I have been often obliged to break off. There are few people to whom I would have ventured to say so much, but to a real friend, as I think you, it is pleasant to open one's mind.

"I return to Oxford in the course of next week; my mother and sister go to Hodnet, to which my brother has, with the kindness and affection which he has always shown, invited us, as to a home."

At a subsequent period Mr. Heber wrote the following lines, which from their appropriateness may be properly introduced here:

"Beneath our feet and o'er our head,
Is equal warning given:
Beneath us lie the countless dead,—
Above us is the heaven.

"Death rides on every passing breeze,
And lurks in every flower:
Each season has its own disease,
Its peril, every hour.

"Our eyes have seen the rosy light
Of youth's soft cheek decay,
And fate descend, in sudden night,
On manhood's middle day.

"Our eyes have seen the steps of age
Halt feebly to the tomb;
And yet shall earth our hearts engage,
And dreams of days to come?

"Turn, mortal! turn; thy danger know;
Where'er thy foot can tread,
The earth rings hollow from below,
And warns thee of her dead.

"Turn, Christian! turn; thy soul apply
To truths divinely given;
The forms which underneath thee lie,
Shall live, for hell or heaven."

(TO JOHN THORNTON, ESQ.)

"OXFORD, April 23, 1804.

"I would have answered your letter long since, had I not been really very seriously occupied, as my examination is to come on, I believe, in a few days. I have given up all idea of standing for honors, as my mathematical, and indeed my other studies, have been interrupted this spring by, alas! too good a reason. In fact, to pass a tolerable examination, even in the most ordinary way, is by no means a trifling exertion. Perhaps, too, my ardor for academical distinction is a little cooled. I am sorry to find you have not persevered in your idea of passing a short time at Oxford. The Michaelmas term I shall I think be resident, and it would of course make Oxford very delightful to me to have your society. I have been here the whole of the Easter vacation, fagging, sometimes, rather hard, though never so much as I ought to do. I have, however, during this time made myself pretty well master of Aristotle's

ethics and rhetoric, and have gone through a good deal of Æschylus. Logic, alas! and mathematics, sleep very quietly, and as a little of both is necessary, I believe I must trust to my memory for doing justice to some lectures I attended when a freshman. God bless you, my dear friend!"

On the 2d of November, 1804, Mr. Heber was elected a fellow of All Souls; which event he announces to his friend in his next letter:

(TO JOHN THORNTON, ESQ.)

"1804.

"DEAR THORNTON,—I know your friendship is interested in every fortunate event which can befall me, and that you will hear with pleasure that I am become a fellow of All Souls. I even now begin to find the comfort of my new situation, which is, for any young man, particularly if he reads at all, certainly most enviable. I am now become, for the present, almost settled in Oxford, and a visit from you would make me quite, what I am already almost, the happiest fellow in England.

"I have, according to your recommendation, read Lord Teignmouth's 'Sir William Jones,' which pleases me very much, and is, I think, though rather lengthy (as the Americans say), an interesting and well-done thing. As to my admiration of Sir W. Jones, it is rather increased than diminished by seeing the tackle and component parts of which so mighty a genius was formed; and his system of study is instructive as well as wonderful. It has excited much interest in Oxford, where he is still remembered with admiration and affection by the senior men.

* * * * "Talking of fagging, I have been rather fagging lately, though not near so much as I ought to have done. My examination will, I believe, come on in a very few days; I have, indeed, sent in my name nearly a month ago, and have been during that whole time in the pleasure of suspense. Any serious plan of study, when a man expects every day a summons to the schools, would be impossible. * * * * After my degree is well got over, there will be three good years for divinity, to which I intend

to give a steady application, though no application or labor can be steady enough for the importance and interest of the subject.

"Believe me, dear friend,

"Your obliged and affectionate

"REGINALD HEBER."

The academical life of Mr. Heber is thus summarily described in the language of the contemporary already mentioned and quoted:

"His university career was equally splendid to its close. In the schools his examination for his bachelor's degree, although not so much distinguished as that of many others for accurate remembrances of the manifold divisions and subtleties of Aristotle's philosophical works, by the solution of syllogisms out of Aldrich's logic, or of mathematical problems, was brilliant in the oratory and poetry of Greece. But his reputation was then so great and high that no public exhibition of that kind could increase or raise it. Some men enter the schools obscure and come out bright; others enter bright and come out obscure; but Reginald Heber was a star whose lustre was as steady as it was clear, and would neither suffer temporary eclipse nor 'draw golden light' from any other source of honor within the walls of a university. The year after he had taken his degree, he, almost of course, gained the university's bachelor's prize for the English prose essay. The subject was well suited to his peculiar powers, and the 'Sense of Honor' found in him a temperate and charitable Christian advocate, who vindicated its high character as a great principle of morality, but showed its necessary subjection to conscience and religion."

CHAPTER II.

Tour to the North of Europe. — Correspondence. — Letter from Sir J. M. Riddell. — Correspondence. — His Marriage. — Anecdote. — Settles on his Living. — His Charities. — Remarks on "Cœlebs," and on "Zeal without Innovation." — Translation of an Ode of Klopstock's. — Prefatory Notice to the Hymns published in the Christian Observer. — Dictionary of the Bible. — Poems. —Illness, and temporary Removal to Moreton.

TOWARDS the middle of the year 1805 Mr. Heber accompanied his friend, Mr. John Thornton, on a tour to the north of Europe, which was extended through Russia, the Crimea, Hungary, Austria, Prussia, and Germany; the rest of the continent being at that time closed by war against travellers. His friends were glad to seize the opportunity of removing him from the effects of that admiration which his talents excited, and which they apprehended might in time injure the beautiful simplicity of his mind; an apprehension which, though natural, experience has proved to have been unfounded. From this tour he did not return until the fall of the following year. The following note announced the safe arrival of himself and his friend:

(TO MRS. HEBER.)

"YARMOUTH, Oct. 14, 1806.

"DEAR MOTHER, — We are this moment landed from the Florence cutter, which Lord Morpeth, whom we met at Hamburg, was so

kind as to give us permission to make use of. We have had a very agreeable voyage, and are both well. I hope to be at Hodnet Saturday evening. Love to all the dear party. We bring no good news.* The King of Prussia and Bonaparte were a few posts from each other, and by this time they have possibly had an engagement. The Elector of Hesse has refused all the King's proposals, and is expected to join the French.

"Believe me your affectionate son,

"REGINALD HEBER."

The sincerity of his friendship for Mr. Thornton may be seen in the fact that he almost immediately on his return to England resumed his correspondence with him.

(TO JOHN THORNTON, ESQ.)

"HODNET HALL, October 21, 1806.

"MY DEAR FRIEND,—* * * * I found all here quite well. I have been much delighted with the kindness of my neighbors, and the pleasure they have expressed at my return. The farmers and people of the village have subscribed among themselves to purchase three sheep, and have made a great feast on occasion of 'Master Reginald's coming back safe.' It takes place to-day, and they are now laying their tables on the green before the house. How I do love these good people! If my *friends* had made a feast for *me* it would have been to be expected; but that the peasants themselves should give a *fête champetre* † to their landlord's younger brother, would, I think, puzzle a Russian. Hodnet is very little altered, except that the trees are grown. My father's little oak is very thriving.

"Believe me, dear Thornton, yours truly,

"REGINALD HEBER."

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* On the day on which this note was written, the battle of Jena was fought, which gave Napoleon possession of the whole of Prussia, and led to the peace of Tilsit in the ensuing spring.

† An entertainment in the open air.

(TO JOHN THORNTON, ESQ.)

"ALL SOULS, 1806.

"To see Cambridge with you has been always a pleasure to which I have looked forward with a kind of doubtful hope. This year I dare scarcely think of it; but I will not as yet quite give it up. I have been only three days with my mother and sister since my return to England; since the bustle of the election has ended, I have been detained in Oxford by the necessity of keeping term. My time is now indeed so limited, and I am so divided between duty to my mother and duty to myself in fagging, that I am not sure that two journeys, short as they are, will be in my power. Under these circumstances, I had much rather see you and your family at Albury, than sit next to Major Markus at a long table in the Hall of Trinity.

"You do not say a word about your health, which augurs, I hope, well; my own has continued good. I have had but one very little return of my old complaint, which was removed in a few days; it was occasioned, I believe, in part, by the fidget of mind and sedentariness of body which a college life, under my late peculiar circumstances, was likely enough to produce.

"With regard to my studies, I am now, *post varios casus*,* set down to them again in good earnest, and I am so delightfully situated in All Souls that the very air of the place breathes study. While I write I am enjoying the luxuries of a bright coal fire, a green desk, and a tea-kettle bubbling. What should we have thought of such a situation at Tcherkask or at Taganrog?

"I have just had a long conversation with Bishop Cleaver about orders, and the course of study and preparation of mind necessary for them."

The following letter from Sir J. M. Riddell, although written in the year 1828, refers to this period of Mr. Heber's life:

"I had the happiness to be the contemporary of Sir Thomas Ackland and Sir Robert Inglis, at Christ Church, during the period when our dear and lamented friend was enjoying his academical

* After various vicissitudes.

honors; and to them, principally, I was indebted for being made known to him.

"Happening to call upon me, if I remember rightly, soon after his return from his Russian tour, some books just arrived lay upon my table, folded up in a sheet of printed paper: upon looking at it, the Bishop found that it contained some light pieces of German poetry. In giving it to him, at his desire, I made the condition that he would send me a translation. In the course of a few hours I received the inclosed note. I have preserved it in remembrance of one whose acquaintance, and I hope I may be permitted to add, without presumption, whose friendship, I have always esteemed as high privileges.

"TRANSLATION.

"'Take here the tender harp again,
O Muse, that thou hast sent to me;
I wake no more the glowing strain
To youthful wit and social glee.

"'Forgive the cold and sickly tone
That could so ill my love express;
What most I felt I dared not own,
And chose my theme from idleness.

"'Oft, while I told of peace and pleasure,
I marked the hostile sabres shine;
And water, doled in scanty measure,
I drank, who wont to sing of wine.

"'Would Peace, would Love's auspicious fire
But gild my last, my closing day,
Then, goddess, then return the lyre,
To wake, perhaps, a warmer lay.'"

"ENCLOSED NOTE.

"'DEAR SIR JAMES, — I send you the above specimen of the fragments you have given me; I have chosen it as one of the best and shortest among them. The author seems to have been poor and a prisoner of war.

"'Wishing you a good journey for your sake and a speedy return for my own, believe me, yours truly,

"'REGINALD HEBER.'"

In 1807 Mr. Heber took orders, and was instituted by his brother to the family living of Hodnet in Shropshire, soon after which he returned to Oxford to take his degree as Master of Arts.

(TO JOHN THORNTON, ESQ.)

"OXFORD, 1807

"All your letters give me pleasure, but none so much as those in which you describe your own happiness. I trust that it will be now increasing daily, and that your affection will continue as lasting as I believe it to be pure and rational. I trust, too, that amid your feelings of happiness, feelings of gratitude will always keep a place, united with a sense of your total dependence on the Hand which has given so largely to you, and which may even now in a moment deprive you of all you value most. The season of great prosperity is very seldom favorable to serious impressions: fortunate for us if it were possible, when we are most sensible of the value of a beloved object, to recollect the probability of that very blessing being immediately taken away. The more pain the idea gives, the more reason we have to examine and amend our hearts, lest we impose a necessity on Divine Mercy to take away from his thoughtless children the blessing they are perverting to their own destruction. You, my friend, have often told me how uniformly happy your life has hitherto been; may it long continue so, and may your heart continue such as not to need any terrible visitation. To you I can write thus without your suspecting me of hypocrisy, or a fondness for giving lectures; thoughtless and thankless as I am myself, inattentive as my conduct is to my own welfare, I am not indifferent or careless about yours, and indeed we often reap advantage ourselves from talking or writing seriously to others.

"Nor will this perfect recollection of your dependence, this uniting always to the idea of your most beloved object the idea of the Giver, at all produce that cold-blooded indifference which Pascal cants about; you will not love the creature less, but you will love the Creator more. Far from such unnatural enthusiasm, the more devotion we feel to God, the warmer I should think will be our affections to those with whom we are connected; we shall love them

for God's sake as well as for their own. By this one sentiment our warmest feelings become hallowed; and even the blessings of this world may be a source of religious comfort. From the reflection that they are all His gifts, every enjoyment will receive a higher coloring, and the more happy we are, the more earnestly we shall long for an admission to that heaven where we shall see the Hand which blesses us, and really experience, what we now know but faintly, how pleasant it is to be thankful. There have been moments, I am ashamed to say how seldom, when my heart has burnt within me with the conviction which I have just described. You, I trust, have often known it, and probably in a far higher degree. You now, if ever, ought to feel it. * * * *

"With regard to my own studies, I have, as usual, but a lame account to give; my progress is very inferior to my resolutions and hopes. I have, however, taken to regular early rising, so regular that I no longer find it difficult, and have no need of a *fine box*. The Greek Testament always occupies my morning. But I have received my Crimea sketches from home; and my other studies, Locke, Cudworth, &c., have a little given way to my Indian ink. In about a fortnight I hope to be able to send you a fresh series of drawings. I am glad almost to have this break in my studies, as I was beginning to perplex myself with several useless doubts, which had once almost frightened me from taking priest's orders. I hope and trust for God's guidance; pray for me, my dear friend, that I may have my eyes open to the truth, whatever it may be; that no interest may warp me from it; and that, if it pleases God that I persevere in his ministry, I may undertake the charge with a quiet mind and good conscience. This is now my purpose; may it be profitable to myself and to many.

"Yours most truly,

"REGINALD HEBER."

(TO JOHN THORNTON, ESQ.)

"ALL SOULS, July 7, 1807.

"MY DEAR FRIEND, — A thousand thanks for your kind letter, which (to use the expression of our old friend Bristow) was not the less welcome for being really unexpected. * * * * *

"You are no great admirer of the 'cherub of the southern breeze,' but there is one of his last published poems which took

fast hold on my fancy. After having instanced all the changes which time may produce in his mistress, and denied their power to alter his affection, he says,

"'Though the rose on her cheek disappear and decay,
Can time with the rose steal the dimple away?
Age may alter her form, but must leave me behind
Her temper, her manners, her heart, and her mind.
Roll on, then, ye summers, — no change shall ye see,
But Maria will still be Maria to me.'

"May you long enjoy the blessing of a mutual and unchanging affection, and may you secure your enjoyment by a constant dependence on the Giver of all happiness, who will not forget those in age who remember him in their youth.

* * * * *

"I have just taken leave of a man whom I think most highly of, during a short acquaintance: I mean Ackland, who is, I trust, by this time at Gottenburgh. What part of the north are you going to?"

(TO JOHN THORNTON, ESQ.)

"ALL SOULS, 1807.

"I am sorry for the trouble my carelessness has given you, and much obliged for your advice. I am, indeed, a positive child in these things. My reason for not dating my draft was simply that I did not know the day of the month.* When, alas! shall I be able to remember and apply the deaths of those eminent characters,

"Good Christopher Finch
And David Friar,
Who, with their friend,
George Blunt, Esquire,
Lamentably for themselves,
But most usefully
For practical chronology,
Died one day in Dover?

* And this doubtless is the reason why many of his letters are deficient with regard to the day of the month, and sometimes with regard to the name of the month itself.

"It is, I own, the want of a distich like this which has puzzled half my schemes in life; my days roll on uncounted, and my months are buried in oblivion, '*carent quia vate sacro.*'* From you I have learnt many things; if you can but teach me exactness, it will be a crown to all your instructions, as from this want even the little good I have about me will be often, I fear, insufficient."

(TO JOHN THORNTON, ESQ.)

"August 17th, 1807.

"I purposely delayed writing to you till I had had some little experience of my new situation as parish priest, and my feelings under it. With the first I have every reason to be satisfied; my feelings are, I believe, the usual ones of young men who find themselves entering upon the duties of a profession in which their life is to be spent. I had no new discoveries to make in the character of my people, as I had passed the greater part of my life among them. They received me with the same expressions of good will as they had shown on my return to England. Of course my first sermon was numerously attended; and though tears were shed, I could not attribute them entirely to my eloquence, for some of the old servants of the family began crying before I had spoken a word. I will fairly own that the cordiality of these honest people, which at first elated and pleased me exceedingly, has since been the occasion of some very serious and melancholy reflections. It is really an appalling thing to have so high expectations formed of a young man's future conduct. But even this has not so much weight with me as a fear that I shall not return their affection sufficiently, or preserve it in its proper extent by my exertions and diligence in doing good. God knows I have every motive of affection and emulation to animate me; and I have no possible excuse for a failure in my duty."

(TO JOHN THORNTON, ESQ.)

"HODNET HALL, 1807.

"I have been sadly delayed in copying the drawings; the costumes will, I hope, be finished in a day or two, and I will send

* Because not guided aright.

them. I had hoped to have brought them myself, but I have been so little with my mother, that she will not yet consent to spare me; and my visit to Albury cannot take place for some weeks. Christmas I had hoped to have passed with you; and nothing but the particular wishes of my friends, and the expectation of a family party, — a thing which cannot be said to have taken place for several years at Hodnet, — would have prevented my coming.

"A thousand thanks for your care about the books, and your present of the Swedish turnip-seed, the promise of which last has already conferred more happiness on a respectable magistrate in our neighborhood than any other boon could have done. I am very sorry, however, that I have pillaged your father's acres, and heartily wish that the barren heaths of Shropshire contained anything which I could send in return. We have, indeed, as I have just discovered, the Norwegian *multiberry*, which is here known under the name of cloud-berry, as only growing on the wildest hill-tops; but I fear, where salad and currant jelly are known, the venison and mutton of Surry would not relish so wild an auxiliary When, however, you come to see me, I will take care (with my wife's permission*) that you shall begin your dinner with salt-fish, and end with '*braten* and *multiberry*.'

"You will be glad to hear that I shirk volunteers,† shun politics, eschew architecture, study divinity as employment, and draw costumes for recreation; and you will, I am sure, believe how much I am ever Your obliged friend."

When Mr. Heber was at Dresden, in the summer of 1806, he wrote the first lines of a poem, which were suggested to him during a sleepless night, by hearing the beating of drums, and the bustle of troops marching through the town to meet the French in Lower Saxony; and which, in 1809, he completed and published, under the title of "Europe." The prediction with which it concludes may seem, in its fullest sense, far from completion; and yet, as Spain has

* Such was his playfulness: he was not yet married.

† In a company of whom he had been a captain.

overcome the efforts of foreign enemies, we may hope that, at no very remote period, she will shake off the still more galling yoke of superstition, and that we may yet hail the period when

"Spain, the brave, the virtuous, *shall* be free."

(TO JOHN THORNTON, ESQ.)

"HODNET HALL, February 15th, 1809.

"You will be perhaps surprised to find that, after so long an interruption, I have, during the last fortnight, finished and sent to the press the verses, part of which I repeated to you. Both their name, 'Europe,' and the moment at which they are published, are unfortunate; but I am glad that, while Spain yet exists, I shall have borne my testimony in her favor. * * *

"As to your inquiries respecting my parish, I hardly know what answer to make. I have reason to believe that both my conduct and my sermons are well liked; but I do not think any great amendment takes place in my hearers. My congregations are very good, and the number of communicants increases. The principal faults of which I have to complain are, occasional drunkenness, and, after they have left church, a great disregard of Sunday * * By the assistance, I may say advice, of one of our church-wardens, — a very worthy and sensible, though plain, farmer, — the shop-keepers have been restrained from selling on Sundays; and I have persuaded the inn-keepers to sign an agreement, binding themselves, under a five-guinea forfeiture, not to allow drinking on that day. But though the wealthy farmers and women are generally orderly, the young laborers are a dissolute set, and I have not so much influence with them now as I had when I was their captain. It is a misfortune to me, in so wide a parish, that I am slow at remembering either names or faces, which is a very useful talent. I trust, however, to acquire this gradually. My psalm-singing continues bad. Can you tell me where I can purchase Cowper's Olney Hymns, with the music, and in a smaller size, without the music, to put in the seats? Some of them I admire much, and any novelty is likely to become a favorite, and draw more people to join in the singing.

"The Hills, of Hawkstone, have declared their intention of attending Hodnet, which is their parish church; and I can perceive this will do a great deal of good. Their whole family live together, and they are very pleasing neighbors to us. I make no apology for this detail, since I know that to your friendship everything is interesting which concerns the happiness of

"Yours affectionately,

"REGINALD HEBER."

In April, 1809, Mr. Heber married Amelia, youngest daughter of the late William Davies Shipley, Dean of St. Asaph, and grand-daughter of the late Jonathan Shipley, Bishop of St. Asaph. It may be here mentioned, as a proof of the value he set on the Holy Scriptures, that the first present he ever made her was a Bible.

(TO JOHN THORNTON, ESQ.)

"LLANBEDR, NEAR RUTHIN, April 17, 1809.

"I write this from a little parsonage-house, which has been kindly lent to Emily and myself for the first week of our marriage. The ceremony, which we hardly expected to have taken place till to-day, was performed on Friday, and we came here the same evening. The situation, which is extremely beautiful, we are very much precluded from enjoying by a deep fall of snow, which has covered all the hills.

"Tell Mrs. J. Thornton, with my kindest regards, that I am now become a competent cicerone for the whole of the vales of Clwyd and Llangollen, and shall be most happy to show them to her and to you. We passed on Friday by the seat of her ancestors, Llanrhaider, which is one of the most beautiful spots I ever saw, more like a situation in the Crimea than in Great Britain. It lies in the narrow part of the vale of Clwyd, with a beautiful little river and a great deal of wood; the hills around it were all covered with snow, and the whole valley with apple-blossoms, — as delightful a contrast of winter and spring as can be imagined. Where we are at present the winter predominates."

In one of Mr. Heber's journeys into Wales he witnessed a scene which he thus described to a friend:

"On my way I overtook a singular specimen of love in a cottage. A drunken fellow, who was driving two asses with empty panniers, boasted to my servant that he had sold a cargo of earthen-ware at Wrexham, and hoped to be able to get through the money before he reached Whitchurch, where his wife lived, to whom, he observed, he should be loth to give any of it. He intended being three days on the road, stopping at every ale-house on his way. To guard himself from the expected vengeance of his wife, he had had his 'hair clipped to prevent *lugging*.' I pitied the wife and the asses; but, as the man was too drunk for advice, I heard his story in silence.

"I baited my horses at Bangor (the monastic, not the episcopal). The host pressed me much to stay there half an hour longer, when I should have an opportunity of dining like a prince, as ——— and some farmers were going to do above stairs, where I might be sure of a hospitable welcome, and ale as strong as any drank by the old monks whom Ethelbert slew."

After his marriage Mr. Heber settled on his rectory, and entered, at first unassisted, on the cares of a large parish. His first act was to extend through the year an afternoon sermon, which had till then been confined to the summer months. In order to devote himself more entirely to the discharge of his parochial duties, he in a great measure withdrew from the society of that world by which he was courted (though with the friends of his youth he kept up occasional intercourse and frequent correspondence); and he made those talents, which in almost every sphere of life would have raised him to eminence, subservient to the advancement of Christianity, and to the spiritual and temporal good of his parishioners. He became, indeed, their earthly guide, their pastor, and friend. His ear was

never shut to their complaints, nor his hands closed to their wants. Instead of hiding his face from the poor, he sought out distress; he made it a rule, from which no circumstances induced him to swerve, to "give to all who asked," however trifling the sum; and wherever he had an opportunity he never failed to inquire into, and more effectually to relieve, their distress. He could not pass a sick person or a crying child without endeavoring to soothe and help them, and the kindness of his manner always rendered his gifts doubly valuable. A poor clergyman near Hodnet had written a poem from which he expected great emolument. Mr. Heber, to whom the manuscript was sent, with a request that he would assist in getting it through the press, saw that its sale would never repay the expenses of publishing it; he therefore sent the clergyman some money; and, while recommending him not to risk so great a sum as the printing would cost, spoke so delicately on its deficiencies (having, as he said, a feeling for a *brother poet*) that the poor man could not be hurt at the manner in which the advice was given.

The rector of Hodnet possessed, in its fullest acceptation, that "charity which hopeth all things." He not only discountenanced every tendency to illiberal or ill-natured remarks, but had always a kind and charitable construction to put on actions which might, perhaps, more readily admit of a different interpretation; and when the misconduct of others allowed of no defence, he would leave judgment to that Being who alone "knoweth what is in the heart of man."

In his charities he was prodigal; on himself alone he bestowed little. To those whose modesty or rank

in life made secrecy an object, he gave with delicacy and in private; and, to use the words of one who had been for some years his companion and assistant, and whose pastoral care the people of Hodnet still feel as a blessing, "many a good deed done by him in secret only came to light when he had been removed far away, and, but for that removal, would have been forever hid; many an instance of benevolent interference where it was least suspected, and of delicate attention towards those whose humble rank in life is too often thought to exempt their superiors from all need of mingling courtesy with kindness." The same feeling prevented his keeping any person waiting who came to speak with him. When summoned from his favorite studies, he left them unreluctantly to attend to the business of others; and his alacrity increased if he were told that a *poor* person wanted him, for he said that not only is their time valuable, but the indigent are very sensible to every appearance. His charities would of themselves have prevented his being rich in worldly goods; but he had another impediment to the acquisition of riches, — an indifference as to his just dues, and a facility in resigning them, too often taken advantage of by the unworthy. If a man who owed him money could plead inability to pay, he was sure to be excused half, and sometimes all, his debt. In the words of the writer just quoted, "the wisdom of the serpent was almost the only wisdom in which he did not abound." When money was not wanted, he advised and conversed with his parishioners with such cheerful kindness, and took so much interest in their concerns, that they always rejoiced to see *him, and* hailed with joy his visits to their houses.

He had so much pleasure in conferring kindness, that he often declared it was an exceeding indulgence of God to promise a reward for what carried with it its own recompense. He considered himself as the mere steward of God's bounty, and felt that in sharing his fortune with the poor he was only making the proper use of the talents committed to him, without any consciousness of merit. Once, when a poor woman to whom he had given three shillings (about three quarters of a dollar) exclaimed, "the Lord reward you, and give you fourfold," he said, "How unreasonable are the expectations of men! This good woman's wish for me, which sounds so noble, amounts but to twelve shillings; and we, when we give such a pittance, are apt to expect heaven as a reward, without considering how miserable a proportion our best-meant actions bear to the eternal recompense we are vain enough to think we deserve!" Thus, surrounded by his family, with a neighborhood containing men capable of appreciating his talents, beloved by his parishioners, and loving all about him, silently but beneficially flowed on the first years of his ministry, only varied by occasional visits among his friends. His letters during this period will best portray his feelings, his pursuits, and his wishes.

(TO JOHN THORNTON, ESQ.)

"HODNET HALL, May 29th, 1809

"I hardly know with what face to begin my letter, having so long neglected to answer yours, and having forgotten not only my civility to you, but my friendship for poor Janické. The fact is, I can only plead the various engagements of brick and mortar, wedding visits, two sermons to write every week, and the whole weekly duty of my large *parish*, having no curate. All this has really so

occupied and harassed me, that your letter, with many others, had been laid by and forgotten. Pray send poor Janické five guineas for me, or more if you think the occasion requires it, and let me know how much you have sent, in your next letter.

"I have not yet got into my old parsonage, as much more was necessary to make it habitable than I had expected. * * * * Pray mention, when you write, the name of the little manual of family prayers which you had when you were abroad, as I have forgotten it, though I remember well their merit and simplicity. I prefer forms in general to extempore praying, particularly as you know my lips are rather those of Moses than of Aaron.

"I have so many presents to thank you for that I hardly know where to begin: the first, since the magnificent candlesticks, were 'Cœlebs' and 'Zeal without Innovation.' Cœlebs is deservedly popular, and likely to do much good, though not so lively as I expected; in many places, indeed, the story flags sadly. The other I have read through with great attention, and can join most cordially in your approbation of it; it is candid, sensible, and well written, and shows everywhere a well-ordered and well-informed heart and head. Is Gisborne the author? I suspect it strongly, from many circumstances in the book which seem likely to come from him. I can hardly hope that he will receive more than the attention which peace-makers generally obtain, or that any great reconciliation can take place between the parties he attempts to soothe. But where he gives advice to the younger and rising clergy, and points out the regular, orderly means of doing good, he has a less thankless, and I trust will have a successful, employment. To many well-disposed young men, who feel a wish to do good, yet hardly know how to set about it, his book will, I think, be very useful.

"My parish goes on, I think and hope, rather on the mending hand, particularly in respect to the observance of Sunday; and what is also perceptible, is an increasing desire to have comfort and advice from me when they are sick, which was chiefly only when they were at extremity. I have much less time for reading than I could wish; but my wife always encourages me to diligence."

(TO MRS. C. L. SHIPLEY.)

"HODNET RECTORY, August 7, 1809.

"MY DEAR MADAM,—When I reflect how long it is that I have owed you a letter, I should really be very much ashamed if this silence were not, in some measure, to be accounted for by my having unwittingly promised to do my best at rendering into English the most crabbed piece of German I ever met with. None of Merlin's fiends ever had such a task assigned them by the Lady of the Lake as I have had by my dear aunt. You must not think I have forgotten it; on the contrary, it has occurred to me continually; and I was stimulated still more to the attempt by the real beauty of the lines, and by Sotheby's assertion that they were *untranslatable*. I could easily have made a paraphrase, which would have been something like them; but I did not consider that as performing my task. At last, being really very busy, I despaired to bend the stubborn pentameters of the latter part into anything like English verse; and felt a little tired at the repetition of the same sentiment, and the lady's solicitude to outlive her husband,—which, though it is really beautiful, would be no bad subject for parody. On the whole, I subscribe to Mr. Sotheby's assertion; but, to show at least my good will to execute any task you may impose upon me, I send you the lines, as far as I have yet translated, after seeing which you will probably feel but little anxiety for the remainder.

"Believe me, dear madam, ever your obliged and affectionate

"REGINALD HEBER."

"You will observe in this bad translation that my principal difficulty has been to vary the lines, which in the original are repeated over and over again with very good effect: but this could not be retained in English.

"HE.

"Ah, Selma! if our love the Fates should sever,
And bear thy spirit from the world below,
Then shall mine eyes be wet with tears forever,
Each gloomy morn, each night of darker woe;
Each hour that passed so soon in thy embracing,
Each minute keenly felt shall force a tear;
The long, long months! the years so slowly pacing!
Which all were swift alike, and all were dear.

"SHE.

"My Selmar! ah, if from thy Selma parted,
Thy soul should first the paths of darkness tread;
Sad were my course, and short, and broken-hearted,
To weep those lonely days, that dismal bed!
Each hour that erst in converse sweet returning
Shone with thy smile, or sparkled with thy tear;
Each lingering day should lengthen out my mourning,
The days that passed so swiftly and so dear!

"HE.

"And did I promise, Selma, years of sorrow?
And canst thou linger only days behind?
Few minutes, few, be mine from fate to borrow;
Near thy pale cheek and breathless form reclined,
Press thy dead hand, and wildly bending o'er thee,
Print one last kiss upon thy glazed eye.

"SHE.

"Nay, Selmar, nay! I will not fall before thee;
That pang be mine; thou shalt not see me die.
Some few sad moments on thy death-bed lying,
By thy pale corpse my trembling frame shall be;
Gaze on thy altered form, then, inly sighing,
Sink on thy breast, and wax as pale as thee."

(TO JOHN THORNTON, ESQ.)

"HODNET RECTORY, January 10th, 1810.

"Believe me, I am obliged to any circumstance which recalls me to your recollection, and procures me a letter from you, though I own I am sorry, on the whole, that you have left Norwood. The cottage, the garden, and the redbreasts were all very interesting to me; and it would vex me if I were to pass by and see a new white summer-house run up, and some cockneys smoking, as may perhaps be its lot, now you have abandoned it.

"I am much gratified with the attention you have paid to my review, and with your approbation of it.* The poem on Talavera

* Review, in the Quarterly for 1809, of "Travelling Sketches in Russia and Sweden during the years 1805-6-7-8; by Robert Kerr Porter."

is very spirited, and only unfortunate in being necessarily compared with Scott; the author is understood to be Mr. Croker. The best article, I think, in the Review is the critique on Parr, which, both in wit, taste, and good sense, is superior to almost everything of Jeffrey's. I intend, as far as my necessary business will give me time, to contribute frequently to the Quarterly Review, as it serves to keep up my acquaintance with several interesting subjects, which I might else perhaps neglect. The religious poems are at a stand-still. In summer, when I walked in green fields, or sat under shady trees, such fancies often came into my head; now, I have unpacked six boxes of old divinity, and am otherwise employed.

"You will be amused, and perhaps interested, to hear that my Berlin *Luther* has afforded me much pleasure, and many valuable hints for sermons. Yet he is in some places inconceivably coarse, and generally displays great want of reading; but his strong mind makes ample amends. He is a sort of religious Cobbett; but, with similar vulgarity of sentiment, he has more eloquence, and writes, as far as I can judge, excellent German.

"I now come to the promise you so kindly make of coming here in June; nothing can give us more pleasure, and I do sincerely hope you will contrive it. Emily and myself are both as well as we can wish, and as happy aswecan hope to be."

(TO JOHN THORNTON, ESQ.)

"HODNET RECTORY, October 8, 1810.

"Among busy men (for I too am busy in a certain degree, though much less occupied than you are), excuses for a slack correspondence are almost needless. I however feel that you, whose time is much more precious, and yet can find a half-hour for a friend, have very good reason to complain of me; and I feel myself obliged to tell you that I have been really pressed hard during the last month with different reasons for writing.

"I have had an infirmary sermon, a long article for a Review,* and am now engaged in a charity sermon, besides the weekly demand for sermons in my own parish, and the almost daily calls of parochial duty. Nor am I idle in other pursuits, for I read Plato, and

* On "The Present State of Tur[illegible]" by Thomas Thornton, Esq. Quarterly Review, 1810.

am, though slowly, making progress in a poem, which, if it does not miscarry, will be longer than any of my preceding ones; it is, however, but too probable that when my summer rambles and hedge-row walks are stopped by sleet and mire, I shall, as has been generally the case, find my Pegasus in a *Slough of Despond*. After all, though my labors, such as they are, occupy me from morning till night, I feel ashamed of mentioning them when compared with the labyrinth of care and exertion, the constant necessity for prudence, and the frequent collision with the art and roguery of other men, with which you are struggling.

* * * * * * *

"Nor are my labors as a clergyman such as to make me find it altogether play. Do not think, however, that I fancy myself anything but what I am, in truth — a prosperous man, who has unremitted causes of gratitude, and whose principal apprehension ought to be that he has a greater share of earthly happiness than he knows how to manage. I only mention these little drawbacks to remind you of the *novel* remark of our friend B———: 'Ah, Mr. Thornton, perfect happiness is not the lot of man.' That you may have as much as is good for your eternal interests, and that my gratitude may increase daily for the great share of quiet and prosperity with which I am blessed, is my earnest prayer, and I think I may add, my hope.

"Ever yours affectionately, REGINALD HEBER."

Soon after Mr. Heber's marriage he began to write a series of hymns (which, however, were not published entire till after his death), some of which first made their appearance in the *Christian Observer*, in 1811 and '12, with the following prefatory notice:

"The following hymns are part of an intended series, appropriate to the Sundays and principal holydays of the year, connected in some degree with their particular Collects and Gospels, and designed to be sung between the Nicene creed and the sermon. The effect of an arrangement of this kind, though only partially adopted, is very striking in the Romish liturgy; and its place should seem to be imperfectly supplied by a few verses of the

Psalms, entirely unconnected with the peculiar devôtions of the day, and selected at the discretion of a clerk or organist. On the merits of the present imperfect essays, the author is unaffectedly diffident; and as his labors are intended for the use of his own congregation, he will be thankful for any suggestion which may advance or correct them. In one respect, at least, he hopes the following poems will not be found reprehensible: no fulsome or indecorous language has been knowingly adopted; no erotic addresses to Him whom no unclean lips can approach; no allegory, ill understood and worse applied. It is not enough, in his opinion, to object to such expressions that they are fanatical; they are positively profane. When our Saviour was on earth, and in great humility conversant with mankind: when he sat at the table, and washed the feet and healed the diseases of his creatures, yet did not his disciples give him any more familiar name than *Master* or *Lord*. And now, at the right hand of his Father's majesty, shall we address him with ditties of embraces and passion, or in language which it would be disgraceful in an earthly sovereign to endure? Such expressions, it is said, are taken from Scripture; but even if the original application, which is often doubtful, were clearly and unequivocally ascertained, yet, though the collective Christian Church may be very properly personified as the spouse of Christ, an application of such language to Christian believers is as dangerous as it is absurd and unauthorized. Nor is it going too far to assert, that the brutalities of a common swearer can hardly bring religion into more sure contempt, or more scandalously profane the Name which is above every name in heaven and earth, than certain epithets applied to Christ in some of our popular collections of religious poetry."

The greater number of these hymns were composed for particular tunes. Without being musical, Mr. Heber's ear was accurate; and he had a remarkable talent for adapting poetry to any tune which he chanced to hear.

In 1812 he commenced a "Dictionary of the Bible," which continued to be one of his favorite employments during *his residence* in England, and to which he

always returned with ardor when not engaged in more urgent avocations. In the same year he also published a small volume of poems, which, besides those already well known to the public, contained translations of Pindar, and a few pieces written on various occasions. Although he had, in a great measure, laid aside a pursuit to which both his inclination and talent disposed him, yet in moments of recreation, or at the request of a friend, he would prove that his "right hand had not forgot her cunning."

He was particularly fond of Scotch and Welsh music. The two following stanzas were repeated on hearing an intimate friend hum a Scotch tune; and the subsequent songs were written to Welsh airs:

"I love the harp with silver sound,
That rings the festal hall around;
But sweetest of all
The strains which fall
When twilight mirth with song is crowned

"I love the bugle's warbling swell,
When echo answers from her cell;
But sweeter to me,
When I list to *thee*,
Who wak'st the northern lay so well."

"THE RISING OF THE SUN.

Wake! wake! wake to the hunting!
Wake ye, wake! the morning is nigh!
Chilly the breezes blow
Up from the sea below;
Chilly the twilight creeps over the sky!
Mark how fast the stars are fading!
Mark how wide the dawn is spreading!
Many a fallow deer
Feeds in the forest near;
Now is no time on the heather to lie.

"Rise, rise! look on the ocean!
Rise ye, rise, and look on the sky!
Softly the vapors sweep
Over the level deep,
Softly the mists on the waterfall lie!
In the cloud red tints are glowing,
On the hill the black cock 's crowing;
And through the welkin red,
See where he lifts his head;
(Forth to the hunting!) The sun 's riding high!"

"The moon in silent brightness
Rides o'er the mountain brow;
The mist in fleecy whiteness
Has clad the vale below;
Above the woodbine bower
Dark waves our trysting-tree.
It is, it is the hour, —
O come, my love, to me!

"The dews of night have wet me,
While wand'ring lonelily;
Thy father's bands beset me —
I only feared for thee.
I crept beneath thy tower,
I climbed the ivy-tree;
And blessed be the hour
That brings my love to me.

"I left my chosen numbers
In yonder copse below;
Each warrior lightly slumbers,
His hand upon his bow;
Forth from a tyrant's power
They wait to set thee free.
It is, it is the hour, —
O come, my love, to me!

But his pursuits of every kind were now interrupted by the return of a cutaneous disorder, originally brought on by exposure to the night air in an open carriage, during his journey through the Crimea, and which had never been entirely eradicated. He tried the waters of Harrowgate, and a variety of other remedies, without any but temporary relief; and at last was only cured by warm sea-bathing, and a long course of mercurial medicines. To this painful and distressing illness, which he bore with his natural cheerfulness, frequent allusions are made in his letters.

The house which Mr. Heber found on his living was small and inconvenient, and so much out of repair that it was necessary to build a new one on a different part of the glebe. In 1812 the old rectory was pulled down, and during the next two years he resided at Moreton, a perpetual curacy and chapel-of-ease to Hodnet.

CHAPTER III.

Publication of Poems. — Death of Lieutenant R. J. Shipley. — Illness. — War in Russia. — Moscow. — Madame de Staël. — Wilkins' Siege of Jerusalem. — Death of Colonel Hill. — Return to Hodnet. — His Mode of Life. — Anecdote. — Preaches the Bampton Lectures. — Letter from Lord Grenville. — Correspondence. — Death of the Rev. T. C. Heber. — "Timour's Councils." — Milman's "Fall of Jerusalem." — Kinneir's "Travels in Asia Minor." — Appointment as University Preacher. — Bowdler's "Select Pieces in Prose and Verse." — Anecdote of a Beggar. — Treatise on the Distinction between the Two Marys.

(TO JOHN THORNTON, ESQ.)

"HODNET RECTORY, March 17, 1812.

"OUR journey to Harrowgate will take place, I expect, about the latter end of April; it is a very pleasant circumstance for us that the Wilmots are going there about the same time.

"What time I have been able to spare has been chiefly devoted to preparing for the press a collected edition of all my poems, on which Longman and Rees * have stimulated me to venture, hoping, perhaps, that Dr. Crotch's music,† which you have seen advertised, may tend to revive the vogue of the poem he has made use of.

"Soon after the 25th of this month we are to leave our present old house, the materials of which are to be applied to the new building, and to take shelter in the parsonage at Moreton for two years. The change, in point of goodness of mansion, is considerably for the better, and we are still within Hodnet parish, properly so called, of which Moreton is a dependent member."

* * * * * *

* Publishers and booksellers.

† "Palestine" was set to music, as an Oratorio, by Dr. Crotch, about *this time.*

(TO R. J. WILMOT, ESQ.)

"HARROWGATE, June 10, 1812.

"We are now very snugly established in lodgings in High Harrowgate, which continues as empty as possible. * * * We had a very pleasant round by Ripon and York, seeing the various lions in and near each, such as Fountain's Abbey, Newby, and Castle Howard. Yesterday we went to Bolton Priory, which I do not think you mentioned having seen, but which is, 'past all peradventure,' as Master Fuller writes, the thing most worth seeing in the neighborhood, and which struck us more, as nothing can be more dreary and barren than the surrounding country, and the woods and waterfalls burst on us completely by surprise. Emily drinks the chalybeate *à l'envi*,* and is improving visibly in health. I, too, begin to have better hopes of myself than formerly, as, though far from well, my disorder certainly loses ground. Emily is a complete missionary of mnemonics, and has established a little but thriving society of converts and neophytes at Ripon, where, however, are some who rebel. * * * *

"You have, I conclude, got acquainted with your cousin, Lord Byron, of whom I entreat you, by your father's beard and your own right hand, to send me a full and impartial account.

* * * * *

"Ever yours faithfully, REGINALD HEBER."

The next letter refers to the death of Mrs. Heber's brother, Lieutenant Robert John Shipley, fifth and youngest son of the Dean of St. Asaph. He belonged to the Royal Artillery, and died of the yellow fever in the West Indies, in the year 1812.

(TO MRS. C. L. SHIPLEY.)

"MORETON, July, 1812.

"Emily has borne the shock of the sad event announced in your letter quite as well as I could have expected. Poor thing! she had not even the advantage of having her loss gradually broken to her, as she came unexpectedly into my room while I was reading the

* In an enviable manner.

letter, and immediately anticipated its contents, as her alarms had been excited some days before by accounts of the yellow fever in the West Indies. * * * * * Emily herself is, I think, the greatest sufferer of the family, as from parity of age and other circumstances her affection to John was, perhaps, strongest. * * * Indeed, her loss is very heavy. Little as I myself have seen of her brother, I never, on so short an acquaintance, was disposed to like a young man so much. Not only were his talents, temper, and manners everything that was most promising and pleasing, but there was a guilelessness about his character, joined with a steadiness of principle, and a freedom, apparently at least, from most of the common vices of a young man, such as I have very seldom met with. These latter traits, however, though they make the loss more heavy, afford the best comfort under it.

"I pity the poor Dean greatly. God knows what we wish for when we wish for children. Farewell; God bless and comfort you all. Yours truly,

"REGINALD HEBER."

(TO R. J. WILMOT, ESQ.)

"MORETON, August 2, 1812.

"Writing has been for a fortnight back a service of some pain and difficulty to me. If you ever fell in with Costigan's Travels in Portugal, you need not be informed of the high military station held by St. Anthony, who was in those days Colonel of the First Regiment of Guards, and held the rank of Field Marshal of the forces. Just such a military St. Anthony has kept up the hottest fire ever witnessed on this side the Douro, on my right wing; and though in the first instance repelled by copious lotions of goulard and water, has repeated his attack a second time, and is now a second time defeated. The enemy being expelled, the civil powers have resumed their functions, and this is almost the first exertion since the second siege. This aggression of the saint's is more unprovoked and unexpected as it has no necessary connection with my former complaint, any more than as the irritable state of my skin makes me more liable to such affections than I otherwise should be. It has, too, had an unfavorable influence on my original enemy, which still maintains a sort of guerilla warfare, and, by too evident *tokens, gives* me to understand that it has by no means

yielded to the boasted waters of Yorkshire. * * * * * Darwin still maintains the curability of my disorder: and even in this last visitation, the severest to which I have ever been exposed, I have ample reason for gratitude to Providence. Had the erysipelas attacked my legs, it is probable, from the irritable state of the skin, that I should have been lame for many months; and if my head had been assailed with equal violence, my wife's affectionate care of her sick husband would have possibly ere this been brought to a conclusion. * * * *

"My paper is at an end, though not what I had to say. How garrulous is complaint! I have, I find, taken up two thirds of my sheet with the narrative of my own illness, — a subject which might require an apology, did I not know the friendly interest which you take in my existence, such as it is."

(TO JOHN THORNTON, ESQ.)

"HIGH LAKE, October 10th, 1812.

"MY DEAR FRIEND, — After four weeks' sea-bathing, I am now about, to my great joy, to turn my face homewards. Though perhaps a little weakened by the quantity of mercury I have taken, I am on the whole better than I have been for a long time; and, as far as one can judge from outward appearance, entirely recovered from my tormenting complaint. Whether my present freedom will continue I know not; but I owe very great gratitude indeed to God for this relief, and for the continuance of my general health, under a weakening course of medicines. We have not lost sight of the hope you so kindly held out of passing a few days with us in October; and I now write chiefly to remind you that October is arrived, and that we shall be at home again this day fortnight, for the rest of the year.

"This year has been to me a year of wandering and non-residence; but I may safely say that neither the one nor the other has been from choice, nor prolonged a single day beyond the necessity imposed by my ill health.

"We have all here been greatly surprised and shocked at the termination of the supposed victory of the Russians; yet, that Alexander has had the fortitude to abandon Moscow, and to adhere so long to the system of defence originally intended, is surely a *good sign*. I conclude the next line of defence will be the Volga

between Yaroslav and Kostroma, by which means their communication with Petersburgh will be preserved. Which of us could have believed, when we witnessed the wolf-hunt on those wide, frozen waters, that the cuirassiers of France would ever let their horses drink there? For the fate of Moscow, I confess, I feel very keenly; I cannot, without sorrow, fancy to myself any one of those wooden houses where we were so hospitably received, a prey to flames and military plunder; and I can even pity Latombelle's hotel, and the vile hovel of Mou. Makarof. I wonder whether Rouffe was one of the three thousand ruffians let loose from the prisons, or whether young V—— wore my stolen sword-belt in the first ranks at Borodino. * * * * * * * *

"If possible, contrive to give us the pleasure of seeing you. I have always much to consult you about; and it is now so long since we met that I wish for you more than ever."

(TO JOHN THORNTON, ESQ.)

"MORETON, December, 1812.

"I certainly never expected our old Russian hosts would have made so good a fight, though I apprehend this uncommonly hard and early frost will materially assist the retreat of Bonaparte's army, and that the reports of their being surrounded are decidedly premature. This has been on the whole a very singular campaign. In some respects it bears a slight resemblance to the inroad of Darius Hystaspes into the same country, when occupied by the Scythians; but it offers some still more striking points of comparison with the memorable invasion of Persia by Julian the Apostate. The only differences are, that there heat, here cold, has been the agent of destruction; and that the modern Julian has not yet met with his death-wound. Apropos of Persia and Russia, I have been, at different times during the summer, projecting a half religious, half descriptive poem, to be called 'The Desert,' giving an account of the wilder features of nature, as displayed in different latitudes. Much might be said about the steppes, which we ourselves have traversed, and the fine woods of Oesterdal and Dovre; and Bruce affords some noble painting of the wilderness of tropical climates. One might, too, find Cossacks, Laplanders, Arabs, Mohawks, and Israelites *as moving objects* in the picture in their several compart-

ments, and describe the hand of Providence as displayed in the support and comfort of each. What will come of it I as yet hardly know. I have given up the translation of Klopstock's Messiah, from a real doubt how far we may venture to attribute to so awful a Being, at such a moment, words and actions of our own invention. My main project, however, and on which I work hard a part of every day, is a sort of critical Dictionary of the Bible, which, if I ever finish it, will supply on an enlarged scale the defects of Calmet; and even if I do not, makes me more and more familiar with those books which it should be the business of my life to study.

"I often wish for you here, and while I was ill I thought of you very often. I have much reason to be thankful for the excellent friends which, besides my own family, Heaven has blessed me with; but I feel it as very unfortunate that the earliest of them is placed at such a distance from me. Ever your obliged friend,

"REGINALD HEBER."

(TO JOHN THORNTON, ESQ.)

"May, 1813.

"I had hoped, my dear friend, to have been able in my present letter to promise myself the pleasure of soon seeing you and your family in London, as we had been for some months proposing such a jaunt this spring. The building, however, in which I am engaged, and my other expenses, ordinary and extraordinary, unite to condemn us to one year more of retirement. It is in fact a problem, which my building expenses by no means entirely solve, how it happens that, with no expensive habit that I know of in either of us, and with an income beyond even our wishes, we have never succeeded in having that best sort of abundance which arises from living within one's income. Partly this arises, I believe, from the habits of Shropshire, where the expense of a servant's hall is considerably more than that of the parlor, and partly from my own habits of heedlessness, which I fear I am not likely to get the better of

"It is very foolish, perhaps, but I own I sometimes think that I am not thrown into that situation of life for which I am best qualified. I am in a sort of half-way station between a parson and a squire; condemned, in spite of myself, to attend to the duties of

the latter, while yet I neither do nor can attend to them sufficiently; nor am I quite sure that even my literary habits are well suited to the situation of a country clergyman. I have sometimes felt an unwillingness in quitting my books for the care of my parish, and have been tempted to fancy that, as my studies are Scriptural, I was not neglecting my duty. Yet I must not and cannot deceive myself; the duties which I am paid to execute have certainly the first claim on my attention; and while other pursuits are my amusement, these are properly my calling. Probably, had I not been a scholar, other pursuits or other amusements would have stepped in, and I should have been exposed to equal or greater temptations; but I confess, when I consider how much I might have done, and how little comparatively I have done, in my parish, I sometimes am inclined to think that a fondness for study is an unfortunate predilection for one who is the pastor of so many people. The improvement of my parish does not correspond to those pleasant dreams with which I entered on my office. My neighbors profess to esteem me; but an easy temper will, in this respect, go a great way. I write sermons, and have moderately good congregations, but not better than I had on first commencing my career. The schools, &c., which I projected, are all comparatively at a stand-still; and I am occasionally disposed to fancy that a man cannot attend to two pursuits at once, and that it will be at length necessary to burn my books, like the early converts to Christianity; and, since Providence has called me to a station which so many men regard with envy, to give my undivided attention to the duties which it requires.

"Wilmot, whom, next to yourself, I esteem and love most warmly, tells me that with method and a little resolution I may arrange all that I have to do, so as that one pursuit shall not interfere with another. I wish I knew how, or that, knowing how, I had firmness to follow it. If you and your family would pass a part of your summer here, you might, like a college visitor, correct what you found amiss; and you need not be told that I shall listen to no suggestions with so much readiness as yours. Possibly, for I will own that I am in a gloomy humor, I exaggerate circumstances; but a day seldom passes without my being more or less affected by them. On the whole, perhaps, such repinings at the imperfect manner in which our duties are performed are necessary

parts of our discipline, and such as we can never hope to get rid of. Do not, however, blame me from bestowing (as Dogberry says) all my tediousness upon you, but retaliate, when you have time, by a letter equally long and equally egotistical.

"I am aware that you are busy and cannot write often; but when you know how much pleasure your letters give, you will, I am sure, occasionally send me one. God bless you!

"REGINALD HEBER."

(TO R. J. WILMOT, ESQ.)

"TUNBRIDGE WELLS, July 13th, 1813.

"We have now been three weeks at Tunbridge, which is really a far prettier and more agreeable place than I expected, with less of gossip and the other disasters of a watering-place than generally make up our ideas of such situations, and with a very shady and hilly neighborhood, affording many interesting rides. I am the more inclined to like it since there is at present strong appearance that our stay will be lengthened beyond the month originally talked of, as Emily has certainly profited by the experiment, and I apprehend her physician will, as usual, urge her to a longer trial. This circumstance alone would unfortunately discomfit all our hopes of being parties to the delightful plan which you mention in your last letter. There are indeed so many imperious calls to me to hurry back, as soon as I am at liberty, into Shropshire, that, from the first moment of receiving your very kind invitation to join your party, I hardly dared hope to do it. I have, it is true, still some time to spare out of that which the law allows me from my living, and, as my wife's health is concerned, might doubtless plead it as an excuse; but I cannot help feeling that conscience, as well as law, is to be attended to; and even so far as ambition is concerned, and the pursuit of my regular studies, I find that I have been already too long from home. Even here, however, my time has not been entirely lost, as, by good fortune, the circulating library has furnished me with Volney and other Oriental travels, — with which, though I was slightly versed in them before, I have seized the opportunity of being better acquainted, and have gained from them considerable accessions to my commonplace book.

"You will be surprised to learn that I have had, since my arrival here, an offer of a prebendary of Durham in exchange for

Hodnet. This is an exchange which, notwithstanding the difference of income, I should on some accounts be disposed to like; but as I believe that such a measure would neither be agreeable to my brothers nor consistent with my regard to their interests, I declined it, reserving merely the power of applying to the person who made the offer, in case circumstances should induce me to change my mind. It is whimsical that when we were last talking about my ambitious views, I mentioned to you my liking for a prebendary of the sort which has now been thrown in my way.

"Believe me, my dear friend, ever yours truly,

"REGINALD HEBER."

(TO JOHN THORNTON, ESQ.)

"MORETON, August 9, 1818.

"We had the pleasure of getting safe and well to our parish last Saturday; and I yesterday found myself restored to my usual scene of duties and interests, which I find considerably endeared to me by this temporary cessation. I was, I own, before our late excursion, growing listless, and almost discontented with my situation, and the little apparent good which my exertions brought about. I am now, I trust, cured; at least, I feel no small degree of my original sanguine disposition returning, and could even fancy that I was listened to with more attention yesterday than I attracted during the spring. This is perhaps mere fancy; but the same feeling has thrown a sort of charm over many of the objects which had lost their value from my being accustomed to them; and from my pulpit and my new building, down to the little domestic arrangements of my present habitation, and the *desiderato requiescere in lecto*,* I find everything more comfortable than when I left it. This stimulus to my spirits I owe to my late excursion; and if this were all, I should have reason to rejoice in it; but it has in other respects caused both Emily and myself so much unmixed pleasure, that, even if her health is not improved, we are still gainers. We have seen more of you and your family than we have done since our marriage; and I confess that I began to feel the long interval which had elapsed without our meeting as a serious vexation; nor, indeed, is there any drawback to our present

*The desired couch of repose.

comforts but the distance at which we are thrown from some of our best friends. Next year, as we cannot get to you, I do hope you will come to us.

* * * * * *

"Madame de Staël, to whom we were introduced the day after we left Tunbridge, said a good thing on the style of London parties, which she called '*une société aux coups de poing.*'* We met her three times, and I had a good deal of conversation with her. She is so little different in appearance, manner, and general conversation from many foreign women, that I could have fancied myself once or twice talking to *la folle* Gargarin. She is, however, better mannered and more feminine and sensible than that worthy personage, and I think you would like her. She is not handsome, but certainly not ugly for her time of life."

(TO THE REV. GEORGE WILKINS.)

"MORETON, October 20, 1813.

"MY DEAR SIR,—I ought to apologize for keeping your manuscript† so long; but as my engagements were, at the time of receiving it, very numerous, and as I felt myself not so well versed in many parts of Josephus as I ought to be, I deferred undertaking its perusal till I had time to do it with real attention, and till this deficiency on my own part should be remedied, or at least till I had refreshed my memory in the principal part of the high priest's narrative. You will observe that, according to my promise, I have read over your history with a very attentive and a tolerably severe eye; and I can honestly assure you that I have not knowingly passed over any material fault or incorrectness, either of fact or style. I have not been equally exact in noting such passages as I approved of, because every author is pretty well able to find out his own beauties; and it is the most useful, though certainly the most ungracious part, which a friend can take, to guard a young writer against whatever might lay him open to censure, or diminish the general effect of his book; while, if I had marked my praise as well as blame in the margin, your manuscript would have been still more defaced than you at present behold it. I cannot

* A society for pugilists.

† *Wilkins'* History of the Siege of Jerusalem.

hope that you will assent to all my alterations and erasures; but I am sure that you will impute them to their real motive, and also be sensible that if I had not thought your work worth some trouble I should not have been thus severe with it. The main faults which (though I have noted all the instances as they occurred to me) I think it right to mention in this place are, the general omission of the relative 'which' in your sentences, — a habit which has of late become very common, but which is nevertheless slovenly, and in serious writing very improper. Secondly, the application of certain prophecies of the Old Testament to the final destruction of Jerusalem, of which it is far from certain that they do not relate to the previous calamity under Nebuchadnezzar. Thirdly, I would advise shorter applications, and more details of the incidents mentioned by Josephus and others. There are other circumstances which I could not help noting down, and in which we differ, though I certainly do not consider them as *faults* in your work: I mean those circumstances in which you think more favorably of Titus than I do, and in which it is not only fair to differ, but you have most commentators and historians on your side. But I must protest against the argument in favor of his virtues, derived from the important commission which he had from God to fulfil. The King of Assyria had a similar commission; yet how the prophets exult in his fall, declaiming against his proud looks, and raising up hell to meet him. God, in fact, often makes use of the wicked to work his gracious purposes, blindly, and in their own despite; and all those tyrants of the earth, from Tiglath Pelesar to Bonaparte, have been first used as God's staff to chastise the nations, and then the staff has been thrown away.

"I have said all the evil of your book which I could; I must now in justice say something in its favor. It is pious, rational, and pleasingly written. When you have been warmed with your subject you have shown very considerable powers of description; and when it shall have received your further corrections, I have no doubt of its being both a useful and popular volume.

"I remain, dear sir,

"Yours most truly,

"Reginald Heber."

In the spring of 1814, the new rectory-house being completed, Mr. Heber returned to Hodnet. His health was now re-established; and, although he continued through life subject to inflammatory attacks, yet, by constant exercise and temperance, he was enabled to pursue his studies without injuring his constitution. He was an early riser, and after the family devotions were ended, he usually spent seven or eight hours among his books, leaving them only at the call of duty. Fond of society, and eminently qualified to shine in it, he never suffered his relish for its pleasures to betray him into neglecting his duties. He delighted in literature, but at the same time was a most active parish priest. Remarkably happy in gaining the confidence and affection of his flock, he found his purest pleasure in administering to their necessities, and in attending their sick and dying beds; in consoling the mourner, in exhorting the sinner to repentance, and in endeavoring to draw all hearts after him to his God. In the long course of his labors he had occasionally to attend the death-bed of the wicked, and to witness and grieve over the failure of his attempts to awaken the hardened conscience. But far more frequently the scenes of piety and resignation which he witnessed in the lowly cottage, were such as he delighted to relate to his happy wife, and such as he humbly trusted would make him a better man. He often observed that the mere bodily fear of dying is not a feeling implanted in us by nature; and that the manner in which a poor and unlearned man, who has little to regret leaving, and who fervently and humbly relies on the mercies of his Saviour, looks to the moment of dissolution,

affords a useful lesson to the rich and the learned. Thus he was himself growing in grace: every revolving year was fitting him more and more for the glorious crown of immortality prepared for him in heaven.

He was equally ready to converse with the learned or to enliven by his anecdotes and poetical talents the innocent gayety of the social circle; and the influence of his endowments upon the minds of those with whom he associated was heightened in a considerable degree by his modesty and humility. In conversation he was much less eager to display his own acquirements than anxious to draw out those of others; and he rather led his hearers to think better of their own abilities than to feel mortified by his superiority. A child, by her mother's request, had been repeating her lesson to him; after listening to the little girl, he gradually began to talk to her on the subject to which her lesson related; and when she was asked, "How she liked saying her lesson to Mr. Heber?" she answered, "O, very much; and he told me a great many things; but I do not think he knows much more than I do."

In the course of this year (1814) Mr. Heber was appointed Bampton lecturer for 1815. The subject which he chose, "The Personality and Office of the Christian Comforter," was well calculated to bring forward his stores of theological learning, and to exhibit the calm and profound devotion of his own spirit. Many of his friends differed from him on some speculative points; but "every competent judge was compelled to do justice to the depth of learning, the

variety of research, and the richness of illustration which these compositions displayed."

In compliance with the will of the founder of this lecture, Mr. Heber published these discourses the year after, and dedicated the work to Lord Grenville, then Chancellor of the University. From this eminent scholar and statesman he received the following flattering testimonial:

* * * * "You have treated of a subject of the very first importance, yet one not in the ordinary and beaten paths of such inquiries. You have brought to bear upon it great ability and learning, and on some parts of it you have opened views which are new, at least to my limited knowledge of such subjects; and I feel persuaded that I have derived from what you have written much satisfactory and useful information.

"I have only, therefore, to add to the expression of my personal thanks that of my earnest hope that you will have health and resolution to persevere in your studies, which, with your talents, must render you not only an ornament to the University, but a valuable and highly useful member of the sacred profession to which you have devoted yourself.

"I am, with great truth and regard, sir, your most faithful and most obedient humble servant, GRENVILLE.

"DROPMORE, April 25th, 1816."

By many other able persons of great theological acquirements similar tributes were paid to the learning, the piety, and the rectitude of mind displayed throughout the whole volume.

(TO R. J. WILMOT, ESQ.)

"OXFORD, April 14th, 1815.

"I am still obliged to fag very hard at my seventh and eighth sermons, which I was unable to finish during my stay in the country, my whole time and attention being engrossed by some

very unpleasant circumstances in my household,* which have ended in my dismissing some of my servants, and taking, what I am utterly unqualified for, the management of my farm into my own hands. * * * * Ever your obliged friend,

"REGINALD HEBER."

(TO R. J. WILMOT, ESQ.)

"HODNET RECTORY, May 20th, 1815.

"When I tell you that I had not finished my concluding Bampton lecture till eleven o'clock on the Saturday night previous to my preaching it, you may well believe that I had little time to write anything else.

"Since my arrival here I have been busily employed in transcribing and finally correcting for the press, — a task which weighs heavily on me, as I have now no curate, and the season is so sickly that, between visiting the dying and burying the dead, my time is fully employed. My friends in Oxford have given me very opposite advice as to whether I shall send my sermons to press immediately, or keep them by me for a year. Those who counsel the last say that a second edition of Bampton lectures is a thing not to be expected, and that it is therefore wise to make them as correct as possible before they go into the world. Those who are for a speedy publication urge that it is better that they should be found fault with than not read at all, and that Bampton lectures, when not published till their preachment has been forgotten, have seldom any great circulation. I think (though half measures are almost always bad) I shall divide myself between the two opinions, and shall so contrive, if possible, as to have them make their appearance immediately after the long vacation. * * * *

"Believe me your obliged friend, REGINALD HEBER."

* A short time previous to the date of this letter, one of Mr. Heber's servants had been suspected of dishonesty; but many circumstances occurred, as the fact had not been clearly proved, to induce him to give the man another trial. In a letter to his wife, who was from home at the time, he remarks: "God knows whether I have done right or wrong, but I have acted as I thought best became a Christian. It has been rather in his favor that I took his case into consideration to-day (Good Friday), for when a man is praying for the pardon of his own sins, he is seldom inclined to visit the sins of others very severely."

(TO R. J. WILMOT, ESQ.)

"HODNET RECTORY, Nov. 14th, 1815.

"We had only just returned home from Wales, after a month's absence, when your letter arrived, and I have since been in hot water, and occupations of so many kinds, that I have not had time to say how sorry we feel at not having it in our power to come over to Catton at present, especially as I am in consequence to miss seeing Hay. Pray tell him so, with thanks for his letter, which shall have a separate answer so soon as I have got these lectures off my shoulders, which at present have worn my fingers to the stumps and my brain to the lees. I hope to get them out in the course of next month, or even sooner." * * * * *

(TO THE REV. GEORGE WILKINS.)

"HODNET RECTORY, Dec. 4th, 1815.

* * * * * "You will find several notes in pencil on your manuscript, some of which you may probably consider as hypercritical; but as the common error of friends is to be too favorable, I have not only restricted myself to finding fault, but have even found fault in some cases where my objection was very slight.

"You will now allow me to say, that I think your work very much improved by the additions and alterations which it has received since I saw it before, and that I sincerely hope it will be useful in the world and productive of solid reputation to yourself. Your narrative is told in a very spirited and unaffected manner, and in narrow bounds a very great deal of valuable matter is comprised.

"I have taken the liberty to keep one of your engraved pedigrees of the Herod family, and one of your elegant plans of Jerusalem. I have paid particular attention to the very perplexed account which Josephus gives us as to the fortifications of his native city, and have compared it with the different ideas of Villalpandus, Calmet, Clarke, &c., and it is no flattery to say that your system reconciles the difficulties better than any other which I have met with. Ever yours most truly,

"REGINALD HEBER."

(TO E. D. DAVENPORT, ESQ.)

"HODNET RECTORY, Jan. 2, 1816.

"MY DEAR DAVENPORT,—I deferred several days writing to you, in the idea that I should be able to say something definite as to our time of visiting Catton; but our schemes of amusement have suffered a material derangement by a tooth, which first kept me awake several nights in intense pain, then swelled my face to a size little less than the turban of a Sherife, and, lastly, laid me on my back in a high fever, and blind of an eye, in what my apothecary called 'a superinduced paroxysm of regular erysipelas.' This unpleasant guest has at length taken its leave; but my eye is still weak, and I am altogether in an unfit state to leave the house during the present seasonable weather. I am sorry to learn that you have yourself been plagued in a way not altogether dissimilar; let us hear how you are, as soon as it ceases to be too severe a task on your eyes; and pray arrange matters so as that you may meet the Wilmots here in February. You are, I conclude, nay hope, since the contrary would be a strong mark of indisposition, a bird of passage; but I shall continue to direct to you at Capesthorpe, as the best prospect of avoiding the same mischance which has befallen my letter to Brussels. Believe me, you could not suspect me of wilfully dropping your correspondence, if you knew how much I have been annoyed at its cessation."

(TO THE REV. GEORGE WILKINS.)

"HODNET RECTORY, March 16, 1816.

"MY DEAR SIR,—After a pilgrimage little less tedious than that of Mirza Abu Taleb Khân, your beautiful manuscript of Hafiz is at length safely arrived. Allow me to offer you my best thanks for so valuable a present, which will make a very conspicuous figure in my humble collection. I shall always look at it with pleasure, as recalling to mind the confidence with which you have flattered me, and as encouraging the hope that, notwithstanding our distance and occupations, we may still, at no distant time, contrive a meeting, and thus put an end to the solecism of a friendship carried on without personal acquaintance.

"Yours very truly, REGINALD HEBER."

In the year 1816 Mr. Heber sustained a very heavy affliction in the loss of his youngest brother, Thomas Cuthbert, who died from the rupture of a vessel on the brain, after a short illness, on the 27th of March. A similarity of age, education, and profession, had united them with more than ordinary fraternal affection. From infancy they had seldom been separated; and the younger brother had acted as curate to the elder till the year before his death, when he removed to his own perpetual curacy of Moreton See. The blow thus fell with peculiar weight: under its influence the hymn for the fourth Sunday after Epiphany was composed, and the original manuscript contained the following stanza:

> "He called me by a brother's bier,
> As down I knelt to prayer,
> But ah! though sorrow shed the tear,
> Repentance was not there!" *

From this time forward it was Mr. Heber's constant custom to consecrate every important occurrence of his life by a short prayer. Several of these aspirations have unfortunately been lost in the various removals of his papers; but such as are preserved will be given according to their dates. They were written in Latin, but are rendered into English for the benefit of the general reader. On his birth-day in this year he writes: "Completed my thirty-third year. O, omnipotent and eternal God, bestow pardon for the sins of my past years, and grant, I pray, that whatever of my life yet

*The meaning of this language seems to be, that, notwithstanding his unfeigned sorrow occasioned by his brother's death, yet he could not — dare not — rebelliously murmur against the will of God in thus afflicting *him*.

remains may be better and wiser than the past. Hear thou me, O God, through the merits of Jesus Christ. Amen."

(TO R. J. WILMOT, ESQ.)

"HODNET RECTORY, April 8, 1816

"Thank you sincerely for your kind condolence under our very great and unexpected calamity. We have all borne it so much the worse for having been flattered by the appearance of gradual recovery, from the time of my poor brother's first seizure, to the moment of his fatal relapse; and still more, I think, from a sort of feeling that we hardly appreciated his worth while living; certainly that we were not aware of half the acts of kindness and liberality which we now find that, with a small income, he was in the constant habit of performing in this neighborhood. The poor speak of his kindness and good nature with a regret which is painfully flattering. To his brothers, his singular disinterestedness, his warmth of attachment, and devotion to their service and prospects, can never be replaced; and he formed so prominent an object in all my airy schemes of ambition and utility, — I miss him so continually in my walks and my study, that I can scarcely help feeling that there is only one being in the world whom I could have worse spared. He had himself had several vexations and disappointments, which, though of a hasty temper, he bore with philosophy and almost indifference; but where the happiness of a friend was concerned, his whole heart was engaged, and there was no labor or inconvenience which he would not incur, almost without knowing that he made a sacrifice. I never knew so warm a heart which felt so little for itself; or one whose few faults were, apparently, in so fair a way of being corrected, when He, who in all things determines best, thought fit to remove him.

"These are early days of mourning, and I cannot yet be supposed to have abated in my sorrow. I sometimes think I have hardly yet begun to feel so much as I shall do hereafter. There are moments when all seems an illusion I think my sister feels our loss the most; but she has concealed her grief from my mother with a spirit which might shame an old Roman."

The literary pursuits of the rector of Hodnet were never for any long interval suspended; more various and excursive than those of almost any of his contemporaries, they found riches in every soil. It is curious to see the raw materials from which he would occasionally work, and the poetry which he could extract from a solitary fact.

In a review of Sir John Malcolm's "History of Persia," which appeared at this time in the Quarterly, he introduces a prophecy of the death of Timour, or Tamerlane, who, "after founding an empire more extensive than the life of any man has sufficed to traverse, was arrested in his schemes of universal sovereignty, by the rigors of a premature winter, which prevented his march to China. He died at Otrar, seventy-six leagues from Samarcand. This event," Mr. Heber observed, "almost naturally slides into poetry;" and from it he produced the following lines:

"TIMOUR'S COUNCILS.

"Emirs and Khâns in long array
To Timour's council bent their way;
The lordly Tartar, vaunting high,
The Persian with dejected eye,
The vassal Russ, and, lured from far,
Circassia's mercenary war.
But one there came, uncall'd and last;
The Spirit of the wintry blast!
He mark'd, while wrapt in mist he stood,
The purpos'd track of spoil and blood;
He mark'd, unmov'd by mortal woe,
That old man's eye of swarthy glow;
That restless soul, whose single pride
Was cause enough that millions died;

He heard, he saw, till envy woke,
And thus the voice of thunder spoke:
'And hop'st thou thus, in pride unfurl'd,
To bear those banners through the world?
Can time nor space thy toils defy?
O king, thy fellow demon I!
Servants of death, alike we sweep
The wasted earth, or shrinking deep;
And on the land, and o'er the wave,
We reap the harvest of the grave.
But thickest then that harvest lies,
And wildest sorrows rend the skies,
In darker cloud the vultures sail,
And richer carnage taints the gale,
And few the mourners that remain,
When winter leagues with Tamerlane!
But on, to work our lord's decree;
Then, tyrant, turn, and cope with me!
And learn, though far thy trophies shine,
How deadlier are my blasts than thine!
Nor cities burnt, nor blood of men,
Nor thine own pride, shall warm thee then!
Forth to thy task! We meet again
On wild Chabanga's frozen plain!'"

(TO R. W. HAY, ESQ.)

"HODNET RECTORY, August 8, 1816.

"A severe fit of rheumatism is almost worth having when it serves as a shoeing-horn to draw on such a tour as you propose to yourself. I am heartily sorry, however, that you have so bad a reason for going to the Tyrol, and trust that the hot waters of Gastein will do all that your friends can wish them. You are very good to recollect so favorably the few hints which I was able to give you in your southern Russian tour. The regions which you have now to pass through I only know as Parnell's hermit knew the world,—by books and swains; since, when I was in Austria, the emperor Napoleon had made the best part of Europe a *terra sigillata* *

* An inaccessible territory.

to the English. K———, whom I believe you may still find at Stuttgart, you know as well as I do. If you should have time and inclination to go on to Vienna, which is a tour that all the Austrians will advise you to make, I could give you some few letters which might be useful, and the neighboring hot baths at Baden are greatly renowned for their stimulating powers. I am sorry that you and Wilmot have not contrived to make your tour together.

"Ever your obliged friend,

"REGINALD HEBER."

"Murray has sent me a copy of a glorious poem by Milmán on the fall of Jerusalem, which he wishes me to review immediately. I have looked at some parts and been delighted with it."

(TO R. H. INGLIS, ESQ.)

"BODRYDDAN, October 25, 1816.

"MY DEAR INGLIS,—Thornton tells me that you have kindly taken the trouble to make some marginal notes on my lectures. I am now about to send out a new edition, and should regard your friendly criticisms as a very favorable help in my necessary task of correction and improvement. I certainly will not promise implicit obedience to your suggestions, but I will promise them a very attentive consideration; and I have already derived so much advantage from similar communications, that you may rely on my being both patient and docile under your lash. If your observations are not too numerous for transcription within the bounds of a large sheet of paper, such a letter, directed to me at Hodnet, near Shrewsbury, will be thankfully received; or if you will send your copy of the lectures to Hatchard's, it will be forwarded to me, and I will take all possible care of it. I believe Hatchard is in no great hurry for the second edition, and, therefore, I am naturally anxious to send it out in as improved a state as I can; but I trust, at farthest, another three weeks will enable me to send it to him, with all the advantage of your castigation.

"I write this letter from North Wales, where my wife and I are paying our annual visit; but I return to Hodnet next week. * * *

"Dear Inglis, ever your affectionate friend,

"REGINALD HEBER."

(TO E. D. DAVENPORT, ESQ.)

"HODNET RECTORY, Nov. 24, 1816.

"MY DEAR DAVENPORT,—I fear the Wilmots and Hortons do not mean to take us in their way from Cheshire, as the former talk of pressing back to meet their boys. But, though I am compelled to acquiesce in this excuse, yet, as I do not believe that you expect any similar pledges of affection these Christmas holidays, I trust we are not to give up the hope of seeing you here as soon as you can come, after the second of December; the earlier the better.

"I have been a little alarmed on receiving a parcel from Mr. Crawford of six quarto volumes of manuscript, each of them '*so dick als dis sheese*,' being the travels of Mr. Kinneir* through Asia Minor, respecting the merits of which I am to give an opinion, according to a rash promise which I made when I was with you. I was not then quite aware of the bulk of the undertaking, but must now persevere, though the journey may be as protracted as that of the ten thousand Greeks through the same route." * * * * *

Mr. Heber, being temporarily from home, in a letter to his wife, dated November, 1816, writes: "I had a letter yesterday from Hodson,† inquiring whether I had any objection to become one of the university preachers, and conveying a very civil message from Dr. Van Mildert, offering to nominate me, which he, as Regius Professor, is empowered to do. This offer gives me pleasure as a mark of my Oxford friends' (especially Dr. Van Mildert) having approved my sermons; and it may, as a further opportunity of distinguishing myself, be advantageous."

(TO R. H. INGLIS, ESQ.)

"HODNET RECTORY, Dec. 2, 1816.

"MY DEAR INGLIS,—I did not intend to have written till I had

* Afterwards Sir John Kinneir Macdonald, British minister in Persia.

† Rev. Frodsham Hodson, D. D., then Principal of Brazen Nose College.

finished the correction of my lectures; but you have afforded me so substantial a proof of your kindness in the attention which you have bestowed on my writings, that I am unwilling any longer to defer thanking you. Some of your suggestions I must take credit to myself for having already adopted, and I will sincerely engage to reject none without a careful examination. If you were to see the margin of my corrected copy, you would acquit me of any idleness in the task of revision; at the same time I must own that my attention has as yet been paid to the collecting fresh authorities, and arranging my arguments in a more lucid order, rather than to questions of style. Your criticism may, therefore, be of real and great advantage to me. My wife joins in kindest regards to Mrs. Inglis, with,

"Dear Inglis, ever yours truly, REGINALD HEBER."

(TO R. H. INGLIS, ESQ.)

"HODNET RECTORY, Jan. 13, 1817.

"MY DEAR INGLIS,—I am sensible that I may seem to have delayed too long the acknowledgments which your very friendly and valuable present claimed from me; and, if I had had any reason to apprehend that my sincerity would have been taxed in speaking as highly as I could have wished of the remains of your excellent friend, I would not have deferred writing my thanks till I had received and read the volumes.* I can now say, with great truth, that I am highly sensible of the kind manner in which you have distinguished one who enjoyed, unfortunately, so small a share of Mr. Bowdler's acquaintance, and can assure you that you were not mistaken in supposing that I should regard his 'remains' with very deep feelings of respect and regret. I expected much from all which I had heard of him during his life, and my expectations have not been disappointed by the volumes which you have sent me. It is very unusual to find so much playfulness of fancy united to so many traces of severe application, or to find both these brought to bear at once on so many different branches of knowledge; and I own my respect is much increased by the consideration that these essays, which might many of them seem to have required a man's best exertions and undivided attention, were, in his case, nothing

* "*Select Pieces* in Prose and Verse," by the late John Bowdler, Esq.

more than the relaxations of a mind daily pressed on by other cares and fighting its way through the gloom of sickness and the hindrances of a most laborious profession.

"I have said thus much of the talents which the work you have sent appears to me to display; of the exalted feelings of virtue and piety which it everywhere expresses, nothing need be said, as its author is already gone to receive the only approbation which he had in view. I often during his life have regretted that, though I knew so many of his friends, and was well acquainted with his character, I had very slight opportunities of being made known to him, and none of cultivating his acquaintance. That regret would be now much increased if I did not venture to look forward, not only to the continuance in another world of the friendships begun here, but to the obtaining and enjoying the society of many excellent persons, whom I have here chiefly or only known by the reputation which they have enjoyed, or the works which they have left behind them. I do not know that the mutual recognition of happy spirits is actually revealed, though I think it is implied in many parts of Scripture. But I am sure that the probabilities of the case are in favor of the supposition; nor can I conceive that, while the animal part of our nature is not to be destroyed, but raised and glorified, the best and purest parts of our natural affection, and those which seem most suited to heaven, are to expire to revive no more, or to become useless in a future state. Let us be willing to hope that it may be more than a mere expression when I sign myself, dear Inglis,

"*Ever* your sincere friend,

"REGINALD HEBER."

(TO R. J. WILMOT, ESQ.)

"HODNET RECTORY, April 19, 1817.

"Among the anecdotes of the general distress of the times, the following is not the least singular: While I was at Bodrydan, last Monday, the overseer of an adjoining village came to ask the Dean's directions about a miserable beggar who had fallen from weakness in the street, and who seemed dying. The apothecary, who happened to be in the house, was despatched to the spot, and directions were given for providing the miserable object with food, lodging, &c. On the apothecary's return, he reported that the

man was dying of hunger and filth; that the vermin had apparently eaten into his flesh, and that his rags and person were in such a state that none of the cottagers could be bribed to take him into their houses. They laid him in a barn, where he was a little revived by some broth; and then, with much caution and reluctance, they proceeded to remove his rags, as it was considered absolutely necessary to wash and fumigate him with tobacco-water. In the rags they found eighteen guineas in gold, seven or eight pounds' worth of old silver, fifteen dollars, and twenty-seven shillings. The man's age seemed about sixty. He had a remarkably intelligent countenance, and spoke English well, but from weakness said very little. Except weakness and filth he seemed to have no complaint. Is not this a strange picture of existence? A man with the means of purchasing food and comfort literally reduced to the brink of the grave for want of both! Yet it is not a story to which I would, at this time of distress, give too great publicity. It cannot be a case of frequent occurrence, and there are many people who are glad to urge such stories as reasons for disbelieving all instances of distress."

About this time Mr. Heber was asked by a friend to look over a manuscript intended for publication. Its author had fallen into the error of believing that Mary Magdalene was a woman of abandoned character before she became a follower of our Saviour, thus confounding her with the "sinner" who also washed our Saviour's feet. The letter in which Mr. Heber entered at considerable length into the question has accidentally been lost; but at the request of a sister of Mrs. Heber, who had occasionally heard the subject argued, and who wished to have it in her power to show his recorded opinion, he wrote the following treatise, drawing such a distinction between them as to make it impossible for its readers to confound the one with the other:

"It has been a very common opinion among Christians that Mary Magdalene was a prostitute before she became a follower of Christ. This rests partly on the supposed connection of some passages of Scripture, and partly on alleged tradition. Of Mary Magdalene, *under that name*, nothing is related in Scripture which can favor such an opinion. She is said, indeed, to have been possessed by seven devils, and to have been delivered from this affliction by our Lord (Luke 8: 2). But this was a misfortune by no means confined to the wicked, and is nowhere spoken of in the Gospels as more *judicial* than any disease, by whatever means occasioned. And all which we read of her besides is highly to her honor, as being one among several devout women who supported Jesus, when alive, by their contributions, and brought an expensive preparation of spices for his funeral (Matt. 27: 55, 56; Luke 8: 2, 3; Mark 16: 1). The probability is that she (as well as Johanna, the wife of Herod's steward) was a person of some wealth and consideration. But be that as it may, often as Mary Magdalene is mentioned, we hear nothing of her previous sins, or her exemplary repentance. We read, however, that as Jesus was at meat in a house at Bethany, a woman named *Mary*, the sister of Martha, and of Lazarus, whom Christ raised from the dead, anointed the feet of Jesus with precious ointment, and wiped them with her hair (John 12: 1, 2, 3); and, by comparing the accounts given by St. Matthew, chapter 26: 6, 7, and by St. Mark, chapter 14: 3, 4, of what appears to be the same transaction, we learn that this took place in the house of one *Simon* of Bethany, surnamed 'the leper.' This is apprehended to be the same event which is related by St. Luke, chapter 7: 37, 38; in which also a woman, of whom it was expressly said that she was 'a sinner,' is introduced as anointing our Lord's feet, washing them with her tears, and wiping them with her hair, at the house of one *Simon*, a Pharisee. And by understanding the word 'sinner' to mean a prostitute, and identifying the sinner in question with *Mary of Bethany*, whom they suppose to be the same with *Mary* Magdalene, the persons of whom I speak arrive at the conclusion that Mary Magdalene was a prostitute.

"Now, 1st, It is by no means certain that the word 'sinner' means a prostitute. The objection of the Pharisee to her being allowed to 'touch' our Saviour (Luke 7: 39), would have applied

to any immoral person, or to any one under the censures of the Mosaic law.*

"2dly. The coincidences of the 'precious ointment' and the name of 'Simon' are not enough to prove that St. Matthew, St. Mark, and St. John are speaking of the same event which St. Luke records, since the ceremony of perfuming illustrious guests has always been usual in the East, and may, therefore, have been more than once practised on our Saviour by those who believed in him, and since Simon is so common a name amongst the Jews, that no stress can be laid upon it. And that they are not speaking of the same event is plain: 1st, Because the tenor of the history, as told by St. Luke, supposes it to have occurred in a *city* of Galilee, at an early period of our Saviour's ministry; while the event of which the other Evangelists speak took place at Bethany, a *village* of Judea, in our Saviour's last visit to Jerusalem, and, by the reproof which, in consequence of it, he gave to Judas, conducted almost immediately to the revenge and treason of the latter. 2dly, It does not seem probable that the person described by St. Luke as 'a sinner' can have been Mary, sister of Lazarus, because, in the former case, the Pharisee conceived it to be a proof that Jesus was no prophet, that he did not know 'who the woman was that touched him.' This proves that she must have been a stranger, since no prophetic power was necessary to know an acquaintance But Mary, sister of Lazarus, had long been intimate with Jesus, and even dear to him, as appears by the 12th chapter of St. John, which, in fact, is equally decisive against her being the sinner here spoken of, or her having been a sinner at all in any notorious and flagrant respect, at the time when *she* anointed the feet and head of Christ. The sinner, then, whose penitence is recorded by St. Luke, was not Mary, the sister of Martha and Lazarus.

3dly. But, if we were even to concede that all the Evangelists were describing the same event, still, though the previous character of *this* Mary would be reflected on, yet it is certain that she and *Mary Magdalene* were different persons. 1st, Because St. Luke, who always speaks of the latter with the addition of *Magdalene*, does thereby very clearly distinguish her from the person of whom he speaks as 'a sister of Martha called Mary' (St. Luke 10: 39).

*See Drusius de iii. Sectis.

2dly. The surname of 'Magdalene' implies that the birth-place or residence of the former was Magdala, or Migdol, a city of Galilee; and she is accordingly described as one of the women who 'followed Christ out of Galilee' to Jerusalem. This does not agree with Mary the sister of Martha and Lazarus (who never, that we know of, was in Galilee), residing with her brother at Bethany, near Jerusalem; and so far from being a constant attendant on Jesus, sends after him into Galilee to implore him to heal her brother in his sickness. This Mary, then, is not the same with Mary Magdalene; and the latter would not be implicated with any reflections cast on the former.

"4thly. But still, it may be said, the sinner mentioned by St. Luke *may* have been Mary Magdalene, though not Mary the sister of Lazarus. This is a mere assumption, without any proof whatever; and the circumstances of the history offer some violent presumptions to the contrary. Thus, if the sinner mentioned by St. Luke had been Mary Magdalene, it is strange that he should have named the latter, two verses after, without even hinting that she was the same with her whose penitence he had just recorded (Luke 8: 2). Again, Mary Magdalene is known to have been a constant attendant on our Lord's person and wants. But is it possible that Christ, at the age of thirty, and surrounded by calumniators, should have chosen a prostitute for this situation, however he might, in his own wisdom, know her to be reformed? And further, we find, so far from calling into his service the sinner in question, that he, to all appearance, dismisses her to her own house, — 'Thy faith hath saved thee, *go in peace!*' Here, surely, is no encouragement to a closer attendance on him.

"It is plain, then, that the whole opinion of Mary Magdalene's loose character is founded on mistake, as far as Scripture is concerned. As to tradition, it is not worth while to spend much time on it. Jerome expressly distinguishes the woman who anointed Christ's head in the house of Simon of Bethany, from the 'meretrix' who washed his feet in the house of Simon the Pharisee (Comm. in Matt. 27, T. VI. p. 57). Mary Magdalene he calls 'a widow,' and says nothing of her having been a harlot in the commentary on St. Mark 15, which bears his name, T. VI. p. 87 Origen believes all the three narratives of Christ's unction to relate to different events and to different women, and does not seem to

apprehend that any of the three was the same as Mary Magdalene. Chrysostom supposes the unction which took place in the house of Simon the leper to be the same with that which took place in the house of Simon the Pharisee; but denies that 'the sinner' was Mary, sister of Lazarus, and nowhere hints the possibility of her being Mary Magdalene. As for the pretended history of Mary Magdalene, purporting to be written by one Marcella, servant to Martha, sister of Lazarus, it is a mere novel of modern fabrication, and rejected by all critics, Catholic and Protestant. Yet this legend, and the authority of the Roman Catholic missal, are all which can be urged in favor of the popular opinion which we have been examining. The ancient Fathers are either opposed to it, or altogether silent."

CHAPTER IV.

Mr. Heber appointed Prebendary of St. Asaph. — Poetical Compositions. — Ladies' Association at Cornwallis House. — Oxlee on the Trinity. — Southey's "History of the Brazils." — Chalmers' "Astronomical Discourses." — Proposed Heads of University Sermons. — Birth of Mr. Heber's First Child. — Changes in Oxford. — Death of the Child. — Lines commencing, "Thou art gone to the Grave." — Letter to Lady Isabella King. — Letter to the Rev. T. E. S. Hornby. — Bristed's "America." — Poetical Compositions. — Ordination Sermon. — Lines, "From Greenland's Icy Mountains." — Reünion of Spirits in Paradise. — Complete Edition of Jeremy Taylor's Works, with his Life, and a Critical Essay on his Writings. — The Traveller's Club.

In 1817 the late Bishop of St. Asaph, Dr. Luxmoore, appointed Mr. Heber to a prebendal stall in that Cathedral, at the request of his father-in-law, the Dean of St. Asaph. His journeys into Wales became in consequence more frequent; and, as he usually made them on horseback, he beguiled the loneliness of the way with poetical compositions, generally suggested by the scenes around him. From these lighter effusions of his muse the following are selected:

"THE SPRING JOURNEY.

"O, green was the corn as I rode on my way,
And bright were the dews on the blossoms of May,
And dark was the sycamore's shade to behold,
And the oak's tender leaf was of emerald and gold.

"The thrush from his holly, the lark from his cloud,
Their chorus of rapture sung jovial and loud;

From the soft vernal sky to the soft grassy ground
There was beauty above me, beneath, and around.

"The mild southern breeze brought a shower from the hill.
And yet, though it left me all dripping and chill,
I felt a new pleasure, as onward I sped,
To gaze where the rainbow gleamed broad overhead.

"O, such be life's journey, and such be our skill,
To lose in its blessings the sense of its ill;
Through sunshine and shower may our progress be even,
And our tears add a charm to the prospect of heaven!"

"HAPPINESS.

"One morning in the month of May
I wandered o'er the hill;
Though nature all around was gay,
My heart was heavy still.

"Can God, I thought, the good, the great,
These meaner creatures bless,
And yet deny our human state
The boon of happiness?

"Tell me, ye woods, ye smiling plains,
Ye blessed birds around,
Where, in creation's wild domains,
Can perfect bliss be found?

"The birds wild carolled overhead,
The breeze around me blew,
And Nature's awful chorus said,
No bliss for man she knew!

"I questioned Love, whose early ray
So heav'nly bright appears;
And Love, in answer, seemed to say
His light was dimmed by tears.

"I questioned Friendship; Friendship mourned,
And thus her answer gave:
The friends whom fortune had not turned
Were vanished in the grave!

"I asked of Feeling, if her skill
Could heal the wounded breast?
And found her sorrows streaming still,
For others' griefs distressed.

"I asked if Vice could bliss bestow?
Vice boasted loud and well;
But, fading from her pallid brow,
The venomed roses fell.

"I questioned Virtue; Virtue sighed,
No boon could she dispense:
Nor Virtue was her name, she cried,
But humble Penitence!

"I questioned Death; the grisly shade
Relaxed his brow severe,
And 'I am happiness,' he said,
'If Virtue guides thee here.'"

LINES COMPOSED TO A WELSH AIR.

"I mourn not the forest whose verdure is dying,
I mourn not the summer whose beauty is o'er;
I weep for the hopes that forever are flying,
I sigh for the worth that I slighted before,
And sigh to bethink me how vain is my sighing,
For love once extinguished is kindled no more.

"The Spring may return with his garland of flowers,
And wake to new rapture the bird on the tree;
The Summer smile soft through his crystalline bowers;
The blessings of Autumn wave brown o'er the lea;
The rock may be shaken, — the dead may awaken, —
But the friend of my bosom returns not to me."

CAROL FOR MAY-DAY.

"Queen of fresh flowers,
Whom vernal stars obey,
Bring thy warm showers,
Bring thy genial ray.

In nature's greenest livery dressed,
Descend on earth's expectant breast,
To earth and heaven a welcome guest,
Thou merry month of May!

"Mark how we meet thee
At dawn of dewy day!
Hark how we greet thee
With our roundelay!
While all the goodly things that be
In earth, and air, and ample sea,
Are waking up to welcome thee,
Thou merry month of May!

"Flocks on the mountains,
And birds upon their spray,
Tree, turf, and fountains,
All hold holyday;
And Love, the life of living things,
Love waves his torch, Love claps his wings,
And loud and wide thy praises sings,
Thou merry month of May!"

(TO THE LADY ISABELLA KING.*)

"HODNET RECTORY, May 22, 1817.

"MADAM,—I am ashamed to think that so long a time has elapsed without my acknowledging the honor which your ladyship has conferred on me, both by your obliging letter and your inter-

* The following extract from Mr. Southey's "Colloquies" will explain the nature and objects of the institution to which this letter refers:

"*Sir Thomas More.* * * * * Methinks it should make a living heart ache to think, whenever this land of credit is shaken by a commercial earthquake, how many a goodly fabric of happiness is laid in ruins, and to know how many women, who have been bred up among all the refinements of affluence, and with the expectation that their fortune was in no danger of any reverse, are reduced to seek for themselves a scanty and precarious support, by the exercise of those talents which had been cultivated for recreation or for display. * * * * You have no convents, no religious communities, in which such persons may be received and sheltered. * * * *

esting communication through Mr. Stanley. My engagements have been very numerous, and I am, I fear, at best but a negligent correspondent. I can, however, no longer delay offering you my best thanks for the flattering attention which you have paid to my slight hints for the conduct of an institution which bids fair, if successful,

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"*Montesinos.* An experiment of this kind has been undertaken; it remains to be seen whether this generation will have the honor of supporting it, or the disgrace of suffering it to fail. That which is most essential, and which might have seemed most difficult to find, was found: an institutress who devotes her fortunes, her influence, and her life to this generous purpose, and who to every other advantage adds that of rank. Her institution has not the sanction only, but the cordial approbation, of persons in the highest rank. But efficient patronage is still wanting; nor is it likely to attain that general attention and consequent support which its general utility deserves. The likeliest chance for its being rendered permanent seems to be from posthumous bounty, if some of those persons (and there are some in every generation) who bequeathe large sums for pious purposes should perceive that no purpose can be more pious than this.

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"*Sir Thomas More.* There is no endowment, then, for this institution?

"*Montesinos.* None. It was hoped that from ten to fifteen thousand pounds might have been raised, which would have sufficed for putting it upon a permanent establishment; but though the Queen, and the late Princess Charlotte, and the other Princesses, contributed to the subscription, not £5000 were collected; and the experiment could not have been made had it not been for the support afforded it by the institutress, Lady Isabella King, and by those members who were able to pay a high rent for their apartments;— the scheme being devised for three classes, differing in point of fortune, but upon an equal footing in education, principles, and manners. The wealthier members contribute, by their larger payments, to the support of the establishment; the second class pays £50 each per year for their apartments and board; and there is a third class who, having no means of their own, though in other respects peculiarly fitted for such an institution, as well as peculiarly in need of such an asylum, are appointed to official situations, with salaries annexed. A school for female orphans, belonging to the same rank of life, is to be engrafted on the scheme, whenever funds shall be obtained for it. No habit is worn; the institution has, necessarily, its regula-

to lay the foundation of many similar societies, to alleviate much distress of the severest nature, and even to become an important feature in the domestic prosperity of the nation. I have read your rules with much attention, and am really unable to suggest any alteration which would, in the present state of the establishment, be advisable. Mr. Stanley suggests that an article in the Quarterly Review might be useful, as making the plan more widely known, and removing the foolish objections to which every new idea is exposed. I am not sure whether, as the little work which you sent me is unpublished, it will come under the regular cognizance of criticism; but if this difficulty can be got over, I shall have much pleasure in offering my services, if no better advocate presents himself, and if your ladyship, on further consideration, approves of the measure.

"I remain, with unfeigned respect for the ability which has dictated your plan, and the courageous benevolence which has carried you through its difficulties,

"Madam, your ladyship's obliged humble servant,

"REGINALD HEBER."

(TO THE REV. J. OXLEE.)

"HODNET RECTORY, May 22, 1817.

"MY DEAR SIR, — Accept my best thanks for your obliging letter, and the very learned and interesting work* which you have sent me. I think myself unfortunate that it had not fallen into my way before my Lectures were published, and still more that my

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tions, to which all the members are expected to conform; but there is nothing approaching to what, in your days, would have been called a rule. It must be needless to say that no vows are required, nor even an engagement for any term of years. The scheme has succeeded, upon trial, insomuch that the Queen, when she visited it, said it was a blessed asylum; and it would be as beneficial as it is practicable, if funds for extending and rendering it permanent were forthcoming." — *Progress and Prospects of Society*, vol. II., p. 201, &c.

Cornwallis House, near Bristol, was purchased in the year 1821 by the trustees of the "Ladies' Association," as the permanent residence of the members. Lady Isabella King lived among them, presiding over the society, and devoting herself to its welfare and improvement.

* On the Trinity.

reply to the attack made on me in the British Critic was already struck off before your work reached me. Had I seen the last in time, you are perfectly right in supposing it would have been most useful to me. As it is, I have learned much from its perusal, and shall be happy to speak of it as it deserves in the preface to the second edition of my Lectures, now preparing for the public. There are, I must in honesty confess, some points on which I differ from, or perhaps I do not understand, you; and on which I may, possibly, when I have more leisure than I now enjoy, trouble you with a few observations. I mean, in particular, that your view of the Trinity may be understood as Tritheistic,—an opinion which I am convinced you did not mean to support, but which, as it seems to me, some parts of your statement might be so perverted as to favor. Your arguments, however, for the plurality of the persons are, I think, perfectly satisfactory; and you have the rare merit of having been the first, in the present generation of superficial readers, to call the attention of the world to those mines of ancient Hebrew literature, by the cultivation of which I am convinced we may best hope to interpret Scripture successfully, and to extend, in God's good time, the light of the Gospel to the nation from which, however now blinded, we ourselves first received it.

"With sincere respect for the learning and talent which have been now made known to me, and in the hope that circumstances may allow us to meet as well as to correspond,

"I remain, dear sir, yours very truly,

"REGINALD HEBER."

(TO R. J. WILMOT, ESQ.)

"HODNET RECTORY, Sept. 24, 1817.

"I am now reviewing Southey's Brazil,* where the Jesuit institutions will be interesting to all those who have studied the congenial plans of Mr. Owen, who, with all the absurdity of his *new religion*, &c., is an enthusiast of no common power. I should have wished to have been able, and to have had sufficient time, to make a separate article on him, and to clear from the bran and chaff which make up the greater part of his system, such parts of it as are really valuable and practicable, whether for a poor-house or a new colony,

* History of the Brazils, vol. II. Quarterly Review, 1817

the only instances to which any portions of this scheme can apply. * * * Sir Robert Wilson's book I only know through the newspapers. * * * * * *

"I am greatly delighted with Chalmers' astronomical discourses. * * * The matter is, in my opinion, so eloquent and admirable, that I should rejoice at few things more than to hear of a good French translation of them being undertaken. They are excellently qualified to do good on the Continent, both in a religious view and as a specimen of British talent; and are likely not only to retain all their merits, but to get rid of their principal faults, when strained into a foreign tongue. His 'Evidences' I have not yet read." * * *

(TO R. W. HAY, ESQ.)

"HODNET RECTORY, Sept. 24, 1817.

"I hope you have got through the autumn in better health than several of my friends. * * * * * *

"To pass from these speculations to matters more befitting my profession, let me hope you have read Chalmers' Sermons. I can at present read little else, so much am I taken with the richness of his matter, in spite of one of the worst styles that ever matter was encumbered with on this side of chaos. I heartily wish that somebody would translate him into French; his arguments would do infinite good to the cause of Christianity on the Continent, and his beauties are precisely of the kind which would lose nothing by transfusion into another language, and which would be extremely popular abroad."

(TO E. D. DAVENPORT, ESQ.)

"HODNET RECTORY, March 23, 1818.

"MY DEAR DAVENPORT,—Your offer to receive into your house such unwelcome guests as a family flying from contagion, is perfectly like yourself, and calls for our best thanks. The fear of a typhus fever, fortunately, is gone by; but we should have been still happy to accept your kind invitation, had not the Killmoreys already taken off our hands the friends whom we hoped you would have met here, and engaged us to meet them. Our house is still a *sickly* one, though in point of direct 'contumace' we have a 'clean

bill.' The housekeeper, who was the first attacked, is still hardly able to speak or stir from the effects of quinsy. * * * * Emily, though a little flurried by what has passed in the house, is going on as well as can be desired. I am to take her to Chester the second or third week in April, and we have written to engage a house there. Our parsonage, during our absence, is to be painted and smartened up, so as to make a favorable first impression on the little stranger whom we hope to bring back with us."

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(TO R. J. WILMOT, ESQ.)

"CHESTER, July 31, 1818.

"During the few days I was in Shropshire, I heard a good deal of two New Zealand warriors, who had been brought over by a missionary society, and are staying with a clergyman in Shropshire. I was amused with one story which I was told of the youngest. Some roasted rabbits were at table which he supposed to be cats. On being asked whether New Zealanders ate cats, he answered: 'New Zealanders eatee hog, him eatee dog, him eatee rat, him eatee creeper' (biting his own arm like a dog in search of a flea), 'him eatee warrior and old woman, but him no eatee puss!' Yet this eater of warriors and old women is said to be very docile to his spiritual pastors, and to have made no contemptible progress in whatever they have taught him."

(TO JOHN THORNTON, ESQ.)

"HODNET RECTORY, Sept. 8, 1818.

* * * "We left Chester five weeks since, heartily tired with our sojourn there, though, I hope, with feelings of sincere thankfulness for the blessing which we had received. I believe I wrote you word that our little Barbara was, in the first instance, a very healthy child; during the hot weather, however, of the latter end of July, she had so violent an illness as to leave, for some days, hardly the most remote hope of her life. Thank God! she wrestled through it surprisingly, but it left her a skeleton; since that time her progress has been very rapid, and as favorable as we could hope or desire, and she is really now such a baby as parents exult to show."

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(TO E. D. DAVENPORT, ESQ.)

"HODNET RECTORY, Nov. 27, 1818.

"MY DEAR DAVENPORT,—* * * * I have myself been at home entirely, with the exception of a week's visit to Oxford, where I found sundry contemporaries grown bald and grave, and met sundry children of my friends in the country shot up into dashing young men. That same place always presents a curious gerometer to people who have long since ceased to be resident; but I do not know that I ever felt it so much before. In some respects, it is whimsically altered from what I remember it, though, of course, the whole outward show proceeds with less visible alteration than the library of Goethe's grandfather, described in his Memoirs, where everything was so old, and in such good order, that it seemed as if time had stood still, or as if the watch of society had been put back for a century. But in Oxford, notwithstanding this outward monotony, there are certain changes which an observer less keen than yourself would not fail to discover.

"First, when we remember Christ Church, it was an absolute monarchy of the most ultra-oriental character; whereas the reigning dean is as little attended to, to all appearance, as the peishwah of the Mahrattas,—the whole government resting on an oligarchy of tutors, under whom, I think, the college flourishes, at least as much as under the cloud-compelling wig of the venerable Cyril.* My own old college is less altered in this respect; but the tutors there, as elsewhere in the university, are so different a race from the former stock, as to occasion a very ludicrous comparison. The old boys never stirred from home; these pass their whole vacations on the Continent, are geologists, system-mongers, and I know not what. It is possible that, when we were lads, we rather underrated the generality of those set over us; but I cannot help thinking that this race of beings is, on the whole, considerably amended.

"Of the young men, I do not know that I can say much. The general story is, that they were never so diligent and so orderly as at present, all which is put down to the account of the system of examination. There is really, I think, much less lounging than formerly, which is produced, of course, by the greater frequency and regularity of lectures. * * *

* The late Very Reverend C. H. Hall, afterwards Dean of Durham.

"If Bacchus is somewhat less honored (of which, from certain sounds which reached my ears during a nightly walk I have some doubt), the general change of manners, in this respect, has probably had as much efficacy as any strictness of discipline.

"You will be glad to hear a good account of my wife and baby, though the latter is beginning the tedious and painful process of *cutting teeth*, as nurses say, — though, judging from appearances, the best expression is, *being cut* by them. Emily has been a good deal grieved and agitated by the death of Lady Killmorey, who is a most serious loss to all her friends and relations. I never knew anybody, not the mother of a family, who is likely to be so much missed."

(TO JOHN THORNTON, ESQ.)

"December 25, 1818.

"GOD has been pleased to afflict us in the point where we were most sensible of affliction, and least prepared to expect it, — in the death of our little daughter, which took place yesterday morning, after a severe illness of several days, and one night passed in strong convulsions. She had been not perfectly well for the last month, which was attributed to her teeth coming; but I now apprehend that water had been forming in her head during that time: this was the cause of her death. Emily has borne her loss with as much tranquillity as I could expect; she has received the Sacrament from my hands this morning, and is, I believe, fully resigned, and sensible of God's abundant mercy, even when His afflictions fall heaviest. I am myself more cut down than I thought I should be, but I hope not impatient; though I cannot help thinking that whatever other children I may be blessed with, I shall never love any like this little one, given me after so many years' expectation, and who promised in personal advantages and intelligence to be even more than a parent ordinarily hopes for. But I do not forget that to have possessed her at all, and to have enjoyed the pleasure of looking at her and caressing her for six months, was God's free gift; and still less do I forget that He who has taken her will, at length, I hope, restore her to us. God bless you in your wife and children, my dear Thornton, as well as with all other mercies, is the sincere prayer of

"Your affectionate friend, REGINALD HEBER."

The loss of their only child was long and severely felt by Mr. and Mrs. Heber; her father could never think of or name her without tears; and his private devotions generally concluded with an earnest prayer that he might, at his last hour, be found worthy to rejoin his departed child. To the feelings which this bereavement occasioned may be traced the production of the following lines:

"Thou art gone to the grave, but we will not deplore thee,
Though sorrows and darkness encompass the tomb;
The Saviour has passed through its portals before thee,
And the lamp of his love is thy guide through the gloom

"Thou art gone to the grave: we no longer behold thee,
Nor tread the rough paths of the world by thy side;
But the wide arms of Mercy are spread to enfold thee,
And sinners may hope, since the Sinless has died.

"Thou art gone to the grave, and, its mansion forsaking,
Perchance thy weak spirit in doubt lingered long;
But the sunshine of heaven beamed bright on thy waking,
And full on thy ear burst the seraphim's song.

"Thou art gone to the grave, but we will not deplore thee,
Since God was thy ransom, thy guardian, thy guide;
He gave thee, he took thee, and he will restore thee;
And death has no sting, since the Saviour has died."

(TO THE LADY ISABELLA KING.)

"HODNET RECTORY, March 17th, 1819.

"DEAR MADAM,—Owing to my absence from home I did not receive the honor of your ladyship's former letter till some days after its arrival at Hodnet, and I felt so much vexed at the delay which had taken place in the fulfilment of my engagement (though I can assure you that this delay has chiefly arisen from causes over which I had no control), that I determined not to answer it till I should have sent off to Mr. Gifford an article on the subject of the Bail-brook House establishment. At this I had in fact been working, as

fast as my few leisure hours allowed me, when I received your last letter, announcing that Mr. Southey had undertaken it. I will not dissemble the pleasure which this circumstance has given me, because I am quite convinced, without any mock modesty on my part, that he is precisely the writer in the world best qualified to do justice to the subject, and to recommend (both by his eloquence and his sense of the political importance of the subject) the institution to the world. I will also confess that, though I can assure you I have often, very often, attempted to embody my ideas into such a form as might be fit for a review, I have felt so much difficulty in the task that I am not sorry to be released from it. I believe this difficulty arose from the obvious utility of the establishment itself, which gave me no objections to *combat*, and from the good sense and propriety of the rules which your ladyship has formed, which really left me no objections to *make*. I endeavored to supply the want of these — the most usual materials for a critic's task — by entering into a history of the different establishments on the Continent, destined in like manner to the support and comfort of females of the higher class; but here, unfortunately, I found much difficulty in obtaining information. In short, I have been twenty times over on the point of writing to your ladyship, to give up my engagement, had not my real anxiety to promote so good a cause rendered me very unwilling to do so. I shall write by this day's post to Mr. Gifford, who, as he expects an article from me on the subject, would possibly have been otherwise surprised at receiving one from Mr. Southey. For myself, I have only to thank you most sincerely for the patience which you have shown to an ally so tardy and useless as I am; and beg you to believe me,

"Dear madam, your ladyship's obliged humble servant,

"REGINALD HEBER."

(TO THE REV. T. E. S. HORNBY.)

"HODNET RECTORY, May 17th, 1819.

"MY DEAR HORNBY, — I can assure you that I have often regretted the long cessation of a correspondence which used to be most agreeable to me, and the more so because I have had reason to apprehend that I was myself the defaulter in it. The truth is, I have been for several years back pretty regularly and closely employed, and have found every year less and less time to bestow on

any occupation, except those which habit or professional duty render necessary to me. And thus it has happened that the letters which I have written to my friends have become shorter and fewer, till I grew ashamed to remind those who had reason to think I had neglected them, that there was such a person as Reginald Heber.

"From Wilmot, with whom, of our old friends, I have been able to keep up most intercourse, and from your brother George, whom I have had frequently the pleasure of meeting at Oxford, I have heard from time to time of your cheerful and exemplary resignation under continued indisposition, and (which your letter confirms) that you occasionally amused yourself with poetry, though they did not tell me that you had any thoughts of publication. To *my* criticism *you* have a very good right, since I shall always remember with pleasure your frankness and good-nature, as well as your good taste, when I used to bring the foul copy of Palestine to read to you in your dark cell at Brazen Nose, in those days when the meaning of the words head-ache and heart-ache was almost equally unknown to either of us. You may depend, therefore, on my reading any poem of yours with attention and interest, and on my giving you an honest opinion of it. I only wish my judgment may be as good as my will, and that it may not be even less to be depended on than it formerly was in questions of taste, since my habitual studies have now, for a long time, taken a very different direction from poetry. Since my Bampton lectures, I have been occupied in collecting materials for a huge Dictionary of the Bible, on the plan of Calmet; and, besides this '*pièce de resistance*,'* have had frequent sermons to prepare for Oxford, where I am one of the select preachers. Except a few hymns, I have for a long time written no verses. I had projected, at an earlier period of my career as a student in divinity, a sort of epic poem on the subject of Arthur; and have once since meditated a something, I know not how to call it, on the same subject with Montgomery's 'World before the Flood.'† But I have had no time to take them up as anything more than occasional amusement, and, merely as such, they cost me too much trouble and time to answer my purpose. My Dictionary is indeed the pursuit in which

* Source of interruption.

† Neither this nor the Dictionary were ever completed.

I find the most amusement in the long run: the variety of reading which it opens to me, the shortness of the different disquisitions, which are each of them at an end before I have time to be tired of them, and the very moderate exercise of intellect in a work where little but judgment and exactness are called for, enable me to sit down to it at odd hours, and resume it after whatever interruption may happen to me,—of which the care of a large parish supplies great abundance. Yet even this sort of work has its plagues; my materials grow on me as I advance; I often despair of ever finishing my task, or of making it really useful; and I fear I may have to say, like Grotius, but with far more reason, '*Vitam perditi operose nihil agendo.*'* To these sort of thoughts your verses will be no disagreeable interruption, and I shall be obliged to you to send them. I do not know that I have much to tell you about All Souls, or any of our common friends. The Warden, you probably know, is very popular. Vaughan is still in Spain, but heartily tired, and meditating a retreat. The loss of the Sawleys is very severely felt by me on my visits to Oxford. * * * *

"Believe me, dear Hornby, yours very sincerely,

"REGINALD HEBER."

"Both my wife and myself are sincerely obliged by the kind sympathy which you express in our recent loss. It was so great and unexpected a blessing to us to have, even for a short time, the exquisite sensations of parental fondness, that, in the recollection of what we have had, and the hope of again seeing the beloved being who was lent us, we have still much to be thankful for. Emily's health, which was much shaken, is, I hope, gradually recovering."

(TO R. A. WILMOT, ESQ.)

"HODNET RECTORY, June 12, 1819.

"It gave me much pleasure to see the other day that you had found your tongue again in the House of Commons. I am convinced you are quite right in not, during this early stage of your political career, aiming at any very ambitious style of oratory. In fact, the subjects which have been before the House have none of

*I have lost my life laboriously in doing nothing.

them been of a kind to call for or admit of it; and it would have been a very short step indeed to the ridiculous from the sublime, which should be exercised on the prison committee or the bank restrictions.

"On any question wherein, as Lancelot Gobbo hath it, it may be advisable to 'raise the waters,' I have little doubt of your being quite sufficiently animated and energetic.

"So my talents 'in the eloquential line,' as I once saw it happily expressed in an American newspaper, are not likely to be displayed at Lincoln's Inn.* I was not much disappointed at being obliged to relinquish my pursuit. I should indeed have liked the situation very much, but the cold water had been so gradually applied to my hopes, that their final refrigeration, when it came, was hardly perceptible. I had then, too, a nearer source of inquietude in my wife's health, which had been for some time back very uncomfortable, but which has since visibly felt the good effects of Darwin's skill. About the middle of next month we intend to go to Seacome, a bathing-place between the ferry of that name, opposite Liverpool, and the Black Rock, with both of which you are acquainted.

"Have you looked over Bristed's 'America?' I think it a curious book, full of useful information, and written, though with prejudices decidedly American, in a tone of more candor than you would guess if you only judge of it from the Quarterly, whose zeal against the Americans need not be expressed quite so strongly."

The day of Mrs. Heber's departure from home in search of health, as referred to in the preceding letter, was marked in her husband's diary by the following prayer: "Do Thou, O gracious God, prosper her journey; do Thou favor her with health, and render her stronger; grant me tranquillity of spirit, and increase our love in return, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen."

* About this time Mr. Heber expected an appointment to the preachership at Lincoln's Inn, in London, in which he was for the present unsuccessful, but ultimately attained that distinction.

On his own birth-day he writes: "O how I would that I could escape utterly from my sins! O greatest God, for the life which Thou hast given I render most humble thanks. Grant also, O Father, the aid of thy Spirit, that whatever of life remains I may live to Thee, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen."

At Seacome, where he soon followed his wife, he had more leisure than usual for poetical composition. The sea always possessed a peculiar charm for his imagination, and formed the subject of many of his short poems, from which the following are selected:

"THE OUTWARD-BOUND SHIP.

"As borne along with favoring gale,
And streamers waving bright,
How gaily sweeps the glancing sail
O'er yonder sea of light!
With painted sides the vessel glides
In seeming revelry,
And still we hear the sailor's cheer
Around the capstan tree.
Is sorrow there, where all is fair,
Where all is outward glee?
Go, fool, to yonder mariner,
And he shall lesson thee.
Upon that deck walks tyrant sway,
Wild as the conquered wave,
And murmuring hate that must obey,—
The captain and his slave!
And pinching care is lurking there,
And dark ambition's swell,
And some that part with bursting heart
From objects loved too well;
And many a grief with gazing fed
On yonder distant shore,
And many a tear in secret shed
For friends beheld no more.

Yet sails the ship with streamers drest,
And shouts of seeming glee;
O God! how loves the mortal breast
To hide its misery."

"THE GROUND SWELL.

'How soft the shades of evening creep
O'er yonder dewy sea,
Whose balmy mist has lull'd to sleep
The tenants of the tree.
No wandering breeze is here to sweep
In shadowy ripple o'er the deep,
Yet swells the heaving sea.

"How calm the sky! rest, ocean, rest,
From storms and ruffle free;
Calm as the image on thy breast
Of her that governs thee!
And yet, beneath the moon's mild reign,
Thy broad breast heaves as one in pain,
Thou dark and silent sea!

"There are whom fortune vainly woos
With all her pageantry,
Whom every flattering bliss pursues,
Yet still they fare like thee;
The spell is laid within their mind,
Least wretched then when most resigned,
Their hearts throb silently."

"TO CHANCEY HARE TOWNSHEND,

"*On his Lines Praising the Tranquility of a River, while the Sea was heard on the Neighboring Shore.*"*

"O Townshend, could'st thou linger where scarce a ripple played
Around the lily's glossy stem, or beneath the willow's shade;
And did that mighty chorus allure thy bark in vain,
The laughter of the dancing waves, and music of the main?

*See Townshend's Poems, p. 206.

"The breeze may tell his story of soft and still delight,
As, whispering through the woodbine bower, he fans the cheek of night,
But louder, blither sings the wind his carol wild and free,
When the harvest moon sails forth in pride above her subject sea.

"I love to tread the little paths, the rushy banks between,
Where Tern,* in dewy silence, creeps through the meadow green:
I love to mark the speckled trout beneath the sunbeam lie,
And skimming past, on filmy wing, the danger-courting fly.

"I praise the darker shadows, where, o'er the runnel lone,
The regal oak or swarthy pine their giant arms have thrown;
Or, from his couch of heather, where Skiddaw bends to view
The furrows of his rifted brow, in Derwent's mirror blue.

"But not that narrow stillness has equal charms for me
With thy ten thousand voices, thou broad, exulting sea!
Thy shining sands, thy rugged shores, thy breakers rolling bright,
And all thy dim horizon speck'd with sails of moving light.

"Oft on thy wonders may I gaze, oft on thy waters ride;
Oft, with no timid arm, essay thy dark transparent tide;
Oft may thy sound be in my dreams, far inland though I be,
For health and hope are in thy song, thou deep, full-voicéd sea!"

"ON HOPE.

"Reflected on the lake I love
To see the stars of evening glow,
So tranquil in the heaven above,
So restless in the wave below.

"Thus heavenly hope is all serene;
But earthly hope, how bright soe'er.
Still flutters o'er this changing scene,
As false, as fleeting, as 't is fair!"

Mr. Heber's return home was recorded in a prayer of thanksgiving for the improved state of his wife's

* A narrow stream which runs through the parish of Hodnet, and joins the Severn below Shrewsbury.

health, as follows: "I give thanks to Thee, O omnipotent God; do Thou render me, O best Father, sincerely grateful on account of my wife restored to health; and make me more sound and godly, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen."

(TO R. J. WILMOT, ESQ.)

"VALE ROYAL, September 29, 1819.

"When your letter reached me, I had just received a request from the Bishop of Chester to preach an ordination sermon, which, as being a public occasion, and as being an unusual compliment to a clergyman belonging to another diocese, required as much pains and thought, at least, as one of my Oxford sermons, and was attended with the additional difficulty that I was at the time from home, and out of reach of any books." * * * *

In the course of this year (1819), a royal letter was granted, authorizing collections to be made in every church and chapel of England connected with the establishment, in furtherance of the Eastern operations of the Society for Propagating the Gospel. Mr. Heber went to Wrexham to hear the Dean of St. Asaph preach on the day appointed, and, at his request, wrote a hymn to be sung on the occasion. This was the origin of what is not unfrequently called, emphatically, "The Missionary Hymn;" which composure alone has embalmed his memory in the hearts of thousands of Christians in every part of the world. It finds a welcome place in these pages.

"From Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand;

From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.

"What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle,
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile?
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strown,
The heathen in his blindness
Bows down to wood and stone.

"Shall we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Shall we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation! O salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till earth's remotest nation
Has learned Messiah's name.

"Waft — waft, ye winds, his story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole;
Till, o'er our ransomed nature,
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign."

(TO ——— ———.)

"HODNET RECTORY, Nov. 22, 1819.

"MY DEAR ———,—I have for some time back felt anxious to write to you, but I was afraid of intruding too soon on the sacredness of a grief so deep and justifiable as yours. The excellent feeling and good sense displayed in your letter to Emily encourage me to do so now, in the hope that these lines may catch you before you leave England. Very different, indeed, are your present cir-

cumstances from those under which I last addressed you; but, different as they are, both dispensations proceed from the same good and wise Parent, whose mercy is as certainly, though to us not so visibly, displayed in his chastisements as in his blessings. You yourself, and your poor ———, were, I doubt not, as dear to Him, and as much the objects of his care, when He visited your house with suffering and death, as when He united your hearts by mutual affection, and your hands by a union which promised a long continuance of earthly happiness. It is, indeed, impossible for us to conjecture what merciful ends the Almighty has designed to bring to pass by this sudden and bitter termination of those delightful prospects; but, from knowing whose hand has smitten you, you may, even in your ignorance of His motives, rely on His fatherly love, and trust that the time will come when such mysteries of Providence may be made plain, and when you may be enabled to perceive in what manner it has been good for you *both* that you have been afflicted. Nor let it be forgotten that, however long and however happily you might have lived together, this grievous separation must, at last, have come: you must sooner or later have mourned for him or he for you; and the years of your conjugal happiness, how numerous soever, must one day have seemed no more than a tale that is told. All then that a different dispensation of Providence would have done for you, would have been either that your husband, not you, must have had the misery of surviving (a grief which you know too well to wish transferred to him), or that the same grief which you now feel would have overtaken you when you were less able to bear it, — when many of those who knew and loved him most, and in whose society you now feel your best comfort, had themselves dropped into the grave, — when your own health and spirits had been weakened, and your habits of dependence on him had been still more formed, and to be unlearned with greater difficulty. If you are now solitary, you might then have been still more so; if you now sink under the blow, it might then have fallen upon you still more heavily It is, indeed, possible that your separation from him may endure some years longer than if it had taken place later in life; but what are a few years in a union, which, when renewed, is to last forever? For I am convinced that Paley is right in his thirty-fourth sermon, where he lays down, on scriptural grounds, the doctrine that those who loved

on earth are to recognize each other in Paradise, — that, as David felt on a similar occasion, you will go to him, though he cannot come to you; and that every moment passed in patience and submission to the Divine will brings you nearer to him. You remember the beautiful lines in Southey:

"'Love is indestructible;
Its holy flame forever burneth;
From heaven it came, to heaven returneth;
Too oft on earth a troubled guest,
At times deceiv'd, at times opprest,
It here is tried and purified,
Then hath in heaven its perfect rest.
It soweth here with toil and care,
But the harvest-time of love is there!'

"After all, however, there is, I believe, no support so certain, no relief so immediate in distress, as that which is derived from prayer. * * * You are allowed and encouraged to pray to God for support, for consolation and grace; and prayers of this sort we may be sure are never addressed to God in vain. 'Heaviness may endure for a night,' but, if we will but endure it, the darkness of this world must soon pass away, and a morning of interminable joy must follow it. That you, my dear ———, may on earth receive comfort, and in heaven your reward with him who has departed from you for a time, is the earnest hope of

"Your affectionate ———, REGINALD HEBER."

(TO THE HON. AND RIGHT REV. THE LORD BISHOP OF OXFORD.)

"HODNET RECTORY, Nov. 23, 1819.

"MY DEAR LORD, — I have lately received an application from Ogle and Duncan, the booksellers, on the subject of an edition which they are meditating of the complete and collected works of Jeremy Taylor, most of which are now become very scarce, and all only to be obtained in separate volumes of all sizes and descriptions. They design to comprise their edition in fourteen or fifteen handsome octavo volumes, and hope to obtain permission to print several unpublished sermons of Taylor's, which are said to be in the library of Lincoln Cathedral. I have undertaken, at their request, to furnish a life and critical essay on his writings; and

they have also desired me to convey two petitions on their behalf to your Lordship, and the society of All Souls: first, that your Lordship, as warden of Taylor's College, will permit them to dedicate to you the first complete edition of his works which has been attempted; and secondly, that they may be permitted to procure an engraving of the portrait of Bishop Taylor, which Talbot has obtained for our hall.

"From all which I have been able to learn of the character of the persons who make the proposals, I am inclined to think very favorably of their spirit and enterprise, and to hope that the works of our great ornament will issue from their press in a form not unworthy of him, or of your Lordship, should you permit them to prefix your name to their edition. I have written to the Sub-dean of Lincoln, Mr. Bayley, on the subject of the unpublished sermons, and mean to apply to Talbot for any information which he may be able to obtain for me from Taylor's descendants in Ireland.

"Believe me, my dear Lord,

"Your obliged and obedient humble servant,

"REGINALD HEBER."

(TO R. W. HAY, ESQ.)

"HODNET RECTORY, Dec. 27, 1819.

"Will you have the goodness to transmit the enclosed note of thanks to the Travellers' Club, of whose kindness I am very sensible, and only regret that I am likely to be so seldom able to avail myself of it.* As I suspect that it is to yourself that I am in a great measure indebted for the distinction conferred on me, pray accept at the same time my best thanks. Most heartily do I wish I had more frequent opportunities of cultivating your society, and that of the friends who only make me envy those who spend a part of every year in London. The scarcity of intellect, at least of a particular kind of intellect, the want of a vent for one's reading, and, consequently, the want of a stimulus to incline one to read, I

* By the rules of this club, as originally established, the committee were at liberty to invite, as honorary members, a limited number of persons distinguished as travellers, and whose usual residence was remote from London. Mr. Heber and three others are the only English individuals in whose favor this privilege has hitherto been exercised.

cannot help often feeling, though I am, I believe, more favorably situated in these respects than most men who live so much in the country as I do. My habits, indeed, during the latter part of the present year, have been less intellectual than usual, as I have had, from the long illness of my poor wife, and a consequent stay of some months by the sea-side, both less time, and, to say the truth, less inclination, for any serious work than I generally have."

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CHAPTER V.

Mr. Heber's Illness. — Hebrew Literature. — Southey's "Life of Wesley." — Jeremy Taylor's Descendants. — Bow Meeting Song. — Commemoration at Oxford. — Miscellaneous Poems. — Dean of St. Asaph's Illness. — Letter to the Rev. H. H. Milman on a Collection of Hymns. — Letter to the Bishop of Oxford on Taylor's Life. — Translation from the Bostan of Sadi. — Birth of Mr. Heber's Second Child. — Hornby's "Childhood." — Various Letters. — Appointed Preacher at Lincoln's Inn. — Mr. Otter. — Publication of the Life of Jeremy Taylor. — Chambers in Lincoln's Inn. — Roman Catholic Hymns. — Letters. — Specimens of Devotional Poetry.

In the spring of 1820 the disease called putrid sore throat raged with great violence in the town and neighborhood of Hodnet, to which several persons fell victims. At this time Mr. Heber was daily to be seen in those cottages where the disorder was most prevalent, carrying himself the nourishment or medicine necessary for the sufferers, and never allowing the fear of infection to deter him from this path of duty. When remonstrated with on the great risk he was running, he would answer, that he "was as much in God's keeping in the sick man's chamber as in his own," and strove to inspire in those around him the same implicit trust in his fatherly care which governed his own conduct. For many weeks he was mercifully preserved from harm; but at length, after visiting the inmates of the work-house, where, from its crowded state, the infection was the greatest, he

caught the disorder, and was for some hours in considerable danger. The malignity of the complaint was such that it spread through his household, seven members of which were attacked at the same time; but, through the goodness of God, they all recovered.

Among the numerous virtues with which this true Christian was endowed, his humility, and the singular tenderness of his conscience, were, perhaps, the most remarkable. Scrupulous and active in the discharge of all his duties, whether religious or moral, and peculiarly blessed in temper and disposition, he was always on his guard against the infirmities of human nature. He felt that, without constant prayer to God for the help of his Holy Spirit, his own unassisted endeavors after righteousness were but vain; and his private manual of devotion — a manual too sacred to meet the public eye — contains the most humble petitions for forgiveness of the past, and for grace to enable him to walk in newness of life. In his book of memoranda, on Good Friday in this year, he writes: "Preached and administered the Sacrament. I have resolved this day, by God's help, to be more diligent in prayer; to rise earlier; to be more industrious in my studies; to keep a more watchful guard on my temper; to be more diligent in my parochial duties. God help and strengthen me!"

He had a conscientious regard for the property of others, especially of the poor. One day, when he was riding with his wife near a cottage, he saw some cows trespassing in a garden; he got off his horse to tell the owner of the mischief they were doing, but found the cottage empty; on which he drove the cows out

some distance up the lane, and then made up the fence to prevent their return.

On his next birth-day he thus expresses himself: "O that I could cast hence the vices, the folly, the effeminacy, and the slothfulness of my past years! Free me, O gracious God, from all sin! release my soul from the snares of Satan, and make me thine own, and devoted to thee, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen."

(TO THE REV. J. OXLEE.)

"HODNET RECTORY, Jan. 8, 1820.

"MY DEAR SIR,—I owe you many apologies for not having answered your first obliging letter, and acknowledged at the same time the receipt of the very able and very learned sermon which accompanied it. The truth is, that at the time of its arriving at Hodnet I was myself from home, as I have been the greater part of the last year, under peculiar circumstances of family distress, from the death of my only child, and the subsequent lingering illness of my wife. This for a long time prevented my attending to any literary subject; and when I was more capable of appreciating (as, believe me, I have appreciated highly) the merits of your able examination of a subject obscure in itself, and rendered more obscure by the unfairness of our enemies and the timidity of our friends, I deferred writing to you, in the expectation of being soon able to accompany my letter with a present of the same kind, —though of far inferior learning and research to yours, —in an ordination sermon, which I preached during the autumn before the Bishop of Chester, and which will, I hope, be soon in a state to send you. I can, however, no longer delay to thank you for your repeated kindness to me, and to assure you that I look forward with real impatience to the appearance of the second volume of your work on the Trinity and Incarnation.

"You, my dear sir, have chosen a severe and thankless line of study, which, as few ordinary scholars care to grapple with to any extent, has been most unjustly depreciated by the vain and trifling part of the literary world. It is indeed remarkable that England

is, of all Protestant countries, that where the importance and riches of Hebrew literature are least known. But I cannot help hoping that the tide may be turned, though it has set so long in one direction; and I shall sincerely rejoice to see your labors take the place in public estimation to which their soundness, good sense, and originality, in my opinion entitle them.

"Yours most truly,

"REGINALD HEBER."

(TO R. W. HAY, ESQ.)

"HODNET RECTORY, March 25, 1820.

"MY DEAR HAY,—It seems so long since I have heard from you, that, though I have no news to tell, and nothing to say which is worth the bore of a letter to a man who receives, and is obliged to answer, so many as you are, I cannot help writing to ask how you have escaped from this marvellous sickly season, in which the weather seems to have conspired with Mr. Thistlewood to put honest men in danger. You have probably heard of the severe campaign of blistering, bleeding, and all the other 'ings' in the *materia medica* in which I have myself been engaged, and which eventually involved my whole family, from the mistress of the house to the kitchen maid, in the same active operations. * * * *

"I have, you are perhaps aware, engaged to write a Life of Jeremy Taylor, for an edition of his works which Duncan and Co. are preparing. I do not dislike the sort of work, but labor under a lamentable want of materials. I am also engaged in finishing an article on Rennell's 'Illustration of the Anabasis.' It is a very heavy subject, and I am sorry I undertook it; but, having advanced so far, it would be absurd to give in. * * * *

"I received, about a month ago, a favorable account of Thornton from Rome. Yours most truly,

"REGINALD HEBER."

(TO R. J. WILMOT, ESQ.)

"HODNET RECTORY, May 26, 1820.

"I think you have laid more stress on the failure of your speech in seconding the motion of thanks than the case calls for. I read it as it was reported, and thought it read well, both in point of

language and matter, whatever may have been the expediency of introducing disputable questions into such a composition. But it is, I apprehend, no new thing in Israel for a man who speaks well on other occasions to fail in that kind of laudatory oratory which your party in this instance assigned to you. Man is by nature a vituperative rather than a complimentary animal; the language of satire and censure has a far greater *copia verborum* * than that of praise; and this is so generally felt, that, of all the speeches delivered in parliament, those for the motion and secondment of addresses are, I think, least read and least noticed by the public. On such a subject, even if you had spoken like an angel, few would have given you any great credit for it; and if you have, as you apprehend, done ill, such a single instance of failure will be effaced by the next good or even tolerable speech you make.

"I am sorry you have not had time to finish your article for the Quarterly. I have some weeks since sent them up one, and am now deeply engaged in another. The first was on a very fine poem of Millman's — 'The Fall of Jerusalem,' which, as being almost exclusively laudatory, I found difficult, and did not well satisfy myself. My present theme is Southey's Life of Wesley — a theme much more copious, and one which interests me a good deal. How I shall succeed in it I do not yet know; it is no easy matter to give Wesley his due praise, at the same time that I am to distinguish all that was blamable in his conduct and doctrines. And it is a very difficult matter indeed to write on such a subject at all without offending one or both of the two fiercest and foolishest parties that ever divided a church — the High Churchmen and the Evangelicals.

"I am not sure whether I mentioned in my last letter that we hope soon to have the pleasure of meeting you and yours in town. Except seeing you and Thornton, after having been so long absent, there is no circumstance in London which I look forward to with greater pleasure than meeting the party at Grillon's.

"My materials for the Life of Jeremy Taylor come in but slowly. John Talbot has very good-naturedly taken great pains to collect any facts or traditions which might be preserved in Ireland, but as yet with little success. It is whimsical how many

* Abundance of words.

persons lay claim to be descended from Taylor, and how many of these have at different times professed to have in their possession materials for his biography. Some of these seem anxious to involve themselves and their intentions in mystery, while others appear to have little which was not already known to the public. I have had a curious and characteristic letter from Coleridge, of whom I had asked some information, and who promises a sight of some notes which he has at different times written on Taylor. Whatever he has written bids fair to be abundantly eloquent and learned, and I have of course accepted his offer with gratitude.

"Wilson, 'of the palms and plague,' is standing for a professorship of history at Edinburgh. It was reported that Sir James Mackintosh was to be his rival; but Wilson, in a letter to me, makes no mention of this, nor does my brother, who would, I should think, have been likely to notice it."

(TO R. J. WILMOT, ESQ.)

"HODNET RECTORY, August 14, 1820.

* * * * "I have had from Ireland a very curious and interesting packet of details concerning Jeremy Taylor, — such as his having married a natural daughter of Charles the First, and other particulars not previously known. Other original papers of his are said to be at Dounington (Lord Hastings'). His absence is unfortunate; but I have applied to the descendants of Taylor, by whom these papers were placed there in deposit, to authorize me to request a sight of them from the agent, whoever he may be. Can you give me any information or assistance on this point? It is one of considerable importance to me, in the small quantity of information which I have been able to collect about my hero."

Mr. Heber sometimes promoted by his pen the harmless merriment of the tenantry or dependents of 'squires or noblemen, in their rustic gatherings around the baronial hall. From the songs which he wrote for this purpose the following is selected, for its imagery and historical allusions. It was sung at Harwarden Castle, in Flintshire, the seat of Sir Stephen Glynne, Bart.:

BOW MEETING SONG.

By yon castle wall, 'mid the breezes of morning,
The genius of Cambria strayed, pensive and slow;
The oak-wreath was withered her tresses adorning,
And the wind through its leaves sighed its murmur of wo.
She gazed on her mountains with filial devotion,
She gazed on her Dee as he rolled to the ocean,
And "Cambria! poor Cambria!" she cried with emotion,
"Thou yet hast thy country, thy harp, and thy bow!"

"Sweep on, thou proud stream, with thy billows all hoary,
As proudly my warriors have rushed on the foe;
But feeble and faint is the sound of their glory,
For time, like thy tide, has its ebb and its flow.
Ev'n now, while I watch thee, thy beauties are fading,
The sands and the shallows thy course are invading;
Where the sail swept the surges the sea-bird is wading,—
And thus hath it fared with the land of the bow!

"Smile, smile, ye dear hills, 'mid your woods and your flowers,
Whose heather lies dark in the morn's dewy glow!
A time must await you of tempest and showers,
An autumn of mist and a winter of snow!
For me, though the whirlwind has shivered and cleft me,
Of wealth and of empire the stranger bereft me,
Yet, Saxon,—proud Saxon,—thy fury has left me
Worth, valor, and beauty—the harp and the bow!

"Ye towers, on whose rampire, all ruined and riven,
The wall-flower and woodbine so lavishly blow,
I have seen when your banner waved broad to the heaven,
And kings found your faith a defence from the foe;
O loyal in grief, and in danger unshaken,
For ages still true, though for ages forsaken,
Yet, Cambria, thy heart may to gladness awaken,
Since thy monarch has smiled on the harp and the bow!"

Before leaving Hodnet for a short time in the summer of this year (1820), Mr. Heber writes: "Preparing to leave home. O, holy God, be thou favorable to my

journey, free me from every sin, and grant to thy servant a safe and prosperous return, through Jesus Christ our Lord."

During this absence he attended the commemoration at Oxford, when he had the gratification of hearing "Palestine" performed as an oratorio, in the same theatre where, seventeen years before, he had recited it to an equally, or perhaps a more, crowded audience than was then assembled. To the eye the scene was the same, but its component parts were widely different. Of the relations who were present at the former period, some had paid the debt of nature; the great number of his contemporaries were scattered abroad in the pursuit of their respective professions; new faces occupied the arena. Yet there were those present who had witnessed and shared in the early triumphs of his genius, who now partook of the deep feeling excited by lines seldom read without emotion, and now dressed in a garb which imparted to them additional beauties. Those seventeen years had passed over the poet's head in tranquillity and happiness, with but two or three bitter exceptions. The few years that he was thenceforth destined to live, bore, in many respects, a different character; but, though not of tranquillity, they were far from being to him years of sorrow. A life so passed can never be productive of real unhappiness, however checkered by the common lot of mankind. On his return home, the following prayer was written in his diary: "I give Thee thanks, O divine Father, who hast been our keeper on the journey; extend thy accustomed care henceforth to us, I pray, and render

me grateful on account of all thy benefits, through Jesus Christ our Saviour. Amen."

The following miscellaneous poems were written at different periods of Mr. Heber's life, but being unconnected with any particular event, may be here introduced. They were composed in the midst of a circle of friends, and are selected from among many of the same nature, to show, not only his talent for extempore versification, and the inexhaustible stores of his mind, but the remarkable facility with which the same genius that had in the morning grappled with high and abstruse subjects, could enliven the evening fireside with the grace and playfulness of its poetic effusions.

ON CROSSING THE RANGE OF HIGH LAND BETWEEN STOWE AND MARKET DRAYTON, JAN. 4, 1820.

"Dread inmate of the northern zone!
And hast thou left thine ancient throne
On Zembla's hills of snow,
Thine arrowy sleet and icy shower
On us, unbroken to thy power,
With reckless hand to throw?

"Enough for us thy milder sway,
The yellow mist, the shortened day,
The sun of fainter glow;
The frost which scarce our verdure felt,
And rarely seen, and but to melt,
The wreath of transient snow.

"I met thee once by Volga's tide,
Nor feared thy terrors to abide
On Valdai's sullen brow;
But little thought on English down
Thy darkest wrath and fiercest frown
So soon again to know.

"O for my *schuhe's* accustomed fold,
Which then, in ample bear-skin rolled,
Defied thy dread career!
O for the cap of sable warm,
Which guarded then from pinching harm
My nose, and cheek, and ear!

"Mine old kibitka, where art thou?
Gloves, boots, peketch, I need ye now,—
Sold to some Lemberg Jew!
In single vest, on Ashly heath,
My shrinking heart is cold as death,
And fingers ghastly blue!"

BALLAD.

1.

"O, captain of the Moorish hold,
Unbar thy gates to me,
And I will give thee gems and gold,
To set Fernando free.
For I a sacred oath have plight,
A pilgrim to remain,
Till I return with Lara's knight,—
The noblest knight of Spain."

2.

"Fond Christian youth," the captain said,
"Thy suit is soon denied:
Fernando loves a Moorish maid,
And will with us abide.
Renounced is every Christian rite,
The turban he hath ta'en,
And Lara thus hath lost her knight,—
The boldest knight of Spain."

3.

Pale, marble pale, the pilgrim turned,
A cold and deadly dye;
Then in his cheeks the blushes burned,
And anger in his eye.

(Forth from his cowl a ringlet bright
Fell down, of golden grain.)
"Base Moor! to slander Lara's knight,
The boldest knight of Spain!

4.

"Go look on Lugo's gory field!
Go look on Tayo's tide!
Can ye forget the red-cross shield,
That all your host defied?
Alhama's warriors turned to flight,
Granada's Sultan slain,
Attest the worth of Lara's knight, —
The boldest knight of Spain!"

5.

"By Allah, yea!" with eyes of fire,
The lordly paynim said;
"Granada's Sultan was my sire,
Who fell by Lara's blade;
And though thy gold were forty-fold,
The ransom were but vain,
To purchase back thy Christian knight, —
The boldest knight of Spain."

6.

"Ah, Moor! the life that once is shed
No vengeance can repay;
And who can number up the dead
That fall in battle fray?
Thyself in many a manly fight
Hast many a father slain;
Then rage not thus 'gainst Lara's knight, —
The boldest knight of Spain."

7.

"And who art thou, whose pilgrim vest
Thy beauties ill may shroud?
The locks of gold, the heaving breast,
A moon beneath a cloud?

Wilt thou our Moorish creed recite,
And here with me remain?
He may depart, — that captive knight, —
The conquered knight of Spain."

8.

"Ah, speak not so!" with voice of woe,
The shuddering stranger cried;
"Another creed I may not know,
Nor live another's bride!
Fernando's wife may yield her life,
But not her honor stain,
To loose the bonds of Lara's knight,
The noblest knight of Spain!"

9.

"And know'st thou, then, how hard a doom
Thy husband yet may bear?
The fettered limbs, the living tomb,
The damp and noisome air?
In lonely cave, and void of light,
To drag a helpless chain,
Thy pride condemns the Christian knight,
The prop and pride of Spain!"

10.

'O that within that dungeon's gloom
His sorrows I might share,
And cheer him in that living tomb
With love, and hope, and prayer!
But still, the faith I once have plight
Unbroken must remain,
And God will help the captive knight,
And plead the cause of Spain."

11.

"And deem'st thou from the Moorish hold
In safety to retire,
Whose locks outshine Arabia's gold,
Whose eyes the diamond's fire?"

She drew a poniard small and bright,
And spake in calm disdain:
"*He* taught me how — my Christian knight —
To guard the faith of Spain!"

12.

The drawbridge falls; with false alarm
The clashing portals fly;
She bared her breast, she raised her arms,
And knelt in act to die!
But ah, the thrill of wild delight
That shot through every vein!
He stood before her — Lara's knight,
The noblest knight of Spain!

SYMPATHY.

A knight and a lady once met in a grove,
While each was in quest of a fugitive love;
A river ran mournfully murmuring by,
And they wept in its waters for sympathy.

"O, never was knight such a sorrow that bore!"
"O, never was maid so deserted before!"
"From life and its woes let us instantly fly,
And jump in together for company!"

They searched for an eddy that suited the deed,
But here was a bramble and there was a weed.
"How tiresome it is!" said the fair with a sigh;
So they sat down to rest them in company.

They gazed on each other, the maid and the knight;
How fair was her form, and how goodly his height.
"One mournful embrace," sobbed the youth, "ere we die!"
So, kissing and crying, they kept company.

"O, had I but loved such an angel as you!"
"O, had but my swain been a quarter as true!"
"To miss such perfection, how blinded was I!"
Sure now they were excellent company.

At length spoke the lass, 'twixt a smile and a tear:
"The weather is cold for a watery bier.
When summer returns we may easily die;
Till then, let us sorrow in company."

It has been observed, in a former part of this Memoir, that Mr. Heber had a remarkable talent for adapting poetry to any tune which he might happen to hear. To a march composed in imitation of a military band, he wrote the following lines:

I see them on their winding way,
Above their ranks the moonbeams play;
And nearer yet, and yet more near,
The martial chorus strikes the ear.

They 're lost and gone, — the moon is past,
The wood's dark shade is o'er them cast,
And fainter, fainter, fainter still,
The dim march warbles up the hill.

Again, again, — the pealing drum,
The clashing horn. They come! they come!
And lofty deeds and daring high
Blend with their notes of victory.

Forth, forth, and meet them on their way!
The trampling hoof brooks no delay;
The thrilling fife, the pealing drum,
How late, but O! how loved they come!

THE ORACLE.

(*Imitated from the Greek.*)

To Phœbus' shrine three youths of fame —
A wrestler, boxer, racer — came,
And begged the Delphic god to say,
Which from the next Olympic game
Should bear the envied wreath away?
And thus the oracle decided:

"Be victors all, brave youths, this day,
Each in your several arts—*provided*
That none outstrip the racer's feet,
None at his trade the boxer beat,
None in the dust the wrestler lay!"

(TO R. J. WILMOT, ESQ.)

"BODRYDDAM, October 23, 1820.

* * * * "The Dean has rallied wonderfully, nor could anybody take him for a man of seventy-five, who had so recently recovered from such an attack. He preached yesterday in the Cathedral of St. Asaph a long and eloquent sermon on the occasion of his own illness and recovery, and of the spiritual improvement to be derived from either witnessing or experiencing such visitations, with as strong and clear a voice as usual, and proving, as I thought, that his illness had in no respect produced the same effects on him as on the Archbishop in Gil Blas. His life is most valuable, not only to his own family, but to all this neighborhood, where his kindness to the poor and to his tenants, and his activity as a magistrate, have been for many years great and unremitting.

"Hornby has sent me his poem on 'Childhood' to look over. I have not yet paid much attention to it, but think what I have seen very pretty, and likely to be popular. The chief danger seems to be his bringing religion too prominently and too technically forward. His views of religion, however, are all, as they ought to be, consoling and amiable. Your obliged friend,

"REGINALD HEBER."

(TO THE REV. H. H. MILMAN.)

"HODNET RECTORY, December 5, 1820.

"DEAR MILMAN,—I have been for some years back employing a part of my leisure—of which indeed I have no great quantity—in making a collection of hymns adapted to the different Sundays and Saints' days in the year, and connected in a greater or less degree with the subject of the Gospel appointed for each day. Most are as yet of my own composition, though I have taken some pains to select the best out of different popular hymn-books which have already appeared, and though Scott and Southey have given me some hopes

of their powerful aid. My wish is to get them licensed to be used in churches in the same manner as Tate and Brady's version of the Psalms; and I communicated my plan, with a sample of what I had already done, some time ago, to the Bishop of London, who spoke favorably of those which I sent him, and encouraged me to proceed. Under these circumstances, am I trespassing too much on your good nature in requesting your assistance and contribution to the collection? I know with what facility you write poetry, and all the world knows with what success you write religious poetry. I really think if the undertaking prospers it may be the means of rendering good service to the Church, and to the cause of rational piety, by taking the place of the vile trash — vile in sentiment and theology, as well as style — which prevails more or less in all the collections which I have seen; at the same time that experience shows us that the common people require something more *obviously* appropriate to Christian feelings than the Psalms of David alone. * * * * I subjoin a specimen of what I have done, that you may understand my plan more perfectly, and be aware of the sort of company in which your verses — if you favor me with any — will appear. I send a list of the Sundays for which I have as yet no appropriate hymns; but I should be happy to admit any composition of yours for such other days as may suit you, for several of which I have more than one; or on miscellaneous subjects, of which last kind I have a good many, which I mean to print in an appendix.

"I am glad to hear, from Augustus Hare, that you have some thoughts of standing for the poetry professorship. I need hardly say that I shall sincerely rejoice in your success, both for your own sake and for that of the university; and should you meet with opposition, which I can hardly suppose, you may reckon on my vote and best efforts in your favor.

"Believe me, dear Milman, very truly yours,

"Reginald Heber."

"P. S. If — as you once gave me some reason to hope, and as I still flatter myself is not unlikely — you can give us a few days at Hodnet during this winter or spring, I should like to show you the rest of my collection, and should be glad to enjoy the advantage of your suggestions and criticisms."

(TO THE HON. AND RIGHT REV. THE LORD BISHOP OF OXFORD.)

"HODNET RECTORY, Dec. 16, 1820.

"MY DEAR LORD,—The information which you have kindly sent me, respecting Jeremy Taylor's election and residence at All Souls, is very satisfactory, and, to the writer of his life, important. It proves, I think, that both the college and the visitor were well disposed to favor his pretensions; but that the former, not being able to reconcile them with the spirit and intention of their statutes, chose rather to allow the fellowship to lapse, than either to disoblige the archbishop, or to go the whole length which he wished them. I agree with your Lordship that it may be desirable, in mentioning the circumstances, to pass it over without any very lengthened note or comment; but, as it is just possible that the rights of the college might be compromised by saying either too much or too little, I shall be greatly obliged if you will permit me to show you that passage in my book before it goes to the press (which, by the bye, will not be for several months), in order that I may be sure that I have stated the transaction correctly and distinctly. I feel quite ashamed of occasioning any further trouble either to your Lordship or Cartwright, to whom may I beg you to offer my best thanks for his kindness; but as I cannot, in any part of this neighborhood, find a copy of Pope Nicholas' valuation of livings, I should be much obliged to him if he would, at his leisure, ascertain from this source whether Uppingham was tenable with a fellowship. By the king's books, as given in Ecton, it is not, being above £20. It would also be desirable, in pursuance of the suggestion contained in the memoranda which your Lordship has transmitted to me, to ascertain at what time Taylor's name was entered on the books of the University College.

"Heneage Legge has conferred a most essential obligation on the undertakers of the new edition of Taylor, by helping us to our hero's likeness. I hope the engraving will be executed in a manner not unworthy of his pencil.

"Believe me, my dear Lord,

"Sincerely your obliged and obedient humble servant,

"REGINALD HEBER."

(TO THE REV. J. OXLEE.)

"HODNET RECTORY, Feb. 26, 1821.

"MY DEAR SIR,—You are almost the only person of my acquaintance likely to help me in a question of considerable difficulty and interest, relating to the Life of Jeremy Taylor, in which I am now engaged. I mean the source from whence he derived the beautiful parable of Abraham and the worshipper of fire, whom he drove from his tent for refusing to bless Jehovah, which concludes the 'Liberty of Prophesying,' and which Franklin afterwards, without acknowledgment, worked up, with some slight alterations, into his celebrated parable on Persecution.* Taylor, contrary to

*Mr. Heber was subsequently indebted to Lord Teignmouth for the information which he sought from Mr. Oxlee.

TRANSLATION OF A STORY FROM THE BOSTAN OF SADI.

"I have heard that once during a whole week no traveller came to the hospitable dwelling of the friend of God, whose amiable nature led him to observe it as a rule not to eat in the morning unless some needy person arrived from a journey. He went out and turned his eyes towards every place; he viewed the valley on all sides, and he beheld in the desert a solitary man resembling the willow, whose head and beard were whitened with the snow of age. To encourage him, he called him friend, and, agreeably to the manners of the munificent, gave him an invitation, saying, 'O, apple of mine eye, perform an act of courtesy by becoming my guest!' He assented, arose, and stepped forward readily, for he knew the disposition of his host, on whom be peace. The associates of Abraham's hospitable dwelling seated the old man with respect. The table was ordered to be spread, and the company placed themselves around. When the assembly began to utter in the name of God (or to say grace), and not a word was heard to proceed from the old man, Abraham addressed him in such terms as these: 'O elder, stricken in years, thou appearest not to me in faith and zeal like other aged ones; for is it not an obligatory law to invoke, at the time of eating your daily bread, that divine Providence from whence it is derived?' He replied: 'I practise no rite which I have not heard from my priest, who worshippeth fire.' The good-omened prophet discovered this vitiated old man to be a Gueber; and, finding him an alien to the faith, drove him away in miserable plight, — the polluted being ejected by those that are pure. A voice from the glorious and omnipotent God was heard, with this severe

his usual custom, gives no marginal reference, and merely says that he found it 'in the Jews' books.' Now, it is not to be found either in the Mischna, nor in any of the notes, by various authors, annexed to the edition of that work by Surenhusius. There are no traces of it in Bartolocci's Bibliotheca Rabbinnica, nor in the Maimonides de Idololatria, nor in his More-Nevochim, — in which last work, indeed, one could scarcely expect to find it. Nor do I find it quoted or referred to in any of the works of Schoetgen or Wagenseil, which I have met with. It is, if it exists at all, probably in the Gemara, but I have no Talmud in my possession, and I do not know of any nearer than Oxford; nor, indeed, am I sufficiently skilled in

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reprehension: 'O friend! I have supported him through a life of a hundred years, and thou hast conceived an abhorrence of him all at once. If a man pay adoration to fire, shouldst thou withhold the hand of liberality?'" — *Asiatic Miscellany, Calcutta*, 1789.

DR. FRANKLIN'S IMITATION OF THE SCRIPTURAL STYLE.

"And it came to pass, after these things, that Abraham sat in the door of his tent, about the going down of the sun, and beheld a man, bent with age, coming from the way of the wilderness, leaning on a staff; and Abraham arose and met him, and said unto him, 'Turn in, I pray thee, and wash thy feet, and tarry all night; and thou shalt arise early in the morning, and go on thy way.' And the man said, 'Nay; for I will abide under this tree.' But Abraham pressed him greatly: so he turned, and they went in unto the tent. And Abraham baked unleavened bread, and they did eat. And when Abraham saw that the man blessed not God, he said unto him, 'Wherefore dost thou not worship the most high God, Creator of heaven and earth?' And the man answered and said, 'I do not worship thy God, neither do I call upon his name; for I have made unto myself a god, which abideth always in mine house, and provideth me with all things.' And Abraham's zeal was kindled against the man; and he arose, and fell upon him, and drove him forth with blows into the wilderness. And God called unto Abraham, saying, 'Abraham, where is the stranger?' And Abraham answered and said, 'Lord, he would not worship thee, neither would he call upon thy name; therefore have I driven him from before my face into the wilderness.' And God said, 'I have borne with him these hundred and ninety-eight years, and nourished him, and clothed him, notwithstanding his rebellion against me; and couldst not thou, who art thyself a sinner, bear with him one night?'"

the language to make much progress, without a guide, in that vast labyrinth. Possibly your extensive knowledge in Jewish literature may have brought the passage in your way; or, at all events, you will be able to give a good guess whereabouts it should be looked for, if indeed it exists; for it is remarkable that this is the only instance in which Taylor gives any sign of familiarity with the Talmud, and it is strange that so beautiful a story should not have been seen and quoted by others besides him. I have, therefore, some little suspicion that it is his own invention, and that he has merely called it a Jewish story to introduce it with better grace. Any information which you may supply will be most gratefully received by me.

"I have read and re-read with great pleasure, and (except in a very few minor particulars) with full conviction, your second volume of 'Proofs of the Trinity and Incarnation.' It is most provoking that the inveterate prejudice or ignorant indifference of the public should give so little encouragement to the progress of such a work, or to the cultivation of a literature containing so much curious and important matter. I should rejoice to hear that the importance of your subject, and the talent with which you have managed it, have overcome these difficulties to a greater degree than we anticipated."

(TO THE REV. E. T. S. HORNBY.)

"HODNET RECTORY, April 30, 1821.

"MY DEAR HORNBY,—Your last letter had to follow me from this place to Chester, where it found me full of the letter-writing and other occupations consequent to an increase of my family, so that in fact I had hardly time or inclination to think of anything which was not immediately connected with wife or daughter. This happy bustle (for, thank God, the health of both my treasures has been such as to alloy my happiness with no more than a very small proportion of anxiety) will, I hope, plead my excuse for not sooner answering what, from the kindness of its expressions, no less than from the flattering nature of the compliment which it conveyed to me, certainly called for an immediate answer.

"When I arrived home on Saturday, I found your work itself lying on my table; for which, as well as for the very kind and

gratifying, though undeserved, manner in which you have spoken of me in your preface, I can only offer in return my best thanks, and the assurance of the high and sincere value which I set on your good opinion and your friendship. That I may long retain them both, and that we may have better opportunities for cultivating and enjoying the latter than have, for many years past, been in our power, is my earnest wish and hope. But, whatever may be our future prospects of intercourse here, I am not one of those who apprehend that well-grounded esteem even for earthly things will perish with the present world; and I trust I am not presumptuous in cherishing the hope that many of the friendships begun here may be among the sources of our everlasting happiness hereafter God grant, if it be his will, that this may be so with us!

"Believe me, my dear Hornby,

"Sincerely your obliged friend,

"REGINALD HEBER."

(TO THE REV. H. H. MILMAN.)

"HODNET RECTORY, May 11, 1821.

"MY DEAR MILMAN,—* * * I rejoice to hear so good an account of the progress which your Saint is making towards her crown, and feel really grateful for the kindness which enables you, while so occupied, to recollect my hymn book. I have in the last month received some assistance from ———, which would once have pleased me well; but, alas! your Advent, Good Friday, and Palm Sunday hymns have spoilt me for all other attempts of the sort. There are several Sundays yet vacant, and a good many of the Saints' days. But I need not tell you that any of the other days will either carry double, or, if you prefer it, the compositions which now occupy them will 'contract their arms for you, and recede from as much of heaven' as you may require. When our volume is completed, I shall be very anxious to have a day or two with you to arrange the weeding of the collection. If you would enable me, I should gladly get rid of by far the greater part of my compilation. But this is more than can be expected; and if you saw the heaps of manure which I have been obliged to turn over to gain a few barley-corns, you would not think so ill of my diligence as a *spicilegist* as I believe you now do.

"Ever yours truly, REGINALD HEBER."

"P. S. — Have we no chance of seeing you here this summer? Surely your 'Saint' will not engross you much longer. I have kept your secret faithfully, but feel very impatient for her appearance. Many thanks for your kind congratulations. My wife and baby are both as well as I could wish them."

(TO R. W. HAY, ESQ.)

"HODNET RECTORY, May 28, 1821.

"MY DEAR HAY, — * * * My Jeremy Taylor's Life is making a tolerably rapid progress, though I still labor under a great scarcity of fresh or original matter. In the Quarterly I have done nothing since Wesley, but by the next quarter I am not without hope of being able to renew my functions there. Whether I shall get to town is, at present, very uncertain. My curate is soon going to leave me, and though I have good hopes of speedily supplying his place, my flock must not, in the mean time, be left in the wilderness. Oxford I think I shall be obliged to visit; and, if I can spare time, the attraction of London will probably be, at that place, so great as to draw me still further from my usual narrow orbit.

"I am sure you will not be sorry to learn that my wife and her little girl are both well; the latter, indeed, as fat and healthy as a damsel of two months old need to be."

(TO JOHN THORNTON, ESQ.)

"June 3, 1821.

"I feel much obliged to you for your kind information as to the mistake which appears to have gone abroad concerning my share in Jeremy Taylor. I cannot account for it, since I have looked over all the advertisements, none of which promise anything but a uniform reprint of the former editions. My share in the business has been — arrangement, selection of what pieces were really Jeremy Taylor's, and (what I am now engaged in) a Life of the author, and a critical account of his Works. Nothing more, in fact, could have been done by me, except correcting the press, which, at this distance from London, was impossible, unless I had verified the quotations and written notes, which, had it been contemplated, would, of course, have been particularized in the prospectus. The

advantages of a new edition were there expressly said to be those of a uniform edition of Taylor, instead of volumes of all sizes and descriptions, and the reprint of tracts, which in their present state are, many of them, almost '*introuvables*.' I have, however, cautioned my booksellers more particularly as to the kind of professions they may hold out, and my brother has taken all the pains in his power to state publicly what share I really have in the undertaking."

(TO R. W. HAY, ESQ.)

"HODNET RECTORY, Sept. 8, 1821.

"I have, for several days back, been meditating an epistolary attack on you, but this is one of the earliest on which I have been really equal to writing letters. The portentous heat of the day and of the room when and where I last met you, joined to my own anxiety, and one or two other circumstances incident to the occasion, completely overpowered me. I was laid up with a fever from Friday morning to Monday, and on Tuesday and Wednesday so completely knocked up by a forced march to Shrewsbury, and a sermon before the judges, that I have hardly yet recovered a reasonable strength of nerve, or my usual powers of exertion. The success to which you so kindly contributed * ought to have cured me, or at least prevented the severity of my complaint; but I do not think it did me much good, though I have little doubt I should have been considerably worse if I had had the additional depression of disappointment. As it is, I have nothing the matter with me save languor; but, as I have not often the honor of experiencing that sensation, it makes a greater impression on me, and unfits me more for active exertion than, perhaps, an equal degree of it would with many other men. On Monday I am setting off to join my wife by the seaside, and rely on her nursing, and the salt air and salt water, with some little swimming, to put me in good condition against a formidable operation which awaits me in October, — that of presiding at a feast, given by the yeomanry of this neighborhood, in honor of my brother's success.† It was to have taken place immediately, but the bad harvest stood my good friend, and our

* In endeavoring to secure his brother's election to serve in Parliament.

† Richard Heber, Esq., who had recently been elected as the representative in Parliament of the University of Oxford.

well-wishers were not more inclined than I was to hurry their rejoicings before they had gotten in their wheat. Our harvest is as bad as anything can be, and a great proportion of the wheat is already no better than dung on the ground. It is happy for the country that there is still much old wheat in the hands of the farmers. These last, however, say that if the ports are to be opened for foreign wheat, they must be ruined, as they have no crop this year to put in competition with it. * * * *

"Believe me, with much and sincere regard,

"Ever your obliged friend,

"REGINALD HEBER."

(TO THE HON. AND RIGHT REV. THE LORD BISHOP OF OXFORD.)

"HODNET RECTORY, Dec. 26, 1821.

"MY DEAR LORD, — In consequence of the kind permission which you gave me some time back, I take the liberty of inclosing an extract from my Life of Taylor, containing the account which I have given of the manner in which he became a fellow of All Souls. There is, indeed, a note besides, but that will only contain the documents which I received from your Lordship and Cartwright. I have endeavored, in my account of the transaction, to say neither too much nor too little, and more particularly to avoid anything which might hereafter compromise the college. You will, however, confer a real kindness on me by giving me your opinion, should anything occur to you as better unsaid or necessary to be inserted; and I beg you to believe that I shall be most anxious to conform myself to your judgment. May I request the favor of an early answer, as my publishers are growing impatient, and I hope to get through, or nearly through, the press in the course of next month.

* * * * * * * *

"Believe me, my dear Lord,

"Your Lordship's obliged and faithful humble servant,

"REGINALD HEBER."

(TO THE REV. H. H. MILMAN.)

"HODNET RECTORY, Dec. 28, 1821.

"MY DEAR MILMAN, — You have indeed sent me a most powerful reinforcement to my projected hymn book. A few more such hymns, and I shall neither need nor wait for the aid of Scott and

Southey. Most sincerely, I have not seen any lines of the kind which more completely correspond to my ideas of what such compositions ought to be, or to the plan, the outline of which it has been my wish to fill up. In order that you may understand the nature of that plan more clearly, I have sent you the first volume of my collection, in which, as you will observe, I have marked the author's name or initials to all, whether original or collected, of which the author is known. You will see that it has been my plan to collect, and in some instances to adapt, the best published hymns, and whatever applicable passages of religious poetry admitted of it. That these are not more numerous in my collection, and that there is so much of my own, I trust you will impute, not to any conceit in my own workmanship, but to the real scarcity of foreign materials, and the miserable feebleness and want of taste which the generality of such collections display, and which have often driven me to my own resources, in pure despair of being supplied elsewhere. There are not, as you will see, many *lacunæ** in the portion of the year which this little book contains. In the other half year they are more numerous; and even those Sundays which I have supplied with appropriate hymns, may very well carry double or even treble, if you will supply them with anything of your own, or selected from other quarters. * * * I need hardly say that you will oblige me very much by any alterations, omissions, or additions which you may be inclined to suggest to those hymns which I now send you, and that the blank page has been left for the purpose of such friendly strictures."

(TO THE RIGHT HON. C. W. WILLIAMS WYNN.)

"HODNET, January 22, 1822.

"MY DEAR WYNN, — As I felt assured you would be almost overpowered by the congratulations of your numerous friends on your recent appointment,† I had, in the first instance, almost determined to defer mine till we met. Yesterday's newspaper, however, which announces your kissing hands, ‡ leads me to believe that you have got through the first stream of felicitations, and that

* Chasms.

† As President of the Board of Commissioners for the affairs of India.

‡ Of the sovereign, — a ceremony used in Great Britain in such cases.

you may be, therefore, less bored with those of one who has many reasons for rejoicing in every prosperous event which befalls you or your family. I have, indeed, I will not say a stronger, but a better reason for my joy than that which arises from personal regard, and the recollection of many acts of friendship to me and mine, inasmuch as I cannot but feel pleasure in seeing your distinguished talents made more useful to the country, at a time when, Heaven knows, there is abundant need of all that high talents, high honor, and amiable manners can do to save it. I only add, what must be a great and legitimate source of satisfaction and encouragement to you in undertaking the duties of an important and arduous situation, that I have not yet met with any person of any party who has not spoken of your appointment with approbation and with hope.

"I am sure you will have heard with pain of poor Hodson's* death. I little thought that the illness against which he struggled so gallantly in my brother's cause would have left so deep and fatal an impression on his constitution as it now appears to have done. Yet I have received no details of his last indisposition, and did not indeed know that he continued ill, till, on my return on Saturday from Clumber, where we had been staying some days, I received the news of the fatal event from my brother. His letter was very short, and written in much agitation; but he promised me a further account in a post or two. Mrs. Hodson is indeed an object of unmingled pity. * * * * * *

"Poor Hodson — whom all his friends thought hypochondriac — is a lamentable instance that, even when no specific malady can be detected, there may be too good occasion for complaint or depression of spirits, and that the patient may be the best judge of his own sensations.

"Do not, amid the hurry of business by which you are probably as yet surrounded, plague yourself to answer this letter; though, when you have time, it will make me happy to hear that you and yours are well.

"Believe me, dear Wynn, sincerely your obliged friend,

"REGINALD HEBER."

The preachership at Lincoln's Inn becoming vacant,

* Dr. Hodson, Principal of Brazen Nose College, Oxford.

early in the year 1822, on the appointment of Dr. Lloyd to a canonry of Christ Church, and to the Regius Professorship of Divinity in Oxford, Mr. Heber was again a candidate for this honorable situation. The exertions of his friends were successful in procuring his appointment at the election which took place in the ensuing April, when the whole number of benchers, except three, attended; soon after which he went to London to discharge the duties of his new office. On his birth-day, in the same month, he writes, "Pity me, O gracious God, pity a sinner! Grant the aid of thy Spirit; give me a pure and chaste heart, and release thy servant from the snares of the devil, through Jesus Christ our Lord."

(TO JOHN THORNTON, ESQ.)

"HODNET RECTORY, Feb. 7, 1822.

"Indeed, my dear friend, I felt, and still feel, very deeply the kindness of your letter, and the gratifying proof you have given of your recollection of me in giving my name to your little boy. I am sensible that I have been of late a very negligent correspondent, but have been engrossed closely and constantly with the task of expediting my last corrections of Taylor's Life, and overlooking the proof-sheets, which are sent down by every post; and I have, I fear, both in your case and that of many others, allowed my arrears of letters to run to a very unreasonable extent. Yet I can truly say I have not forgotten the many delightful days I have passed in your society, or the obligations which I am under to your kindness; and you and yours, of which my little namesake now forms a part, are always remembered in my morning and nightly prayers. God grant to you all heavenly blessings, and as much of this world's happiness as he sees good for you.

"I hope, in my anxiety to obtain the preachership of Lincoln's Inn, the idea that I may be useful in such a pulpit, and with the sort of audience which I may expect to see around me there, has borne no inconsiderable part. Yet I will own, the wish to see

more of the valuable friends from whom I am now in a great measure separated, has very much, perhaps principally, contributed to it. I feel by no means sanguine of success,—indeed rather the contrary, as Maltby is in all respects a formidable opponent. If I fail, I trust however the disappointment will not be great; and I am well convinced that, if I fail, it will be better for me that I should do so, though I may not at present be able to perceive the reason."

(TO THE HON. AND RIGHT REV. THE LORD BISHOP OF OXFORD.)

"HODNET RECTORY, April 12, 1822.

"MY DEAR LORD,—May I hope that you will forgive the liberty I am taking in recommending to your Lordship's notice and acquaintance my friend and neighbor, Mr. Otter, formerly fellow and tutor of Jesus College, Cambridge, and now rector of Chetwynd, in this county, who is going to reside for some time, with his wife and family, in Oxford, as private tutor to Lord Ongley He came into this neighborhood warmly recommended to me by poor Dr. Clarke, with whom and with Malthus he had travelled over many parts of Europe, and whose memoirs he is now employed in writing. And the intimate acquaintance of several years enables me to vouch for him as a very able, accomplished, and amiable man, who has been, and is likely to be, popular wherever he is known. Clarke spoke of him as having distinguished himself in several ways at Cambridge; but he has lived so much in the world as to have worn off all the rough edges of the wrangler, and I have no doubt of his success in Oxford society, as much as his avocations will enable him to partake of it.

"Your Lordship will, I trust, before this reaches you, have received the *first*, or *last*, volume of Jeremy Taylor, which, with considerable fear and trepidation on my part, and after many delays on the part of the booksellers, is by this time launched on the sea of public opinion.

"There is a time, I believe, when every author is heartily weary of his own works, and not sorry to get rid of them on almost any terms. This has been for some time back the case with me, so that I feel much relieved by my present emancipation, though uncertain what reception my poor infant may meet with in the world.

"It is, however, a source of much satisfaction to me to believe that my efforts, such as they are, will find in your Lordship a friendly and favorable judge.

"Believe me, my dear Lord,

"Your Lordship's obliged and faithful humble servant,

"REGINALD HEBER."

(TO THE HON. AND RIGHT REV. THE LORD BISHOP OF OXFORD.)

"LINCOLN'S INN, June 12, 1822.

"MY DEAR LORD, — I feel myself much obliged and flattered by your Lordship's kind expressions and good wishes, and trust it will always be my study to show myself not unworthy of the favorable opinion with which you have honored me. I should several days ago have written to thank you for your letter, had I not in the mean time been immersed in the bustle usually incident to entering on a new residence, more particularly when that residence consists of little besides bare walls.

"The chambers appropriated to the preacher here do not, indeed, lay claim to the character of a house; they are, however, more convenient than I expected to find them, and, though small, will hold my wife as well as myself very comfortably during the summer terms. The two others I shall come up as a bachelor. The situation in all other respects — of society, &c. — is a most agreeable one, and the more so as it does not take me away from Hodnet more than three months in the year.

"Your Lordship is very good to anticipate any amusement from my Life of Taylor. I have only to request you to make allowance for the paucity of materials, and the difficulty of making an interesting narrative out of the obscure life of a poor and persecuted scholar. I have as yet heard very little as to the opinion which the world has passed on it, and that opinion has thus far been favorable; but it has reached me through friendly channels.

"Believe me, my dear Lord,

"Your Lordship's much obliged and faithful servant,

"REGINALD HEBER."

(TO SIR ROBERT HARRY INGLIS, BART.)

"HODNET, August 13, 1822.

"MY DEAR INGLIS, — Many thanks for your friendly letter, and

the solemn and striking paraphrase * of the 'Dies Iræ.' † I have more than once thought over the propriety of adding translations of the Roman Catholic hymns, at the end of my collection, but have been deterred, partly by the difficulty which I found in doing them into English to my own satisfaction, partly by a doubt as to the propriety of inserting anything which was not intended and adapted for congregational worship. I have also another doubt: there is fine poetry and fine devotional feeling in all of them, but I am not sure whether they are not better to *pillage* and *imitate* than to *translate*, inasmuch as they are all more or less mixed with what is languid and tedious. The '*O Crux ave spes unica*' ‡ is one of the most spirited, but unhappily it is idolatrous, and so is the '*Stabat mater dolorosa.*' § The 'Dies Iræ,' as imitated by W. Scott, I have in my collection. It is less full and faithful and less poetical than the one you have sent me; but it might be sung by an English congregation, which the last hardly could. But the main beauty of the Romish hymns has always appeared to me to be their solemn rhythm, and simple and affecting melodies; and these neither Scott, nor your friend Mathias, nor any other imitator that I know, has succeeded in retaining. I have often tried, but have always been obliged to throw overboard either words or rhythm. I heartily wish you would try what is to be done.

"Your former criticisms on my lectures were as intrinsically valuable as they were kindly communicated; and you will really oblige me most essentially by allowing me when we meet — as I hope we shall, in November — to look at your copy of Jeremy Taylor's Life. I have no idea as to the probability of the booksellers publishing it separately. They once talked of doing so, but I have since heard nothing more from them.

"I have, thank God, a very favorable account to give both of my wife and child. The latter has suffered a good deal from her teeth; but in other respects is healthy, active, and lively, with quite as much intelligence as we can yet expect her to show. You do not name Lady Inglis,—I trust this silence means that she is well.

* Anonymous.

† The day of wrath.

‡ Hail, O cross, my only hope.

§ My mother was standing mournfully by.

My wife begs to unite in best regards to her and your sisters, with, Dear Inglis, sincerely your obliged friend,

"REGINALD HEBER."

(TO R. J. WILMOT, ESQ.)

"HODNET RECTORY, August 26, 1822.

* * * * "My appointment at Lincoln's Inn compels me to be resident as much as possible, during the remainder of the year, at Hodnet; and the little furlough I can this autumn allow myself must be given to Bodryddan, where the Dean's health is such as to make all the attentions of all his family no more than necessary.

"Thank you for the two enclosures which I return; the favorable mention which the fragment makes of my preaching is agreeable for many reasons, but most of all, as it is plain the writer expected to give *you* pleasure by speaking well of me. * * *

"I am now at work on my sermons for next term. I foresee already that, if I mean to do any good, or to keep whatever credit I have got at Lincoln's Inn, I must take a great deal of pains, and bear in mind that I have a very fastidious audience; and it happens that I am also engaged in a course of lectures at Hodnet, which obliges me to write a fresh sermon every week for my rustic hearers."

(TO THE REV. MARTIN STOW.)

"LINACRE, NEAR LIVERPOOL, Oct. 21, 1822.

"MY DEAR STOW,—After a long vacation, which has very little deserved the name, since, during the greatest part of it, I have been more than usually busy, I am on this coast, making myself up for the approaching winter campaign at Lincoln's Inn. * * * This is a quiet little place, which, though little more than four miles from Liverpool, and enjoying the view of all the homeward and outward bound ships, is almost as retired as if it were in the Hebrides. * * * A translation of Mosheim's notes may be a creditable, but certainly not a profitable work for you; and, even in point of credit, I think you may employ your talents better. Merely to *translate* the notes is within the power of any man; but to comment upon them would require more reading and greater

labor than I think you would be repaid for. Besides, Mosheim is not always correct, and requires confutation, which would lead you greater lengths than you are aware of. If, however, you determine upon undertaking it, I should recommend your consulting the booksellers who have published the text, to ascertain whether you are likely to clash with any other person in the translation.

"I have written to Ogle and Duncan to desire they will reserve a copy of Jeremy Taylor's Works and Life, of which I beg you will do me the favor to accept, as a keepsake from one who often misses you, and who would regret your absence more if he did not hope it will eventually add to your prosperity and happiness. They are to be sent to your father's, either to follow you to Genoa, or to remain till you return.

"Believe me ever your affectionate friend,

"REGINALD HEBER."

(TO THE REV. H. H. MILMAN.)

"HODNET RECTORY, December, 1822.

"MY DEAR MILMAN,—You were very good to recollect me so soon after your return to England; and you may be assured that there are few of your friends who heard of your return in health and high spirits with greater pleasure, or who could regret more our not having met (since our orbits so nearly impinged) in Oxford. Your letter found me more than usually busy in cooking Hebrew roots for the diet of my congregation at Lincoln's Inn, and in analyzing some far worse weeds in different whiggish and jacobinical attacks on the Church of England, for which I am endeavoring to brew an antidote (of which, however, the composer's name must remain a secret) in the next Quarterly. This hurry must be my apology for the delay which has elapsed in thanking you for it; and I can only request you to believe that, more particularly when my curate is from home, and I have the undivided care of Hodnet on my shoulders, I have but too many good reasons for being a very bad correspondent.

"Of my conversations with the Bishop of London, I have, on the whole, a very favorable account to render. He himself acknowledged and lamented a deficiency in ear; and, accordingly, being accustomed to judge of metres rather by his fingers than by any other test, he is less tolerant than I could wish of anapæstics and trochaic

lines. He was surprised, however, when I showed him that your 'Chariot' for Advent Sunday rolled to the same time with the old 104th Psalm. In other respects his taste is exquisite, though, where my own lines were concerned, I thought him sometimes too severe and uncompromising a lover of simplicity.

"On the whole, however, we have passed his ordeal triumphantly. He encourages us to proceed, and even suggests the advantage of Psalms, two for each Sunday, from the different authorized versions enumerated by Todd, to be published in the same volume with our hymns. This we may talk over when we meet, which I hope we may contrive to do in January or February next. At present, a muse would hardly venture over the threshold of my study, though she were to come in the disguise of a parish clerk, and escorted by Thomas Sternhold, Esq., Gentleman Usher of the Black Rod.

* * * * * * * *

"Believe me, dear Milman,

"Very much your obliged friend,

"REGINALD HEBER."

It may not be improper to close this chapter with two or three specimens of Mr. Heber's devotional poetry.

"STAR OF THE EAST.

"Brightest and best of the sons of the morning!
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid;
Star of the East! — the horizon adorning —
Guide where the infant Redeemer is laid.

"Cold on his cradle the dew-drops are shining;
Low lies his head with the beasts of the stall;
Angels adore him, in slumber reclining —
Maker, and Monarch, and Saviour of all.

"Say, shall we yield him, in costly devotion,
Odors of Edom, and offerings divine?
Gems of the mountain, and pearls of the ocean,
Myrrh from the forest, or gold from the mine?

"Vainly we offer each ample oblation,
Vainly with gold would his favor secure;

Richer, by far, is the heart's adoration,—
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

"Brightest and best of the sons of the morning!
Dawn on our darkness and lend us thine aid;
Star of the East!—the horizon adorning—
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid."

"THE JUDGMENT-SCENE.

"The Lord shall come,—the earth shall quake,
The mountains to their centre shake;
And, withering from the vault of night,
The stars shall pale their feeble light.

"The Lord shall come,—but not the same
As once, in lowliness, he came:
A silent lamb before his foes,
A weary man, and full of woes.

"The Lord shall come,—a dreadful form,
With rainbow-wreath, and robes of storm,
On cherub-wings and wings of wind,
Appointed Judge of all mankind.

"Can this be he who wont to stray
A pilgrim on the world's highway;
Oppressed by power, and mocked by pride,
The Nazarene—the Crucified?

"While sinners in despair shall call,
'Rocks, hide us! mountains, on us fall!'
The saints, ascending from the tomb,
Shall joyful sing, 'The Lord is come!'"

"THE SANCTIFIED CHILD.

"By cool Siloam's shady rill,
How sweet the lily grows;
How sweet the breath, beneath the hill,
Of Sharon's dewy rose.

"And such the child whose early feet
The paths of peace have trod;

Whose secret heart, with influence sweet,
Is upward drawn to God.

"O thou whose infancy was found
With heavenly rays to shine,
Whose years, with changeless virtue crowned,
Were all alike divine;

"Dependent on thy bounteous breath,
We seek thy grace alone,
In childhood, manhood, and in death,
To keep us still thy own."

CHAPTER VI.

Mr. Heber receives the offer of the Bishopric of Calcutta. — Letters to the Right Hon. C. W. W. Wynn, John Thornton, Esq., R. J. Wilmot, Esq., the Hon. Mrs. Douglas, and others. — Receives his Doctor of Divinity's Degree from the University of Oxford, by Diploma. — Visits Malpas. — His Farewell Sermon at Hodnet. — His last Sermon at Lincoln's Inn, mentioned in a letter from Sir Thomas D Ackland, Bart. — Preaches at St. Paul's before the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge. — Consecrated at Lambeth. — Receives the Valedictory Address of the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge. — Farewell Letters.

We have now arrived at the most important period of Mr. Heber's life. The quiet private station which he had hitherto filled was to be exchanged for one where his conduct would attract the attention of the Christian world, and where he would become an object of anxious solicitude to many; one for which much was to be forsaken, much suffered, though undoubtedly there was much also to be enjoyed: the comforts of domestic life were in a great degree to be given up, his literary pursuits neglected, and the scenes which he loved, the familiar faces that surrounded him, and the society of his mother and of his family, were to be replaced by strangers in a strange land. It will not be uninteresting briefly to trace the feelings and causes which gave rise to this change.

For many years Mr. Heber had watched with interest the progress made by Christianity, wherever

English influence extended; and he assisted, by every means within his power, the exertions of the various religious societies to which he belonged; but more especially to India had his thoughts and views been anxiously directed. With Martyn, he had, in idea, traversed its sultry regions, had shared in his privations, had sympathized in his sufferings, and had exulted in the prospects of success occasionally opened to him. Many of Martyn's sufferings and privations he saw were caused by a peculiar temperament, and by a zeal which, disregarding all personal danger and sacrifice, led that devoted servant of God to follow, at whatever risk, those objects which would have been more effectually attained, and at a less costly sacrifice, had they been pursued with caution and patience. He could separate the real and unavoidable difficulties of the task from such as resulted from these causes, and he felt that they were not insuperable.

Without ever looking to anything beyond the privilege of assisting at a distance those excellent men who were using their talents for the advancement of Christianity, he would frequently express a wish that his lot had been thrown among them; and he would say that, were he alone concerned, and were there none who depended on him, and whose interests and feelings he was bound to respect, he would cheerfully go forth to join in that glorious train of martyrs whose triumphs he has celebrated in one of his hymns. He felt (and on that Christian feeling did he act) that any sacrifice which he could make would be amply compensated by his becoming the instrument of saving one soul from

destruction. On the erection of the Episcopal see in India, and on the appointment of Dr. Middleton to its duties, his interest in that country increased; he had long known and venerated the learning and piety of that excellent man and faithful minister of Christ; and he now watched his progress through the arduous task which he had undertaken, with deep anxiety.

Besides the concern which he took in the religious state of the East, those regions had a romantic charm in his mind; he loved to contemplate human nature in every varied form, and his imagination was keenly alive to the terrible natural phenomena of tropical climes, to the magnificence of their scenery, and the beauty and variety of their animal productions. With his wife he had frequently traced on the map long journeys through countries which he afterwards visited, as well as through those more distant regions of Australasia and Polynesia, with which, had a longer life been granted him, he would in all probability have also been acquainted. It was with this knowledge of her husband's feelings that Mrs. Heber first heard of Bishop Middleton's death, and that the recommendation of his successor was in the power of their friend, the Right Hon. Charles W. Williams Wynn, at that time President of the Board of Commissioners for the affairs of India. She was then on a visit to her father in Wales, and the conviction that her husband's inclinations would lead him to accept of the office, should it be offered to him, immediately flashed on her mind. The obstacles to this step were such as, to a less devoted Christian, would have been insurmountable; and even to him they presented so formidable an aspect as twice to determine his rejection

of the proposal. The conflict which passed in his mind at this period was intense. His prayers for guidance in the course which he ought to pursue were importunate. And after his second, and as he conceived final, refusal, his regret for having abandoned what he deemed the path of duty marked out for him by Providence was so great, that he determined to retract his previous resolution, if it should still be in his power; and, the bishopric continuing vacant, he took that important step which "to the unwise" may seem to have ended in "misery," yet is "his hope full of immortality."

The correspondence between the President of the Board of Commissioners for the affairs of India and Mr. Heber, on the subject of the bishopric of Calcutta, closed with the following notes:

(FROM THE RIGHT HON. CHARLES W. WILLIAMS WYNN.)

"WHITEHALL, Jan. 15, 1823.

"MY DEAR REGINALD,—On my return from Audley End, this morning, I found your letter; and, though rather prepared to expect it from your last, I have not yet sufficiently reconciled my mind to the idea of being, for so long a period, and by so great a distance, separated from you, to be able to dwell as I ought on the benefits which I anticipate to India from your acceptance of the see of Calcutta. May God protect and guide you.

"I have had much conversation with the chairman and deputy chairman, and believe that the directors will be disposed to provide you with a house.

"I will write down to Brighton to-morrow in order to submit your name for the King's approbation.

"Ever most faithfully yours,

"C. W. WILLIAMS WYNN."

(FROM THE RIGHT HON. CHARLES W. WILLIAMS WYNN.)

"EAST INDIA HOUSE, Jan. 18, 1823.

"The King has returned his *entire* approbation of your appointment to Calcutta, and, if I could only divide you so as to leave one part in England and send the other to India, it would also have mine; but the die is now cast, and we must not look at any side but that which stands uppermost. Ever yours,

"C. W. W. WYNN."

(TO THE RIGHT HON. C. W. WILLIAMS WYNN.)

"BODRYDDAN, Jan., 1823.

"MY DEAR WYNN,—For this last, as well as for all former proofs of your kindness, accept my best thanks. God grant that my conduct in India may be such as not to do your recommendation discredit, or to make you repent the flattering confidence which you have placed in me.

"Your much obliged friend,

"REGINALD HEBER."

(TO JOHN THORNTON, ESQ.)

"BODRYDDAN, Jan., 1823.

"MY DEAR FRIEND,—Your kind and gratifying letter followed me to this place, and found me actually suffering under the uncertainty of expectation respecting the very appointment for which you are good enough to regard me as well fitted. It was offered to me some little time ago; and I, in the first instance, declined it,—partly on account of the opposition of all my nearest relations, partly from the apprehended danger of the climate to my little girl, for whose health the medical men whom we consulted expressed great fears. These obstacles, however, have since been in a great measure removed or softened; and, another opportunity of making my choice having occurred to me, I have taken the situation, and my name has been offered for the King's approbation.

"In making this decision I hope and believe that I have been guided by conscientious feelings. I can at least say that I have prayed to God most heartily to show me the path of duty, and to give me grace to follow it; and the tranquillity of mind which I

now feel (very different from that which I experienced after having declined it) induces me to hope that I have his blessing and approbation. And, as most of my friends tell me I should have done more wisely, in a worldly point of view, if I had remained at home, I am perhaps so much the more ready to hope that it has not been the dignity of a mitre, or the salary, which have tempted me.

"I often, however, feel my heart sick when I recollect the sacrifices which I must make of friends, such as few, very few, have been blessed with. Yet it is a comfort to me to think that most of them are younger than myself, and that if I live through my fifteen years' service, and should then think myself justified in returning, we may hope to spend the evening of our lives together. But be this as it may, I am persuaded that prayer can traverse land and sea, and not only keep affection alive between absent friends, but send blessings from one to the other. Pray for me, my dear Thornton, that my life and doctrine may be such as they ought to be; that I may be content in my station, active in my duty, and firm in my faith; and that, when I have preached to others, I may not be myself a castaway.

"I wish my prayers were of greater efficacy; but, such as they are, your name is never omitted in them.

"God bless you, your Eliza, and your children! Emily sends her best regards. Her conduct has, throughout this affair, been everything which I could wish.

"In the present stage of the business I do not wish my name to be mentioned. You will observe that the affair is not *settled* till the King has signified his pleasure.

"Your affectionate friend,

"REGINALD HEBER."

(TO R. J. WILMOT, ESQ.)

"BODRYDDAN, Jan. 18, 1823.

"It is probable that you may have already heard of my determination as to the bishopric of Calcutta, and that, through the kindness of Charles Wynn, my name has at length been laid before the King. At this termination of my doubts, you, I think, are less likely to be surprised than most of my friends, since you have, I believe, more than once heard me express the liking which I should feel for such a situation. I *think* and *hope* I have done

well in accepting it. It has indeed been a serious struggle; and even now I feel my heart sometimes ready to sink, when I look at the sacrifices which I must make of society, of the scenes of early youth, and, above all, of friendship. Yet my more serious difficulties have been, in a great measure, removed; my relations, who were at first opposed to my going, have by degrees softened in their repugnance. All the medical people whom I have consulted consider my wife and myself as likely to stand any climate without injury; and those who are best acquainted with the climate of Bengal tell us that there can be no danger in taking out our child, though it may possibly be necessary to send her back four or five years hence, for some years. In that case, the Dean and Mrs. Yonge have offered to receive her. As to the prospect of eventually obtaining better preferment at home, with which some of my friends have flattered me, I confess I have not so exalted an idea of my own merits, or so firm a confidence in my own good fortune, as to prefer such a chance to the certainty of an honorable and useful employment. And why should I conceal any part of the truth from such a friend as yourself? I hope I am not an enthusiast; but I am and have long been most anxious for the cause of Christianity in India; and I have persuaded myself that I am not ill adapted to contribute to its eventual success, by conciliating the different sects employed in the task, and by directing, and in some instances reining in and moderating, their zeal. Nor, even as a matter of amusement and interesting study, have I any objections to voyages and travels in a new country. The worst is the length of time which I must be absent; but, if I am actively and usefully employed, this may be well endured when the pang of parting is once over; and the excellent friends whom I leave behind are, happily, most of them so young as to afford me good hopes of being able, after all, to pass the evening of life in their society.

"God bless you, my dear friend, and believe that wherever I am, my affection, my gratitude, and my heart's warmest wishes for your prosperity will ever be alive and active.

"REGINALD HEBER."

(TO THE HON. MRS. DOUGLAS.)

"BODRYDDAN, Jan. 19, 1823.

"MY DEAR HARRIET,—I should have thanked you long since for your truly kind letter, but I deferred writing till I should be able to give you positive information on the subject to which you alluded incidentally—I mean that of the Indian bishopric. I then hardly knew my own mind, still less the wishes of Emily, and of those others whose feelings I was bound to consult; though I had even then a strong bias in favor of the situation. * * * * * I could not think it right to decline a situation distinguished in itself, and affording an almost unbounded opening for professional utility, for the mere chance of events which might never arrive, and for the sake of personal feelings of friendship and social happiness. Surely a priest should be like a soldier, who is bound to go on any service for which he thinks himself suited, and for which a fair opening occurs, however he may privately prefer staying at home, or flatter himself with the hopes of a more advantageous situation afterwards. I may also say that for many years, I hardly know how long, I have had a lurking fondness for all which belongs to India or Asia; that there are no travels which I have read with so much interest as those in that country; and that I have often felt or fancied that I should like to be in the very situation which has now been offered to me, as a director of missionaries, and ministering to the spiritual wants of a large colony.

"I do not pretend to be above feeling anxiety for the pecuniary interests of my wife and child; and I will fairly own that the prospect of being able to secure something, though but little more than I was likely to do in the present depreciated state of the living at Hodnet, had also its weight with me. But this, I can confidently say, and I think you will believe me, is the consideration which has had *least* influence on my decision.

"This is a long, and I fear a tedious, exposé of my motives; but it has been prompted by some expressions in your letter, and by my desire that you should think of me neither as an enthusiast, nor as willing to sacrifice everything for a mitre and an increase of stipend. * * * *

"That you, my dear Harriet, may live long and happily; that I may continue to possess and deserve your regard in this world;

and that beyond the grave also our affection may be renewed and enhanced, is the earnest hope of,

"Sincerely your affectionate cousin,

"REGINALD HEBER."

(TO THE REV. J. J. BLUNT.)

"BODRYDDAN, JAN. 21, 1822.

"MY DEAR SIR,—You will probably be surprised to find that I have recalled my refusal of the Indian bishopric, and that I have just received intelligence that the King has approved my appointment. The different reasons which have led me to take this step we may talk over when we meet; in a note, I have no room for them, and I hope to be again in Hodnet the second week in February. To the parting which must then follow, I look forward, I confess, with considerable apprehension, both for myself and for my wife. However, I can say with confidence that I have acted for the best; and, even now that the die is cast, I feel no regret for the resolution I have taken, nor any distrust of the mercies and goodness of Providence, who may both protect me and mine, and, if he sees best for us, bring us back again, and preserve our excellent friends to welcome us. Among that number I think myself happy to reckon *you*. For England and the scenes of my earliest and dearest recollections, I know no better farewell than that of Philocteles:

"'Χαιρ', ω πεδον αμφιαλον —
Και', ευπλοιᾳ, πεμψον ευπομπους,
Ενθ' ἡ μεγαλη Μοιρα κραινει
Γνωμη τε φιλων, χω πανδαματωρ
Δαιμων, ὁς ταυτ' επιτραπειν.'*

"Believe me, my dear sir, ever yours most truly,

"REGINALD HEBER."

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* Farewell, O sea-girt plain,
And send me, with a prosperous voyage,
Where the great fall,
And the will of friends, and the all-ruling Deity,
Who has decreed all things, bear me.

(TO THE HON. AND RIGHT REV. THE LORD BISHOP OF OXFORD.)

"ST. ASAPH, Jan. 22, 1823.

"MY DEAR LORD,—The uniform kindness which I have experienced from your Lordship, makes me believe that you will hear with some interest that it is at length finally arranged that I am to be Bishop of Calcutta, and that I have just received intelligence of the King's approbation.

"I know not when I am expected to sail, but trust it will not be till the beginning of June. The intervening time I feel will be but too short to take leave of so many excellent friends in. I hope and trust that I may not be useless where I am going, and that nothing which those friends will hear of me in India will alter the favorable opinion with which they have hitherto honored me. Your Lordship's name and the name of All Souls must ever be associated in my mind with the most agreeable recollections, and the most lively gratitude.

"Believe me, my dear Lord,

"Your much obliged and faithful humble servant,

"REGINALD HEBER."

(TO MR. JOSEPH HUGHES, PARISH CLERK AT HODNET.)

"CHESTER, Jan. 22, 1823.

"MY WORTHY FRIEND,—You and I have been so long connected by neighborhood and good will, as well as by other circumstances, that I feel sincere regret in saying that we are at last to part. The King has named me the new Bishop of Calcutta, and I shall have to sail for India in the spring, or early in the summer. I need hardly say that I shall always remember Hodnet with pleasure, and that, while preaching to the heathen in a distant country, I shall never cease to pray for the prosperity of my old congregation,—the place where I have received so much respect and kindness; where I have passed the best years of my life; and where (if it pleases God to spare me during fifteen years of absence) I yet hope to lay my bones.

"On this subject, however, we may talk more, when we meet next, which will be the 12th or 13th of next month, on my return from Lincoln's Inn. My chief business at present is, that I wish, this severe weather, to distribute three wagon-loads of coals to

the poor inhabitants of Hodnet parish. * * * * * Two of them I think should be distributed at Hodnet for that and the neighboring townships, and one at Marchamley. I wish you would manage the distribution of those at Hodnet, and I hope Mr. J. Powell, at my request, will undertake the same at Marchamley. I wish you also to consult Mr. Blunt. I forgot to mention it in my note to him, but hope he will excuse me.

* * * * * * * *

"With sincere good wishes for the welfare of yourself and your family, I remain, Yours very truly,

"REGINALD HEBER."

Soon after his arrival in London, where he went to keep the term at Lincoln's Inn, Mr. Heber called on an old and valued friend of his mother, who very warmly opposed his plan of going to India, and added, laughingly, "Yours is the Quixotism of religion, and I almost believe you are going in search of the ten lost tribes of Israel." He replied, "Perhaps your joke may have truth in it; at any rate, I think I can be of use among the natives; it will be my earnest endeavor, and I am very zealous in the cause."

(TO THE HON. AND RIGHT REV. THE LORD BISHOP OF OXFORD.)

"LINCOLN'S INN, Jan. 30, 1823.

"MY DEAR LORD,—I feel much concerned that, owing to my accidental absence from town, your Lordship's truly kind and flattering letter has remained so long unanswered.

"The wish expressed by your Lordship, and by the fellows of All Souls, to give my portrait a place in your hall, is an honor which very greatly surpasses my merits and my most sanguine expectations. But, however little reason I had to look for such a distinction, I cannot but feel highly gratified by anything which gives me a chance of living longer in the recollections of those to whom I am so deeply indebted, and whose good opinion it will be among the first objects of my heart to retain and deserve.

"May I beg you to offer my best acknowledgments to the resident members of the society, and to believe me,

"My dear Lord, your and their

"Much obliged and faithful humble servant,

"REGINALD HEBER."

(TO MRS. R. HEBER.)

"LINCOLN'S INN, Feb. 6, 1823.

"I am really almost worked off my legs. Except during my brother's election, I know not that I ever passed a more busy fortnight; but I trust my fatigues are nearly at an end. I have seen the Bishop of London and the Archbishop, and have had a great deal of trouble in reading and commenting on documents relative to India. My kind friend, the Bishop of Oxford, is exerting himself to prevail on the university to give me my doctor's degree by diploma, which is the highest compliment they can pay; and the warden and fellows of All Souls have written a very handsome letter, desiring me to give them my picture to hang up in their hall. This is a very high and unusual compliment. * * * I have also a very obliging letter from the Vice Chancellor, asking me to preach a farewell sermon at St. Mary's.

"I have just received your letter. A Christian establishment in India, unless I can convert them, is out of the question; except, perhaps, the cook, who may be a Portuguese Roman Catholic, all will be heathen; and out of so large an establishment as we must have, there will be only two women!

"I hope to leave town Monday or Tuesday."

(TO THE HON. AND RIGHT REV. THE LORD BISHOP OF OXFORD.)

"LINCOLN'S INN, Feb., 1823.

"MY DEAR LORD, — Few honors, I might say none, could be conferred on me which I should feel more sensibly than the great and unmerited distinction which your Lordship informs me I am likely, at your suggestion, to obtain from the University of Oxford; and if anything could add to the pleasure which such an honor confers on me, it is that I am indebted for it to your Lordship's friendship.

"The favor conferred is of consequence to me in another light

besides that of the distinction which it confers, inasmuch as the sudden death of the archdeacon of Calcutta,* of which I have just received the news, may make it necessary to set off for India at much shorter notice than I anticipated.

"Believe me, my dear Lord,

"Your much obliged and faithful humble servant,

"REGINALD HEBER."

(TO THE REV. T. E. S. HORNBY.)

"LINCOLN'S INN, Feb. 20, 1823.

"MY DEAR HORNBY,—I have indeed been culpably negligent in not answering your kind letters, and acknowledging the receipt of the beautiful verses which you sent me. I have been ever since Christmas, and indeed for some time before, in a state of constant employment and mental anxiety, which have left me little time to attend to the calls of friendship. The appointment which you speak of in your last letter, I, after some deliberation, declined, partly from my own unwillingness to leave England, and still more from the concurrent advice of all my friends.

"Subsequent reflection, however, led me to repent of having, from worldly feelings, declined a situation of so distinguished usefulness; and this regret was still more increased from finding that others, who had been sounded as to their inclinations towards it, had also shown reluctance. I was vain enough to think myself not unqualified to fill it advantageously; and I confess I began at length to think it my duty, if it were again thrown in my way, to accept it. I indeed give up a good deal, both of present comfort, and, as I am assured, of future possible expectation; and, above all, I give up the enjoyment of English society, and a list of most kind friends, such as few men in my station have enjoyed. Still I do not repent the line which I have taken. I trust I shall be useful where I am going, and I hope and believe I am actuated by a zeal for God's service. I yet trust to retain the good wishes, the correspondence, and the prayers of my friends, and, if I ever return to England, to find that they have not forgotten me. After all, I hope I am not enthusiastic in thinking that a clergyman is—like

* Dr. Loring, who accompanied Bishop Middleton to India, and died, universally and deeply regretted, about two months after his diocesan.

a soldier or a sailor — bound to go on any service, however remote or undesirable, where the course of his duty leads him; and my destiny (though there are some circumstances attending it which make my heart ache) has many, very many advantages in an extended sphere of professional activity, in the indulgence of literary curiosity, and — what to me has many charms — the opportunity of seeing nature in some of its wildest and most majestic features.

"Above all, I am so happy as to have a wife who entirely sympathizes and concurs with me, and who, I believe, however she shrunk from the idea at first, will now enter on our great expedition with as little reluctance as I shall.

"As soon as I return to Hodnet, whither I am going to resign my living, sell my furniture, and take leave of my relations, you may expect to receive your packet again, with some few notes.

"I expect to sail the beginning of May. I am unfortunately but too sensible that I have lost my character as a good correspondent; but, to receive a letter now and then from you, in a strange land, will be a great comfort to me, and I will promise, as far as I can, to be more regular in my answers than I have been."

The university of Oxford presented Mr. Heber with his Doctor of Divinity's degree by diploma, in February; soon after which he returned to Hodnet, where the short time which remained previous to his final departure from the scenes of his youth, as well as of his mature years, and from the home he had himself formed,—to which so many interests and affections had attached themselves as to render it almost an earthly paradise, — was spent in making the necessary preparations for his long absence; in bidding farewell to the parish with which he had been united for nearly sixteen years by mutual good will and kind offices; in taking leave of his friends and neighbors, and in the yet more painful task of parting from an aged mother, who had cherished him from infancy with a love surpassing that of mothers, and from a sister with whom

he had grown up, and with whose idea all his early happiness and early sorrow were associated. The memory of their excellent father, of the brother whose loss they had mourned together, and those thousand recollections of childhood to which we all, at times, look back with indescribable feelings of fond regret, all combined to embitter their separation. But He who called him from retirement to perform His bidding in a more conspicuous station, graciously supported him; and that hope of future happiness which, however distant the period assigned for its completion, has been mercifully implanted in every heart, and which, with all our experience of its fallacy, never entirely forsakes us, disarmed their parting of its acutest sting.

The inhabitants of Hodnet parish raised a subscription, limited to a guinea each, to present their loved pastor with a piece of plate, as a memorial of their respect and affection. The list of subscribers was gratifying and affecting, from containing a number of names, not only of the wealthy, but of the very poorest class, who, when they gave their sixpences and twopences, gave a considerable portion of their little all. The plate bore the following inscription:

TO REGINALD HEBER, D. D.,

THIS PIECE OF PLATE IS PRESENTED AS A PARTING GIFT,

BY HIS PARISHIONERS,

WITH THE HOPE THAT IT MAY REMIND HIM, IN A FAR DISTANT LAND,

OF THOSE WHO WILL NEVER CEASE TO THINK OF HIS VIRTUES

WITH AFFECTION, AND OF HIS LOSS WITH REGRET.

A. D. 1823.

It was presented to him on the day in which he preached his farewell sermon. His parting address

was tender and affecting, and the sorrow of the crowded congregation was intense. The scene was regarded by the old and infirm as a last farewell; and, even among those whose years might lead them to cherish the expectation of again beholding their pastor, there seemed to be a melancholy foreboding that they should indeed see his face no more on earth!

At Malpas, his birth-place, of which his father was for several years co-rector, Dr. Heber had many friends of whom he was anxious to take a personal leave. In its church he preached for the first time in his life on the 9th of March: the sermon he chose was that on "Time and Eternity," printed, as subsequently corrected, in the volume of "Sermons preached in England." During this visit he heard the story, of the truth of which he was afterwards assured, that a military officer, having found a dying Indian exposed by the side of the Ganges, in conformity with the religion of the Hindoos, that he might expire within reach of its sacred waters, raised him up, and restored him to life by forcing nourishment down his throat. The man was a Brahmin; and, having eaten from the hands of a European, though unconsciously, he lost caste, and was abandoned by his whole family. Being poor, he was forced either to starve or to become a dependent on the officer for subsistence; the love of life prevailed; but every morning, when he came to the camp to receive his rice, he cursed his benefactor in bitter terms as the cause of his becoming an outcast from his family and sect. At the conclusion of this story Dr. Heber exclaimed, "If I am permitted to rescue one such miserable crea-

ture from this wretched superstition, I shall think myself repaid for all I sacrifice."

On bidding farewell to his friends, he earnestly requested their prayers in his arduous undertaking. To Mrs. Dod, of Edge, an intimate and endeared friend, he spoke at considerable length on his motives in accepting the Indian bishopric, and the objects which he hoped to accomplish; and, while he allowed that his decision had cost him a severe struggle, he added, he could never have known peace of mind again had he neglected the call of duty. Mrs. Dod replied: "Well, Reginald (for I can never call you 'my lord'), God be with you wherever you go. You have done much good at home; and, if you ever effect half what you purpose for India, your name will be venerated there to the end of time. I owe you much, and you will always have my prayers for your welfare."

They both felt how improbable it was that they should ever meet again on earth; but, though they looked with trust to a renewal of their friendship in a better world, they could not, from their disparity of years, anticipate that they would be summoned away almost at the same time. He bade her farewell, with the fervent wish that, *if* they met on earth, they might be better fitted for heaven.

Almost the last business which Dr. Heber transacted before he left Shropshire, was settling a long standing account in which he had been charged as debtor to the amount of a hundred pounds (about five hundred dollars); but it was believed by those who were best acquainted with the circumstances that he was not bound either in law or probity to pay it. As

he himself, however, did not feel certain on this point, he resolved to pay the money, observing to a friend who endeavored to dissuade him, "How can I reasonably hope for a blessing on my undertaking, or how can I commence so long a voyage with a quiet conscience, if I leave even the shadow of a committed act of injustice behind?" About the same time, an unknown person sent him a small sum of money through the hands of a clergyman in Shrewsbury, confessing that he had defrauded him of it, and stating that he could not endure to see him leave England, for the objects contemplated, without relieving his own conscience by making restitution.

(TO AUGUSTUS W. HARE, ESQ.)

"HODNET RECTORY, March 3, 1823.

* * * * "I take abundant shame to myself for not having sooner answered one of the most gratifying letters which I have received for many months back; but you will, I am sure, impute my silence to any cause but indifference, either to the intelligence which you communicated or to the friendship of the kind communicator. It was indeed a very great and most unexpected honor which the university conferred on me, and perhaps the distinction of all others which, if it had been named to me, I should have most desired. * * *

"Your cousin and I are here in the midst of packing and leave-taking, — both unpleasant operations, and the latter a very painful one. I do not indeed feel so much parental emotion as many people profess, and as I myself partly expected I should, in bidding adieu to the stones and trees which I have planted. But, besides my mother and sister, and besides the other kind friends with whom I have passed so many hours here, there are, among my parishioners, many old persons whom I can never expect to meet again, and many, both old and young, who evidently lose me with regret, and testify their concern in a very natural and affecting manner. My comfort is, that Emily, who is as much regretted as I can be,

and who has, if possible, more ties than I have to bind her to England, now that the first struggle is over, is not only resigned, but cheerful and courageous, and as resolute as I am to look only on the bright side of the prospect.

"I trust we may find you in Oxford as we go through next month. But, as our departure is now definitely arranged for June, I hope that this will not be our last meeting in England.

"Believe me, dear Augustus, ever your affectionate cousin,

"REGINALD HEBER."

(TO THE REV. G. PEARSON.)

"March 6, 1823.

"MY DEAR PEARSON,—Many thanks for your truly friendly and interesting letter, which, agreeable as it must be to be assured of your continued kind thoughts and kind wishes, has—added to others of the same kind which I have received—rather tended to increase the uneasiness I cannot help feeling in the act of leaving, for a length of time, and perhaps for life, so many and such kind friends as I am blessed with. It is, however, an encouragement of no common value, in the arduous and awful duties which lie before me, that I carry out with me such good wishes and such prayers. Heaven grant I may do nothing to forfeit the one or render the other ineffectual!

"I feel very sensibly your kindness in offering us a visit, and am much mortified that I cannot, under my present circumstances, avail myself of it. The truth is, that our house is a scene of confusion and bustle, partly from the necessary evils of packing, and partly from the intrusions of auctioneers and others of the same description, cataloguing, valuing, and ticketing the furniture previous to our sale, which is to take place the beginning of April. You have been correctly informed as to our sailing in June. I had intended to do so by the first of May; but this would have landed us in Bengal at a remarkably unwholesome time of year; and another objection was urged by several of the East India directors against the measure, since it is thought that the bishop should make his first appearance, on arriving in India, at head-quarters, while the May ships are to stop some time at Madras. In the mean time I hope to make some little progress in Hindoostanee, and to get some difficulties arranged respecting the Eastern Church, which

were a subject of great vexation and embarrassment to poor Bishop Middleton. And, above all, having been permitted to read all his letters to the Board of Control and to the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, besides a very large collection addressed to his private friends, I shall go out with a more complete understanding than I otherwise could have hoped for of his wishes and the line of ecclesiastical government he followed. Heaven grant I may be able to imitate his diligence, his zeal, his piety, and his admirable disinterestedness!

"I think with great pleasure of meeting you in London, and shall hope to hear from you, when you have leisure, during my banishment. Above all, do not let your brother return to Calcutta, or any other place where I may happen to be, without letting me see him. The name of Pearson, whether in India or elsewhere, will always sound welcome in my ears. My wife begs to add her best regards and wishes to those of,

"Dear Pearson, ever yours most truly,

"REGINALD HEBER."

(TO THE RIGHT HON. C. W. WILLIAMS WYNN.)

"HODNET RECTORY, March 11, 1823.

"MY DEAR WYNN,—I have heard from the Bishop of London how kindly anxious you have been for my interests; but I have been unwilling to plague you with letters, even of thanks, well knowing how fully your time is occupied. The following circumstance, however, which has just been communicated to me, seems necessary to be known by my friends; since, even if it cannot be remedied, it should at least be borne in mind when reckoning the present value of the bishopric of Calcutta.

"Mr. Hodgson (secretary to the Archbishop of Canterbury) says that Bishop Middleton was subjected to the payment of between two and three hundred pounds *ad valorem* duty on his letters patent, an onus not usually borne by bishops on their appointment. He remonstrated strongly, but was obliged to submit. Mr. Hodgson suggests that, 'as he understands some legislative measure is to be resorted to respecting the terms of my appointment, a clause may be introduced exempting me from such a payment, the reasonableness of which would be admitted by all.' I of course am no judge as to the propriety or feasibility of this suggestion; nor do I

know the nature of the plea under which the bishop of Calcutta is made to pay more than his brethren. I should naturally be glad and thankful to be exonerated; but, if this cannot consistently be done, your kindness may possibly make this unforeseen and unusual expense an additional ground for those measures which you thought of originating in my favor.*

"What I am chiefly anxious for, is, that my travelling expenses may be paid, or a sufficient allowance made for them. Without such assistance, both Sir John Malcolm, Dr. Marsden, Mr. Parry, and all the other Indians whom I have consulted, agree that the bishop's allowance is quite inadequate to enable him to do what he ought, in visiting the different stations in the interior. And, even were the present allowance less insufficient, I should dread being placed in a situation where there was to be a constant struggle between my duty and the interests of my wife and child.

"Bishop Middleton, it may be well to bear in mind, went out to India with the understanding that his travelling expenses were to be paid and a house provided for him; and both these advantages were, in fact, continued to him during the first two or three years, till a doubt arose as to the meaning of that act of Parliament. So that all which would be required from Parliament would be to empower the East India Company to give their own property away at their own discretion. Still, if it could be done without the *eclat* and difficulty of a legislative measure, it perhaps might be better.

"But all these circumstances are better known to you than they can be to me, and I well know how implicitly I may rely on your friendship to do for me all which can be done. And, even if no increased allowance should be attainable, you may rely on my exerting myself to the utmost of my power not to disgrace your recommendation; and that I will, so far as health allows, visit every church in the diocese, though I should be compelled to go about in a single palanquin, and to limit my establishment at Calcutta to pay my travelling charges. The only question for the East India Company to determine will be, whether they will have me appear as a public functionary, or as a private, and not a useful, individual. In either case I shall, I hope, be useful, such I am sure

* The duty was not taken off.

I shall be grateful to the friend who has so kindly and perseveringly occupied himself in procuring for me more extensive means of usefulness.* God bless you, dear Wynn!

"Believe me ever your obliged and affectionate friend,

"REGINALD HEBER."

(TO JOHN THORNTON, ESQ.)

"HODNET RECTORY, March 23, 1823.

"I feel much obliged by your friendly and interesting letters, as well as by the kind trouble which, I learn from Emily, you have taken respecting the piece of plate which my parishioners have subscribed for.

"It was, I believe, to have been kept a secret from me; but, as a question arose, both respecting the form and the inscription, the honor intended me came to my knowledge a little sooner than it might otherwise have done. This mark of their good will, in times like the present, is very gratifying and affecting; and it is by no means the only one which I have met with. In my visits to different cottages, and in my conversations with the laborers in the fields and by the roadside, the tears have been more than once or twice conjured up into my eyes by their honest expressions of good will and prayers for my welfare. I certainly did not expect to feel so painfully as I have done my approaching separation from my parish; nor was I at all aware of the degree of regard which these good and kind-hearted people appear to have entertained for me. God bless them! I cannot help feeling ashamed of an affection which I have so imperfectly deserved. There is pretty stanza in one of Southey's poems, the truth of which has often struck me, but never, I think, as much as to-day:

"'I've *heard* of hearts unkind — kind deeds
With scorn or hate returning;
Alas! the *gratitude* of man
Has oftener left me mourning!'

"We hope to be in Lincoln's Inn the end of April. I believe I mentioned before I left London that I had finally determined to

* The East India Company agreed to allow the future bishop of Calcutta a house and a certain sum for his travelling expenses.

take Mr. Parry's advice, and defer my voyage till June. I hope and trust I have not done wrong in this delay. I shall hope to get some points settled in favor of my powers of ordaining, &c., which, had I sailed sooner, I hardly could have done; and I shall have a fair prospect of arriving with my wife and child at Calcutta at a more favorable season than would have been the case had we sailed by the earlier ships. We shall also have more time to give to our preparatory studies, and to taking leave of our friends in London and its neighborhood."

On the 22d of April Dr. Heber finally took leave of Shropshire. From a range of high grounds near Newport, he turned back to catch a last view of his beloved Hodnet; and here the feelings which he had hitherto suppressed, in tenderness to others, burst forth unrestrained, and he uttered the words, which indeed proved prophetic, that he "should return to it no more!"

At Oxford, where he passed two or three days with his friend Mr. Otter, he was greeted with affectionate interest by his acquaintances who happened to be there, and by others who had come from a distance, on hearing of his intended visit, to bid him God speed. To the members of his own college of All Souls he expressed his sense of the high honor which this society had conferred upon him, in requesting him to sit for his portrait, to be placed among those of the distinguished persons which adorn the walls of their hall.

The six weeks between Dr. Heber's arrival in London and the moment of sailing were occupied in obtaining information relative to his new duties, attending the meetings of the religious societies connected with India, and in making the necessary preparations for his voyage. So much was my

engrossed by these duties and occupations that he could give but little time to the society of those dear and valued friends, the parting from whom was now the severest pang which he had to endure. His last sermon in Lincoln's Inn chapel, "On the Atonement," was preached on the 18th of May. The sermon has since been printed; * and this circumstance imparts an additional interest to the following letter, written several years after by Sir Thomas Dyke Ackland to the bishop's widow.

(TO MRS. R. HEBER.)

"March 11, 1830.

"MY DEAR MRS. HEBER, — I came to town to hear the bishop preach his last sermon at Lincoln's Inn, — his appointment to the see of Calcutta being then lately known. I need not say to you what must have been the impression made by that sermon on the many who had long known and loved him; but no sympathy of others gave me such a heartfelt thrill of satisfaction as one earnest exclamation from the late Mr. Joseph Butterworth, whom I met in the square, after quitting the chapel, and who could only answer to my inquiries, — made certainly with some anxiety, — how he had been pleased, 'O, sir, thank God for that man! thank God for that man!' Considering Mr. Butterworth's station and influence among the Wesleyan Methodists, and almost the whole body of Indian missionaries not directly connected with the establishment,† I felt at once all the value of such an impression upon his mind, both as to the disposition with which the bishop would be met by these bodies on his arrival in India, and the effect which it was clear his intercourse with them would produce. Besides all this, Mr. Butterworth was really a good man and sincere Christian; and to the sympathy of such, either towards myself or my excellent friend, I could not feel indifferent. You will, therefore, not be surprised that I have treasured the recollection of that greeting up

* Heber's Sermons in England, p. 375.

† The Church of England.

to this day with no common interest, and perhaps given the incident a little more weight than it deserves. And yet I cannot think that I was mistaken in my application of the result. The common feeling which the sermon of that day diffused through an audience composed of persons of various habits and principles, was comparatively but a light indication of the powerful and salutary influence by which the bishop conciliated to many good purposes the active and hearty good will, with the united affections, of the immense, and various, and sometimes conflicting, masses upon which it was exercised, during his whole course in India. I am quite ashamed of having been so negligent in sending you this little story, but must the more beg your kind indulgence to

"Your very sincere and obliged

"THOS. DYKE ACKLAND."

(TO THE REV. J. J. BLUNT.)

"LINCOLN'S INN, May 2*d*, 1822.

"MY DEAR BLUNT,—I herewith send you my sermon,* which is, as you will easily perceive, pretty nearly as I preached it, as I have really had no time for alteration or improvement. I feel but too sensibly that it is not likely to do me much credit in the world; but, if it serves to show my regard and respect for my late parishioners, I shall be satisfied. I have added to it a title-page, dedication, and preface. I am ashamed to trouble you with the correction of the press, but am so busy that you will, I am sure, excuse me.

"My consecration is fixed for next Sunday; and, as the time draws near, I feel its awfulness very strongly—far more, I think, than the parting which is to follow a fortnight after. . . . . I could wish for the prayers of my old congregation, but know not well how to express the wish in conformity with custom, or without seeming to court notoriety. Perhaps, if you will have the goodness to read next Sunday the collect usually said in the fourteen weeks for those about to enter into holy orders, some of my kind friends will make the application to me. Either you might name it, I should also gladly have the prayers of the church, as there is nothing unusual in asking for them; and I suppose you will as

* The farewell sermon at Herbert.

kind enough to say, on the 15th of June, that 'The Bishop of Calcutta and his family, being about to sail for India, request the prayers of the congregation.' Mrs. R. Heber unites in best regards; she, I rejoice to say, continues tolerably well. * * * I inclose a letter to ———, which I will thank you to give to him.

"Believe me, dear Blunt, ever your sincere friend,

"REGINALD CALCUTTA."

(TO ——— ———.)

"LINCOLN'S INN, May 26, 1823.

"MY WORTHY FRIEND,—I am about to address you on a subject which has long weighed much on my mind, and which I have often wished to mention. Nobody is more convinced than I am of your good heart, your kindness to your family, to your laborers, and the poor, your strict honesty, and the other good qualities for which you are known and respected in the neighborhood. Yet there is one point which I would fain see altered in you, and which I cannot help noticing, as, perhaps, the last mark of my good wishes for you which I shall ever have in my power to show, now that I am leaving England for a far distant land, and have ceased to be the rector of Hodnet. You must be aware I mean your fondness for liquor. Why should you let this one sin get the better of you, and rob your good qualities and your good principles of their reward? You as yet are young and healthy, and therefore cannot say you need drink to keep you in good spirits; but you yourself well know that neither health nor cheerfulness can long continue to be the portion of the drunkard. Even so far as this world is concerned, how necessary is it that a man should be sober in order that he may prosper. But, when we think on the other world, can we help recollecting that the drunkard is wasting, not only his body and his goods, but his immortal soul? I need not remind you how often and how earnestly God has forbidden the practice in Scripture. Of all strong drink we find it observed by Solomon (Prov. 23: 22) that 'at the last it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder.' 'Woe unto them,' saith Isaiah (chap. 5: v. 22), that are men of strength to mingle strong drink.' 'Woe,' he says again (chap. 18: v. 1), 'woe to the crown of pride, to the drunkards of Ephraim.' All the other prophets are full of the

same declarations; and the texts in the New Testament are still more awful. 'If that servant,' saith our Lord, 'begin to say in his heart, My Lord delayeth his coming, and begins to beat the men servants and maids, and to eat and *drink*, and be *drunken*, the Lord of that servant will come in a day when he looketh not for him, and in an hour when he is not aware, and will cut him asunder, and appoint him his portion with the unbelievers.' 'Take heed,' he says in another place, 'lest your hearts be overcharged with surfeiting and *drunkenness*, and so that day take you unawares.' In the same manner St. Paul, in his Epistle to the Romans, bids us 'walk honestly, as in the day, not in riot and *drunkenness*, not in chambering and wantonness, not in strife and envying;' where you see he puts *drunkenness* down in the same list of crimes with whoredom and quarrelling, and puts it first of the three because indeed it generally leads to the other two. Thus also we find, in Gal. 5: 19—21, drunkenness classed on the same footing with the very first sins, and those most hateful to God, such as idolatry and witchcraft and murder. These things will prove to you that a fondness for strong drink is no trifling matter; that it is a crime marked with the Almighty's heaviest displeasure, and for which no doubt a very grievous punishment is in store in another world. Do not suppose, my good friend, that I name these things to you out of disrespect, or a desire to give you pain: we have long been neighbors, and you have been a kind and friendly neighbor to me. I sincerely esteem you, and wish you well. But it is because I esteem you and wish you well that I send you this long letter; and I now earnestly desire to call upon you as with a voice from the dead, — to the number of whom, in my long and perilous voyage, I may perhaps be added, — to desire you to lay these things to heart, to fly from temptation, and to remember that your health and prosperity, your life and immortal soul, are in danger, if you do not fly from the sin which does most easily beset you! God bless you and guide you! May he turn your heart to see the things which belong to your peace, and give you in this world grace and happiness, and in the world to come everlasting glory. My best wishes are with you.

"Believe me ever your sincere friend,

"REGINALD HEBER."

What a beautiful exhibition of the writer's character does the preceding letter present! How amiable and benevolent does he appear in this last effort, ere he leaves forever his native land, to reclaim a friend who had fallen into vice! And how affectingly does he press his entreaty, by the consideration that he himself might soon be numbered with the dead; a reference which, alas! was but too speedily realized.

On the 1st of June, Dr. Heber was consecrated at Lambeth. The last time he preached in England was at St. Paul's, on the 8th of the same month, before the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge. A few days after, he was much gratified by receiving a note from the late Mr. Blades, of Ludgate Hill, expressing his admiration of the sermon, as well as the deep veneration and respect in which he held his character, and the motives which induced his acceptance of the Indian bishopric, accompanied by a handsome present of glass, bearing on it the bishop's initials and the mitre.

On the 13th, he received the valedictory address of the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, delivered by the Bishop of Bristol. He was accompanied to Bartlett's Buildings by Sir Robert Harry Inglis. On their way, Sir Robert asked him to let him see his reply, assuming that, as at other places, on occasions of form and importance, the speech and the answer would alike be read by the respective prelates. The bishop told him that he had indeed received, by Bishop Kaye's courtesy, a copy of the intended address, but that he had not written his reply, and should trust to the feelings of the moment to supply it. "I was therefore," said Sir Robert after-

wards, "equally delighted and surprised to hear him speak, though with feelings justly and naturally excited, with a command of language, and with a fulness and freedom of thought, and at the same time a caution which became one addressing such a society at such a time, when every word would be watched in India as well as in England. We shall long remember the sensation which he produced, when he declared that his last hope would be to be the chief missionary of the society in the East; and the emotion with which we all knelt down at the close, sorrowing most of all that we should see his face no more."

(TO THE REV. T. E. S. HORNBY.)

"LINCOLN'S INN, June 15, 1822.

"MY DEAR FRIEND,—I *have* indeed been very negligent. But if you only knew how much I have been worried you would excuse me. It has been only a small part of my late engagements that I have had, since my arrival in London, to write a sermon to be preached at the meeting of the charity children in St. Paul's, and afterwards to be printed, though this has operated as a heavy load of anxiety on my spirits, and swallowed up much time which I might have given to those excellent friends to whom I have now to bid adieu. But between the India House, Lambeth, the Board of Control, and the different Societies for Propagating the Gospel, my days have been quite engrossed, and I have gone to bed for the last month as much tired as if I had been thrashing in a barn. Now, though I have not *finished* all I ought to have done, I have done all which can be done, and seize the first opportunity of bidding you farewell. We embark to-morrow. May God bless, keep, and prosper you, my dear Hornby! May he give you as much happiness in this world as he sees to be good for your soul. And if it be his will to bring me back again to my native country, may I find you in improved health, with the same cheerfulness and trust in him, and the same feelings of kindness towards myself, for which I am now so much indebted to you.*

* Mr. Hornby died in March, 1825.

"I am very well; my wife is thin and harassed, at which I do not wonder.

"I have got your verses safe in my writing-desk; to read them, and make, perhaps, some remarks on them, will be a very interesting employment during my voyage. You may depend on hearing from me soon after my arrival in India, if it pleases God to carry me thither.

"Believe me, with sincere attachment, my dear Hornby,

"Ever your affectionate friend,

"REGINALD CALCUTTA."

(TO MRS. HEBER.)

"LINCOLN'S INN, June 15, 1823.

"MY DEAREST MOTHER,— * * * We have now nearly finished our packing, and I have quite got through my preachings, &c. Dear Emily is, of course, low at leaving her friends, but she is well. Our little darling is quite well again, and I am in as good health and spirits as I can expect to be. I think and hope I am going on God's service. I am not conscious of any unworthy or secular ends; and I hope for his blessing and protection both for myself and for those dear persons who accompany me, and whom I leave behind.

"God Almighty bless and prosper you, my beloved mother. May he comfort and support your age, and teach you to seek always for comfort where it may be found, in his health and salvation, through Jesus Christ our Lord!

"Bless you, dear, dear Mary — you and your worthy husband.* May He make you happy in your children and in each other, in time and in eternity!

"I know we have all your prayers, as you have ours. Believe me that we shall be, I hope, useful, and if useful, happy, where we are going; and we trust in God's good providence for bringing us again together in peace, when a few short years are ended, in this world, if he sees it good for us; — if not, yet in that world where there shall be no parting nor sorrow any more, but God shall wipe away all tears from all eyes, and we shall rejoin our dear father and the precious babe whom God has called to himself before us!"

* The Rev. Charles Cowper Cholmondeley, subsequently rector of Hodnet.

CHAPTER VII.

The Bishop embarks for India. — Divine Service on Board. — Connection of Eastern Languages with those of the North of Europe. — Landing at Calcutta. — Accumulation of Ecclesiastical Business. — Bishop's College. — Additional Land granted to the College. — Scarcity of Chaplains in Ceylon. — Christian David. — Want of Clergy in India. — Native Female Education. — Suspension Bridge. — The Bishop's Way of Life.

ON the 16th of June, 1823, the Bishop with his family sailed for India, "that land of disappointment, and sorrow, and death!" He made several sketches of the southern coast of England in passing, under one of which he wrote the following quotation:

"And we must have danger, and fever, and pain,
Ere we look on the white rocks of Albion again."

(TO E. D. DAVENPORT, ESQ.)

"AT SEA, July 9, 1823. Lat. 29° 57', Long. 28° 11'.

"MY DEAR DAVENPORT,— Your kind note and present* reached me at a moment when I had not leisure to thank you for either as they deserved; but I hope you will believe me when I say that I was deeply and sincerely sensible of the regard which they expressed, and of the loss which I have incurred in foregoing the enjoyment of your conversation and confidence. They were circumstances with considerations of this kind which have, in fact, made up the whole bitterness of my leaving England. To the more material business, by which, abstracted from all other circumstances, many of my acquaintance profess to feel intense attachment, I do not think I ever affixed any very great value. I have always enjoyed England with

* Philippe de Commines.

Hodnet as much, to all appearance, as my neighbors; yet I never contemplated with any dismay the prospect of leaving, for a good reason, both the one and the other; nor, could I have taken my friends with me, should I have regarded the removal as worthy of a tear. At present, alas! I cannot help feeling, and sometimes very sorrowfully, how much I am hereafter to depend on myself, my own resources, and my own judgment; how far I am removed from those whose partial friendship excused my faults, and whose candid judgment might correct them; and that, with a more than usual fondness for society, I have left behind me such a society, both in intellect, acquirement, urbanity, and regard to myself, as I cannot, by any possibility, hope to meet with elsewhere. Regret, however, is so obviously useless, that, were I of a less sanguine temper than I believe myself to be, I should, I hope, be too wise to indulge in it. I counted the cost of my undertaking before I made up my mind, and I, happily, am even better able than I expected to fix my attention on ulterior objects, and to look on the past as that of which the best and happiest circumstances may yet be one day renewed; and, friendship excepted, I have as yet heard of nothing to make me regret my secession to India. My fellow-voyagers, of whom the senior part have been many years there, all speak of it with an attachment which, though at my age I cannot hope to acquire it in the same degree, yet is enough to convince me that I need not be unhappy there. The more I hear, the more I see reason to believe that, with diligence and moderation, I may be extensively useful; and that, with the precautions commonly in use, not only my own health, but that of my wife and child, may fare almost as well as in England. Nor is it a trifle to one who is to pass so much of his future life at sea, to find that, so far as the experience of a three weeks' voyage reaches, with frequent rough weather and a rapid change of climate, I am neither liable to the sickness nor the ennui to which I looked forward, as the almost necessary accompaniments of my present situation.

* * * "Between my Hindoostanee and Persian lessons, the psalms and chapters which I read to my wife, and the different objects of novelty and curiosity which are offered by a ship and a tropical sea, I have not near leisure enough for general reading, or for keeping the sort of journal which I once intended to do. * *

"We have had, on the whole, a fair average voyage, and have

reason to be much satisfied, both with our captain, our fellow-passengers, and the accommodations of the vessel.

"We took our leave of the high ground near Plymouth on the 19th of last month, and since then have seen no land, except a distant view of Madeira on the 3d instant. This was a little tantalizing, and many of the party were urgent with Captain Manning to stop there, and with me to press him to do so. Some of the wine merchants in London, connected with the island, had, in fact, made it their request that I should consecrate a church, which has been lately erected for the use of the factory. This, however, I soon found would take up several days of preparation, if it were to be done with anything like the proper solemnity. I had no good reason to believe that the Portuguese clergy would either approve or admit of any such interference on the part of a Protestant bishop; and, above all, I found our Palinurus extremely unwilling, unless a case of real necessity or duty were made out, to risk the loss of his favorable wind, or incur the blame of idle delay from his employers. I therefore declined all interference of the kind, and in fact fully agreed with him in his views. Our only hope of a halting place during the voyage is now the Isle of France; and even there, unless our water should fail, or some other calamity should befall us, there seems no intention of staying. I write, however, this and some other letters, in the chance of meeting a homeward-bound vessel, and under the apprehension, should such a one appear, of not having my despatches ready in time. From Calcutta I need not say I will write again, or that I trust, ere I shall have been long there, to receive a letter from you.

"God bless you, my dear Davenport!

"Believe me ever your affectionate friend,

"REGINALD CALCUTTA."

"AT SEA, August 15. Lat. 35°, Long. 2° E.

"All well."

(TO R. J. WILMOT HORTON, ESQ.)

"AT SEA, July 9. Lat. 20° 57′, Long. 24° 32′.

"MY DEAR WILMOT,—There is a pretty proverb in the language (the Persian) which I am now beginning to study,—'A letter is half a meeting;' and, though I know not how long a time may elapse before these lines meet your eye, I feel, while I am writing

them, though with the tropic between us, some little return of the pleasure which I have felt in our old walks by the Dane and the Trent, and what I would gladly think was an anticipation of those which I may still hope for with you — perhaps by the Trent again. * * * Of my own choice, it is rather too early in the day to determine whether I am to repent or no. By all which I hear from my shipmates, I anticipate no reason for doing so. They all, so many of them as have been in India, are fond of it; and, though I can already perceive that I am to find in Calcutta a reasonable allowance of those civic feuds and vestry broils to which all provincial capitals are liable, and which seem there to vent themselves through the pages of the newspapers, I cannot give up the hope of being able to steer my course through these jarring elements without any great damage to my own temper or my own tranquillity.

"Of the sea, on which so large a part of my future life must be passed (more particularly if I carry my Australasian visitations into effect), I have already some means of forming an opinion, and, so far as I am myself concerned, we seem likely to suit each other perfectly. Though we have had a good deal of contrary weather, and our full allowance of the noble game of pitch and toss, I have not been unwell even for an hour; and between the various occupations of reading, writing, walking the quarter-deck, watching the flying-fish, and learning Hindoostanee and Persian, I have not as yet felt any of that vacuity of time of which I was most apprehensive, and of which others have complained as the worst calamity of a long sea voyage. The only want I feel is of exercise, — a serious one, and which I know not how to remedy; merely pacing the deck is nothing. I cannot (*salvâ gravitate* *) amuse myself with running up and down the shrouds, as the young cadets do; and, though I have a most majestic and Patagonian pair of dumb bells (after the manner of Bengal), I cannot use them in my cabin without endangering my wife and child, and have not yet reconciled myself to exhibiting them on deck, or among the hen-coops. My resource, I apprehend, must be to live more sparingly in proportion to my necessary inactivity; but, as my northern appetite still subsists in full vigor, even this will be by no means an agreeable remedy, while it is one of which my shipmates seem to have no notion. * * *

* And preserve my gravity.

"Though now decidedly within the tropics, and with the sun to the northward of us, we have no heat to complain of; and, though most people on board have assumed linen or camlet clothes, it has been, I think, as much from fashion as necessity. Till within these few days, indeed, the weather has been decidedly cold; and, while in the latitude of Lisbon and Gibraltar, the captain more than once complained that, if it had not been for the 'blue water,' he might still have fancied himself amidst the cold and 'dirty' weather of the Channel or the German Sea. Of this blue water I had heard much, and it certainly does not fall short of my expectation. In bright weather it is, as compared with our green sea, richly and strikingly beautiful, and the flakes of foam streak it like *lapis lazuli* inlaid with silver. Even in storms, it has a warmer and richer tint than that of the waves which chased us from Ilbree island towards Parkgate, and enables us to understand more fully than I ever did before the 'wine-faced sea' (οινοπα ποντον) of Homer. For the rest, I have seen dolphins, flying-fishes, and a grampus; a whale and a shark have paid the ship a visit, but I was not then on deck. The flying-fish are as yet very small; but the flocks in which they skim along the surface of the waves, give them so much the appearance of water wagtails, that a repeated and attentive view is required to convince a stranger of their actual fishhood.

"After all, we did not stop at Madeira. Captain Manning was only authorized, he said, to do so if some real necessity were made out; and as we had a fine wind at the time, it would have been unwise to lose it by a delay which must have been too short to see much of the island. I availed myself, however, of the letter which you kindly procured for me to the consul, so far as to consign to his charge some letters which we had an opportunity of sending on shore by a brig bound for Funchal. I am called to my Hindoostanee lecture, in which Emily has for some days back been sufficiently recovered to join. We are fortunate in having an excellent instructor in one of our fellow-passengers,—the same young cadet, Macgeorge, whom Dr. Gilchrist recommended to us in London. The whole vessel is, indeed, a scene of study all morning. Besides our young friend, there is a native sailor on board who professes himself, though in reduced circumstances, a regular moonshee, and gives lectures to several of the cadets and writers; while one of these last is himself a prize-fighter from Hertford, and has volunteered to

teach the most ornate style of 'Taleek' writing to as many as shall be disposed to receive his instructions. And when I add that the cuddy table is every forenoon covered with logarithms, sextants, &c., you will see that I have at least some chance of becoming wiser from my present expedition.

"Ever your obliged and affectionate

"REGINALD CALCUTTA."

(TO THE REV. J. J. BLUNT.)

"H. C. S. GRENVILLE, N. Lat. 5° 33′, W. Long. 15° 15′.
"July 22, 1823.

"MY DEAR BLUNT,—While sending a packet home, I cannot refrain from troubling you with a few lines, to thank you for your last kind and friendly letter, and for the pains which you have taken in correcting the press of my farewell sermon. Since I have been on board, I have often, *very often* thought of Hodnet and its neighborhood; and on Sundays the recollection has been still more forcibly brought to my mind by the use which, in those days, I have made of my old sermons, slightly altered, and by the contrast of the circumstances under which I now preach them, with the venerable walls and friendly and well-known faces which surrounded me when I last turned over the same leaves. Yet here also I have an attentive audience; the exhibition is impressive and interesting, and the opportunities of doing good considerable. The crew are very orderly, and the passengers in general sufficiently well disposed to acquiesce in the different arrangements which I have suggested for weekly and daily prayers, while the number of persons on board is, I believe, full a hundred and sixty.

"The regularity of our life on shipboard, now that I am accustomed to the hours and know how to make the most of them, is very favorable for study; and in my attempt to master Hindoostanee and Persian, I have sufficient occupation for all the time which I can command. My wife is my fellow-student, though not my only one. Two of the young men on board, whose progress is not much greater than ours, have shown themselves glad to read with us; and there are two others, distinguished proficients in the languages of the East, of whom the one acts as our regular tutor, and the other has undertaken to become our writing-master. With these advantages, I *ought* to make progress; and some years ago I

am convinced I should have made rapid way. At forty, however, and with many other cares on the mind, I find it a harder task to learn a new language than I found it in the days of my French, German, and Italian; and the difficulty is increased by the circumstance that all my previous knowledge is of little or no advantage to me in the pursuit of my present object. Yet, even in these remote tongues, there are several circumstances of interest and curiosity, as establishing, beyond all doubt, the original connection of the languages of India, Persia, and Northern Europe, and the complete diversity of all from the Hebrew and other Shemitic languages. Those who fancy the Persians and Indians to have been derived from Elam, the son of *Shem*, or from anybody but *Japheth*, the first-born of Noah, and father of Gomer, Mesdeck, and Tubal, have, I am convinced, paid no attention to the languages either of Persia, Russia, or Scandinavia. I have long had this suspicion, and am not sorry to find it confirmed by even the grammar of my new studies. As to the literary treasures by which my labors are to be rewarded, I as yet, of course, can say next to nothing. In the Hindoostanee, indeed, I have reason to believe, except a few songs and stories, there is no literature. Of the former, I have met with some really very pretty, and distinguished by a merit which I did not expect to find in the East — that of simplicity. What learning India possesses is in the Sanscrit only; and to encounter this, which is strictly a dead language, and perhaps the hardest in the world, I have at present not the least inclination. Of the beauties of Persian poetry, all my fellow-voyagers who have tried it are enamored. The very few specimens which they have been as yet able to make me understand, certainly do not do discredit to their judgment; and here, as well as in the Hindoostanee, I find more simplicity than I expected. But of all these points, ere many months are over, I hope to be a tolerable judge; and, if in a year or two I do not know them both at least as well as I do French and German, the fault I trust will be in my capacity, not in my diligence. Adieu, my dear Blunt. Let me sometimes have the pleasure of hearing from you. Present my best compliments to your father, and remember me most kindly to any of my parishioners who may inquire after me.

"Ever your sincere friend,

"REGINALD CALCUTTA."

On his landing in India, the Bishop wrote the following prayer:

"Accept, O blessed Lord, my hearty thanks for the protection which thou hast vouchsafed to me and mine during a long and dangerous voyage, and through many strange and unwholesome climates. Extend to us, I beseech thee, thy fatherly protection and love in the land where we now dwell, and among the perils to which we are now liable. Give us health, strength, and peace of mind; give us friends in a strange land, and favor in the eyes of those around us; give us so much of this world's good as thou knowest to be good for us; and be pleased to give us grace to love thee truly, and constantly to praise and bless thee, through thy dear Son Jesus Christ, our Saviour. Amen."

The Bishop found a much greater accumulation of ecclesiastical business awaiting his arrival than he had expected; it was such as almost to alarm him, not only by its extent, but by the importance of the questions immediately brought for his decision, and which his ignorance of the circumstances of that vast diocese rendered still more perplexing.

The interests of "the Bishop's College," at Calcutta, an institution which will reflect lasting honor on the memory of the first Protestant bishop in India, soon attracted the anxious attention of his successor. It will not be irrelevant to the object of this memoir to state briefly the reasons which induced Bishop Middleton to urge on the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel the necessity of such an establishment; the objects which it was intended to secure; its progress towards completion; as well as the measures pursued by Bishop Heber for promoting its welfare.

In a very few years after Bishop Middleton's arrival in India, he became convinced that the conversion of

the heathen would be most effectually forwarded by instructing them in various branches of European knowledge, without reference being had, in the first instance, to their religious improvement. "Preaching," he apprehended, "must form a prominent part in any scheme for the conversion of these people; but a preparation of the native mind was further required to enable them to comprehend the importance and truth of the doctrines proposed to them; which could only be done by the effect of education."* And he also saw that without the assistance of native teachers, and the translation of the Scriptures into the languages of the country, the exertions of chaplains and missionaries would fail in making any considerable impression on the religious prejudices of the natives. He therefore, in 1818, in reply to a letter from the Society, in which they had requested his opinion on the subject, strongly pressed on them the necessity of establishing a mission college near Calcutta, for the several purposes of instructing both Mussulmans and Hindoos in the English language, and in useful knowledge, having only their temporal interests in the first instance in view; for educating both native and European Christians in the doctrines of the Protestant Church, so as to fit them for the offices of schoolmasters, catechists, and priests; for translating the Scriptures and Common Prayer, and for receiving missionaries sent from England, before they were appointed to their respective stations.

This proposal met with the cordial and active con-

* Letter from Bishop Middleton to the Rev. Anthony Hamilton, dated Calcutta, November 18, 1818.

currence of the Society; and such was the interest excited among all classes of men in favor of the plans suggested for extending the blessings of Christianity in India, that, when the royal letter was granted, in 1819, authorizing collections to be made in the churches throughout England, for the furtherance of these views, the sum collected amounted to upwards of fifty thousand pounds sterling.

On this important undertaking Bishop Middleton devoted much time, thought, and labor. He not only superintended the progress of the building, but he himself drew all the plans, and entered into the most minute details of the internal arrangements; while to his anxiety for its completion may his death, humanly speaking, be in some degree attributed. Although he was not permitted to witness those advantages which he anticipated from the institution, he yet lived long enough to see the exterior of "Bishop's College" completed, its principal professor appointed, and to lay down rules for its future government.

The college stands on the right bank of the Hooghly, on a piece of ground granted by government, about three miles from Calcutta, on the opposite side of the river, and immediately adjoining the company's botanical gardens. It is a noble monument to the comprehensive and pious genius of its projector, and to the munificence of the society which established it.*

* The Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge contributed £5000 towards the building, and soon after the Church Missionary Society voted a similar sum for the same purpose; and has also annually granted, since 1822, £1000 towards its maintenance. The British and Foreign Bible Society gave £2000 towards translating the Scriptures, and Bishop Middleton augmented the building fund by a donation of 4000 rupees.

Immediately after Bishop Heber's arrival in India, he undertook the management of everything connected with the college, and assumed, as visitor, the power of inspecting its internal arrangements. Since the death of its founder, the building, from various causes, especially from the want of money, had been much retarded; but under the new bishop's inspection, and with the assistance of the annual liberal grant from the Church Missionary Society, its progress was rapid. The first missionaries from the parent society sent out (Messrs. Morton and [illegible], arrived in Calcutta soon after the bishop; but as they could not at that time be received into the college, he appointed them to superintend two circles of Bengalee schools, supported by the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, while they were, at the same time, acquiring the necessary knowledge of the oriental languages. In January, 1824, Mr. Mill, the principal professor, with his wife and family, took up their residence in the college; and in the course of the month a third missionary from the society, Mr. Pratt, and four students, were admitted. The chapel was still unfinished; but divine service was performed in the library, a long and handsome room, fitted up with stalls, like the Bodleian library in Oxford. Besides the residents, several neighbouring families and a very respectable congregation from Howrah, an adjoining town, chiefly inhabited by descendants of Europeans and Anglo-Indian blood, attended the morning and evening prayers which were performed daily throughout the week.

The library, at that time, contained about three thousand volumes, chiefly of the [illegible] literature

of the Eastern Church, of divinity, of oriental literature, of travels and voyages, and of history,—a great part of which had been given to it by Mr. Mill. Bishop Middleton had also enriched the collection with some valuable Syrian manuscripts, and at his death he bequeathed to it five hundred volumes from his own library. Not only was the chapel unfinished, but the printing-house and the dwellings for the native teachers were unbuilt, from want of money, and rooms in the college were obliged to be given up both for the press and the pundits.

In 1825, the Bishop preached at Bombay, Columbo, and Calcutta, on behalf of the Society for Propagating the Gospel, more especially with reference to the wants of the Mission College; and very considerable sums were collected. He intended preaching, also, for the same object, immediately on his arrival at Madras; but, on further consideration, he delayed doing so until his return from visiting the southern provinces, both that he might acquire a personal knowledge of the state of Christianity in that most interesting part of the country, and also that he might become better acquainted with those before whom he was to plead its cause. This duty, alas! devolved on his chaplain, Mr. Robinson; and the effect which his preaching produced bore ample testimony, as well to his own eloquence as to the love and veneration universally felt for his departed friend.

With the money thus obtained, the college works went rapidly on. The second and third professors, Messrs. Holmes and Craven, accompanied by Mr. De Melho, a native Portuguese Indian, who had been educated at Cambridge, and ordained by the Bishop of

London for the Society's missions, arrived in the autumn of 1825. Shortly after, the printing-house, with its requisite apartments for the superintendent, was completed; its press was in active operation; the chapel was finished; and a small native town, the habitations of the teachers, and of the servants belonging to the establishment, had risen within the precincts of the college. The schools at Howrah, Russipugli, and Cossipoor, were attached to the college, and were superintended by Messrs. Tweddle and De Melho.

The land originally granted by government for this institution being found too small to admit of the improvements necessary for the health and comfort of its inhabitants, the bishop, in 1825, applied for and obtained an additional grant of about sixty acres of waste ground, immediately adjoining its western extremity, which belonged to the botanic garden, and had once formed part of an experimental teak plantation. This grant was of immense importance to the college, not only as affording space for a good kitchen-garden, the want of which had long been felt; but, as the land was boggy and covered with jungle, the chief exciting causes of fever in India, its drainage and cultivation would greatly increase the salubrity of the station. Sufficient space would thus also be obtained for the additional number of native huts necessary as the college buildings increased; an increase which the bishop contemplated so soon as the funds would admit of its being made. He calculated that the present collegiate establishment would suffice for the education of thirty or forty students; and that, when the first expense of enlarging the building was provided for the increased annual charge would be as nothing when

compared to the immense benefits that would be derived from it.

(TO THE HONORABLE AND VENERABLE DR. TWISTLETON, ARCHDEACON OF CEYLON.)

"FORT WILLIAM, Dec. 10, 1823.

* * * * * * *

"With regard to the interesting and important subjects mentioned in your letter, I beg leave to observe as follows:

"I rejoice to say that the difficulty felt by my great and good predecessor, as to recognizing the clergymen employed in this diocese by the Church Missionary Society (so far as that difficulty arose from their not being licensed by him, and not subject to his jurisdiction), is now removed. 1st. By an opinion given by the King's advocate, and entirely concurred in by the President of the Board of Control, Dr. Phillimore, and other members of government, that all clergymen of the Church of England employed in any public ministry within the diocese of Calcutta are, by the terms of the patent, subject to the bishop's authority. 2dly. By the ready consent of the Church Missionary Society themselves to submit their missionaries to episcopal government. I will thank you, therefore, to take measures for informing, through the registrar of your archdeaconry, all individuals of this description resident in Ceylon, to send in their names, stations, appointments, and letters of orders to you, in order that you may certify the same to me, and that I may forward the necessary licenses, as in the case of chaplains. You may then, without scruple, admit them to assist the regular chaplains, whenever such assistance may appear to you to be necessary and expedient, — of course keeping in view the distinction which should, in ordinary cases, be observed between the duties of a chaplain and of a missionary. * * * * *

"Believe me, dear sir,

"Ever your faithful and obedient servant,

"REGINALD CALCUTTA."

From Dr. Twistleton the bishop had previously received a lamentable account of the scarcity of chaplains in Ceylon. On this subject he sent the following

statement to his friend, Mr. Wilmot Horton, at that time under-secretary for the colonial department:

"Ceylon, by all the accounts which I have received, is one of the most improvable countries in the world, both in a political and moral view. The people have always shown themselves well disposed to receive education; and the number of Europeans who need moral and religious instruction is, as you well know, very considerable. There are, however, so few chaplains on the establishment that many large stations are entirely without clergy; and others only receive an occasional supply from missionaries, of whom many, though very good men, are better suited for Indian than European auditors, and all of whom are, by such arrangements, taken off from their proper work, — the instruction of the natives. The garrison of Candy has been only supplied with a chaplain by robbing the less numerous one of Galle; and, in fact, two or three more than the present establishment, were they even always at their posts, would be quite little enough to attend to the spiritual comfort and instruction of the European population."

To obviate, as far as possible, the existing evil, the bishop recommended to Dr. Twistleton that Mr. Armour, a resident clergyman in Ceylon, who had been ordained deacon by Bishop Middleton, should be sent to Calcutta to receive priest's orders, without which his ministerial usefulness was materially circumscribed. He also made some inquiries about Christian David, a native catechist, whom he was anxious to ordain, if the favorable accounts he had heard of his character should prove correct. This man was a pupil of Schwartz, and had been long known and esteemed by his countrymen, among whom he had labored as schoolmaster, both on the Malabar coast and in Ceylon, as an exemplary Christian, and possessed of considerable knowledge. The answer which the bishop received to his inquiries induced him to send for

Christian David to Calcutta, where he was ordained a few months after, — being the first native episcopally admitted into holy orders in India.

(TO N. WALLICH, ESQ., M. D.)

"FORT WILLIAM, Jan. 3, 1824.

"MY DEAR SIR, — Mrs. Heber begs to add her best thanks to mine for the more than kind manner in which you have met our wishes respecting Tittyghur. We only hope that this kindness will not be the occasion of much inconvenience, either to Mrs. Wallich or yourself; and that we may hope, during our stay in your house, that both you and she will often favor us with your company in it.

"You will, I am sure, pardon me for asking you how soon we may take advantage of your kindness, when I mention that our poor little girl is by no means so well this morning, and that she shows fresh symptoms of pining for a purer air. * * * *

"Will you also have the goodness to let me know (in order to facilitate our preparations) what is the number of rooms in your house; whether they have punkas and floor-mats; and whether we can have the use of a stable for our cows. With our united best compliments to Mrs. Wallich,

"Believe me, dear sir, sincerely your obliged friend,

"REGINALD CALCUTTA."

It was gratifying to the bishop, in his labors in India, to find himself associated with many good men. In a letter written to the venerable Dr. Barnes, Archdeacon of Bombay, dated Fort William, January 6, 1824, he says:

"Your journeys are indeed of an apostolic and truly primitive character; and it has given me unfeigned pleasure to hear, from Poonah and other quarters, of their popularity, and the good effects apparently produced by them. I also am anxious to travel, but find I cannot leave Calcutta before the rains."

(TO JOHN THORNTON, ESQ.)

"TITTYGHUR, Jan. 26, 182.

"We are sadly off for clergy in India; instead of twenty-eight chaplains (the complete number for Bengal), we have only thirteen.

* * * * * * * *

"I hope my chaplain will arrive ere long; but in the meantime we are in much difficulty, and even his arrival will be a very small help in proportion to the work required. Corrie* would wilingly work himself to death, but I am obliged to keep him within bounds; and, indeed, though he can now, and does, undertake one of the stations regularly, I cannot hope that he will be able to do it after the hot weather commences. And all this time there are, at least, ten important stations entirely out of the reach of even occasional help. Perhaps, if you mention our wants to Mr. Parry and Mr. Grant, their influence with the directors may obtain some help for us; though I fear that the directors themselves cannot altogether remedy the apparent aversion which young men in England entertain to this service and this climate. Yet this aversion seems to me extremely unfounded; and I am sure that a man of gentlemanly manners and real zeal for religion will find few situations where he will meet with more kindness and attention, and be more useful, than as chaplain to a civil or military station in Bengal.

"REGINALD CALCUTTA."

(TO MRS. CHARLES LUSHINGTON.)

"TITTYGHUR, Feb. 16, 1824.

"DEAR MADAM,—From the benevolent interest which you expressed in the success of the native female schools, when I met you at the anniversary examination, I am encouraged to trouble you on a subject materially connected with their extension and usefulness. It has been found that some of the natives object to the interference, or supposed interference, of professed missionaries in the schools; and that others, both Mussulmans and Hindoos, dislike their daughters' frequenting any place where men reside, and where so many comers and goers may be expected as at the present central school; which is, as you are probably aware, held in Mr. Wilson's house, at the establishment of the Church Missionary Society at Mirzapoor. It is, therefore, proposed to erect a new bungalow, for the express

* Archdeacon of Calcutta.

purpose of establishing a central female school at some distance from the present establishment, and in a more accessible part of the town, where Mrs. Wilson may carry on her labors distinct from her husband and the other missionaries, under the direction of a committee of ladies, who may also undertake the management of all the native female schools in Calcutta, as well as those which are already established, or may hereafter arise, at Burdwan and in other parts of India.

"Lady Amherst has kindly promised to be patroness, and to attend as frequently as she can; and I am extremely anxious to concentrate in the assisting committee as much as possible of the rank, influence, and good sense, as well as benevolence, of Calcutta. May I hope that you will permit me to add your name to the list? The duties of schoolmistress will be, of course, still performed by Mrs. Wilson, and the correspondence and accounts will be readily undertaken by Mr. Crawford. The functions of the lady governesses will, therefore, not be very burdensome, being chiefly those of superintendence of the books, the method of teaching, the progress, &c., of the scholars. But these are functions which require so much tact, as well as kindness and zeal, that you will not wonder at my solicitude to obtain such recruits as yourself.

"The object, you are aware, of the institution will not be to attempt in any direct way the making of converts, but to give to as many of the Indian females as possible an education of a useful and moral character; to enable them to read the Scriptures; and to leave them, in short, in such a state of mental cultivation as will enable them in after life to choose their religion for themselves. It will be I think in this, if in any manner, that we shall see any considerable number of Hindoos converted. But, whether they are converted or no, such an education as they will receive in these schools will be at all events a great positive benefit; and the eagerness which, even now, under all discouragements, the native girls manifest for instruction, gives me good hope that, under the countenance and management which I hope to obtain for the system, it may flourish to a far greater extent, and eventually alter in a considerable degree the situation of females in India.

"Believe me, dear Mrs. Lushington,

"Sincerely your faithful and obedient servant,

"REGINALD CALCUTTA."

The plan to which the bishop invited the concurrence and assistance of Mrs. Lushington and the principal ladies in Calcutta, was happily carried into effect. At the annual examination held in the school in December, 1828, there was one class of teachers or monitors, consisting of twenty-five native females, who had been educated under Mrs. Wilson's superintendence, and who were then employed in instructing their countrywomen. This circumstance proves in a remarkable manner how fast the prejudice against educating their females is wearing away among the natives. At the commencement of Mrs. Wilson's undertaking, it was extremely difficult to engage any person of character to enter on the employment of teacher; but at the end of seven years a considerable class of monitors was found in the school, and many of the most respectable Hindoo families were found applying for teachers to instruct their daughters in their own houses.

(TO THE VENERABLE ARCHDEACON BARNES.)

"CALCUTTA, February 20, 1824.

"MY DEAR SIR,—I have to acknowledge the receipt of no less than three very interesting packets from you, some of which I should have answered before, had not the state of my eyes (of which indeed I cannot yet boast) made writing painful; while the confinement of Mrs. Heber has deprived me of my best, and in confidential matters my only, secretary.

* * * * * * * *

"I am very desirous, if it can be contrived, to see you before you leave the East. My plan (which has undergone some modifications from the mass of business which I have found accumulated for me at Calcutta) is now to leave this place with the earliest rains, for the upper provinces, which have never been visited at all, and greatly need episcopal inspection, both from the churches to

be consecrated, the number of candidates for confirmation who may be expected, and the different abuses of which I have received intelligence. I have been, indeed, so strongly impressed with the necessity of their most urgent claims, that I should have set off thither immediately after Christmas, if it had not been for the reason which I have already mentioned, and the further consideration, that, as I could not travel in the hot months, I should be better and more usefully employed during that time at Calcutta than at a minor station. As it is, I should have wished, and it was, when I wrote to you, my intention to proceed, after visiting Meerut, Delhi, Agra, &c., by Neemuch and Mhow, to the northern churches of your archdeaconry, and so on to Bombay, Poonah, and Sholapoor, in my way to Madras and the south of India. By this plan, I should probably arrive in Guzerat early in February, which you mention as a desirable season for travelling there; and should have all your archdeaconry before me in a straight course. The main difficulties would seem to be, 1st, that by so doing I must omit visiting Nagpoor, the most important station attached to the archdeaconry of Calcutta, and so remote from any usual line of route that I should be obliged, if I visited it afterwards, to make a journey on purpose; 2dly, that I fear I should by this arrangement be too long engaged in the visitation of Bombay to make it possible for me to discharge the like duty to Madras; while this latter archdeaconry, which has not been visited for four years, might have some reason to complain, if Bombay, whose visitation was more recent, received the first attention. Under these circumstances, I am sometimes led to think of visiting the northern churches only of your archdeaconry, from Ahmedabad to Surat, proceeding thence homewards by Nagpoor, and reserving Madras and Bombay itself to another year, or at least a succeeding cold season. * * * *

"You have managed admirably, I think, with regard to the deeds of trust for the new churches. Here government absolutely refused to give more than a written engagement that they would keep up the buildings consecrated 'to the service of God, according to the forms and discipline of the Church of England;' and with this, on the question being discussed at home (whither Bishop Middleton had referred it), it was determined that I might rest contented.

"I have just been disappointed by the non-arrival of two excellent

men who were coming from Ceylon as candidates for orders — Mr. Armour, whom Bishop Middleton ordained deacon, and Christian David, a native Christian, whom he meant to have ordained had he been satisfied as to his own powers. I had prevailed on the government of Ceylon to pay their passage hither and back again, when, unfortunately, Mr. Armour fell sick, and poor David was afraid to come alone. They may, perhaps, meet me at Madras next year, but I am very sorry for the delay. Mr. Hawtayne is going to Allepee. He wished to reach New South Wales, but, owing to some recent regulations, the trade between that place and India is entirely at an end.

"I hope your long journeys are signs as well as causes of your continued vigorous health. I have not begun very well with my experiments on an Indian climate, my eyes being still very painful; and a fall from my horse, which I had some days ago, having produced effects on my general health which in Europe I should never have anticipated. I am now writing with both my legs poulticed and on a stool. They tell me I diet myself too abstemiously; yet my health has been excellent till now, and my habits of life have not materially differed from what they were in England.

"I have, I think, written to you now '*de rebus omnibus.*'* It is possible that, if I had paper and eyesight left, I might still find out *quædam alia;* but at present I can only sign myself,

"Dear Mr. Archdeacon,

"Ever very truly yours,

"REGINALD CALCUTTA.'

(TO THE RIGHT HON. CHARLES W. WILLIAMS WYNN.)

"February 20, 1824.

* * * "I thank you for the kind and considerate manner in which you have consulted my interests and wishes, as to my official usefulness, in the different clauses of the new act of Parliament which relate to me. Nothing has, I think, been omitted, which I could expect or had any reasonable ground of desiring; and I can safely say that the advantages conferred on me will give me so much the greater pleasure, inasmuch as I trace in them all your thoughtful and attentive kindness. All for which I am still anxious

* Concerning all things.

is the arrival of the despatches which are to direct the local government, both as to the sort of house which I am to have and the sum which is to be allowed me for my visitations. *They* are ready and anxious to serve me, and have done all in their power; but, notwithstanding this, my situation *en attendant* * is in some degree anxious and precarious. I can get no tolerable house in Calcutta, except by purchase, or at an enormous rent of six hundred sicca rupees † per month, or at a lease of two years certain. And, though government have themselves volunteered to make me a monthly allowance meantime, neither they nor I can venture on such an engagement without further authority from home. I have therefore thus far lived on in borrowed houses, inconveniently enough in some respects; and, what is worst of all, my books remain packed, useless to me, and I fear taking injury from the place where they are stowed. Nor am I less in the dark respecting the aid which is to be afforded me in my approaching journey up the country, preparations for which I must nevertheless begin making. * * *

"We both continue, on the whole, well pleased with India, and look forward with increased interest to setting out for the upper provinces as soon as the rains begin to swell the Ganges, and before they are felt in Bengal. It was my intention to have started earlier, but we must in that case have halted somewhere during the months of hot wind; and I shall probably be more useful in Calcutta than I could have been at any of the small stations during so long a residence. Yet the claims of the interior of India, where no bishop has ever been, and where is a grievously scanty supply of clergy of any description, are very urgent and pressing, and I should be unjustifiable in postponing them any longer than is absolutely necessary.

"Have you seen any of the plans or designs of the wooden suspension-bridges made by Mr. Shakespear, the postmaster-general of Bengal? I will endeavor, lest you should not, to procure some for you. They are really very ingenious, and in these countries likely to constitute a new era in the history both of civil and military intercourse. They are strong enough; so light as to be portable, even when of a very considerable span, by the help of a few carts and elephants; may be constructed, taken down, and set up again

* In the meantime.

† Sixty pounds English, or nearly three hundred dollars.

in not many hours; and their materials are, in India, found almost everywhere."

(TO J. PHILLIMORE, ESQ., LL. D.)

"TITTYGHUR, Feb. 27, 1824.

* * * "THE clergymen whom I have seen or corresponded with are very respectable, and many of them intelligent and well-informed. I only wish there were many more of them in the country; but their paucity is really most grievous. The promised establishment of twenty-eight chaplains for this presidency (a very small one for a territory three times as extensive as Great Britain and Ireland), has never been completed. Even of those on the list, a large proportion are on furlough. Many very important stations are, at this moment, as effectually cut off from preaching and the sacraments as if they were in the centre of China. * * * * Even in Calcutta and the neighboring stations, though some of the clergy officiate three times a day, and though I myself and the archdeacon work as hard and as regularly as any of 'the laboring clergy' (to use the modish phrase) in any part of the world, we could not get the ordinary Sunday duty done without resorting to the aid of the missionaries. With these last I have good reason to be satisfied. They all cheerfully (such, of course, as are of the Church of England), have received licenses, and submitted themselves to my authority; they are, in fact, very respectable and painstaking young men, who are doing far more in the way of converting and educating the natives than I expected, and are well pleased to find themselves recognized as regular clergymen, and treated accordingly. * * * *

"I feel that I owe both you and Wynn many and grateful thanks for the care and kindness with which you have attended to all my wishes, and provided for my official efficiency and personal comfort and welfare, in the new act of Parliament. Believe me, I shall always feel a pride in having shared your acquaintance and your good will. The despatches have not yet arrived which are necessary to enable government here to assign me a residence, and I have been till now under circumstances of considerable anxiety living in borrowed houses. * * * I have at length engaged, from month to month, a house, neither very good in itself nor very

conveniently situated; but as good as I have been able to obtain without encumbering myself with a long lease or purchase. * *

"I have never yet had a copy of my amended patent; if it is not already sent me, may I request you to give some directions about it, since, till I am able to quote it authoritatively, I can enter into no official communication with the clergy at the Mauritius and New Holland." * * * * *

(TO THE VENERABLE ARCHDEACON BARNES.)

"CALCUTTA, March 10, 1824.

"MY DEAR SIR,— * * * I received with much interest the application respecting new churches; they and the chaplains shall be attended to at the same time, and as soon as I have heard from you in answer to my letter respecting the latter. * * *

"You will, long ere this reaches you, have been made acquainted with the plan, so far as it is arranged, of my approaching tour, and the difficulties which oppose my reaching your archdeaconry. I cannot, however, refrain from returning you my very sincere thanks for your gratifying and truly friendly offer to accompany me during the visitation. It would indeed be a great satisfaction to have, for so long together, and in scenes so interesting, the pleasure and advantage of your company. My chaplain, however, is, I have reason to hope, already arrived at Madras; and Mr. Corrie had, some time since, expressed an earnest wish to go with me, through the greater part at least of this archdeaconry. That we may meet in the west, and see at least some parts of India together, I should be sorry to give up the hope. Adieu, my dear sir!

"Believe me ever most truly yours,

"REGINALD CALCUTTA."

(TO THE VENERABLE ARCHDEACON BARNES.)

"CHOWRINGHEE, May 12, 1824.

"MY DEAR SIR, * * * * You have not yet sent me your wishes as to the application which I am to make on your behalf to the Board of Control. I am anxious, on more accounts than one, to put on record, in an official manner, my opinion (founded on the general view of Christian India) of your character and indefatigable services. But, though your pension is of course

certain, I wish I had equally good hopes of your obtaining the compensation which you have a natural right to expect for your toilsome and expensive journeys. Nor do I exactly know to whom the application is to be made, inasmuch as the supreme government, I am almost convinced, will not interfere, even if they are authorized to do so. To the Board of Control I can and will state the case strongly, but I have little hope from them.

"I was much pleased with your plan for the institution of a committee for the propagation of the Gospel, except that I still doubt whether it would not have an injurious effect on the funds of the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, in which doubt Mr. Mill agrees with me. Before the matter goes further, I should wish to communicate with Mr. Hawtayne, who, as secretary, knows more of our affairs than any person in India. All I know is, that we are now very poor, owing to the greatness of our disbursements, and that, instead of being able to diminish the amount of our subscriptions, we have just made an application to our members for an increase.

"The question about countersigning the chaplains' licenses is really a difficult one. In a few days, however, I hope to send you the result of my meditations and inquiries. Thank you very much for paying my subscription to the Education Society. Your last plan, I am assured, of receiving payment is to draw on me for the amount. I cannot remit money to Bombay without a heavy loss.

"Believe me, dear sir,

"Ever your faithful and obedient servant,

"REGINALD CALCUTTA."

Soon after the bishop's arrival in India, he was appointed one of the vice-presidents of the Asiatic Society in Calcutta. He was prevented, by his more important duties, from taking the active part in their proceedings to which the interest he felt in their researches would have prompted him; but he attended their meetings whenever it was in his power. The present device of the Royal Asiatic Society of Great Britain and Ireland, the banyan tree, with its motto,

"*Quot rami tot arbores,*"* was suggested to Mr. Wynn by the bishop. An affecting allusion to this circumstance was made at one of the meetings of this society, by Mr. Wynn, when he observed that the recent union of some of the Indian branches of the society with their parent tree was a practical illustration of the motto.

The scarcity of chaplains in the Bengal presidency, and the bad health of some of those who were resident in Calcutta, made the bishop feel it necessary to perform himself as much or more duty than he had been accustomed to do in England. On one Sunday, some weeks after his arrival, he wrote two sermons, preached twice in the cathedral, baptized a child in the fort, and read through and commented on a large packet of papers on ecclesiastical business. The unfortunate detention of the ship which contained nearly all his manuscript sermons added much to the pressure of business in which he was involved, inasmuch as he generally had to compose a new sermon whenever he preached. But, though he frequently retired to rest exhausted with the labors of the day, — to which were added the demands upon his time and attention which the common civilities of life require, and which were the more cheerfully complied with, as he felt that his influence among the higher ranks of society in Calcutta increased, the more familiarly he associated with them, — he seldom could be persuaded to relax from the rules which he had prescribed to himself, so soon as he became acquainted with the state of the church in India, and in which he persisted with rather augmenting

* As many branches as trees.

than decreasing diligence to the last. And this too in a climate which more particularly indisposes men to exertion of any kind, whether mental or bodily, and where the constant exhaustion during the greater part of the year is such as no one, except from experience, can picture to himself. The bishop himself thus described the heat: "It is impossible to sit still, under the most favorable circumstances, without streaming with perspiration; our windows are all close shut up, and our rooms darkened to keep out the hot and molten atmosphere, which streams in wherever it can find an entrance, like the breath of a huge blast furnace." Often did his wife earnestly request him to spare himself, when, on descending from the pulpit, she saw him almost unable to speak from exhaustion; or when, after a few hours' rest at night, he would rise at four o'clock to attend a meeting or visit a school, and then pass the whole of the day till sunset in mental labor, without allowing himself the hour's mid-day sleep in which the most active generally indulge. To such remonstrances he would answer that these things were necessary to be done, and that the more zealous he was in the discharge of his own duties, he could, with the greater justice, urge activity on such of his clergy as he might deem deficient.

The applications for resident chaplains from the inhabitants of many of the principal stations, which the bishop received, occasioned him much painful uneasiness; and, whilst they were too generally such as to prevent him from encouraging the hope of receiving a favorable answer from government, he never failed to lay them before the proper authorities

in as earnest a manner as possible, nor to state their requests at home.

When the bishop landed in Bengal, he took the office of president of the Diocesan Committee of the Christian Knowledge Society, established in Calcutta. The native schools, and the various branches of the society's labors in that city, shared, in common with the other religious societies, much of his time and exertion; and, as will be hereafter seen, the interests of their missions powerfully engrossed his attention during his last visitation of the southern provinces of the continent of India.

CHAPTER VIII.

The Bishop leaves Calcutta. — Letter to the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, on the State of Bishop's College — Mr. Christian. — The Bishop leaves Dacca. — The Puharrees. — Letter from Mr. Christian. — His Death. — Epidemic Fever in Calcutta. — Letter from Mr. Norman Macleod. — Population of the Banks of the Ganges. — Chunar. — Missionary Establishment at Chinsurah. — Extract from Mr. J. Lushington's Journal. — Sonnet.

On the 15th of June (1824), the bishop began his extensive visitation, accompanied only by his domestic chaplain and his native servants. The demand for medical men occasioned by the Burmese war was so great, that the bishop was deterred by the representation of one of the members of government from publicly requesting that a surgeon should be appointed to attend him. But Mrs. Heber subsequently had the mortification of learning that such a request would have been complied with, had it been made in the highest quarter; and this unfortunate error not only deprived her of the pleasure of accompanying her husband, which she would have done if medical assistance had always been within her reach, but also laid the foundation of those various delays, which, commencing at Dacca, in the sickness and death of Mr. Stowe, caused the departure of the bishop for Madras to be delayed till the advance of the hot season rendered it impossible for a European to travel in the southern provinces.

"We set out," he writes to a friend, "attended by two smaller boats of very rude construction, with thatched cabins, and huge masts and yards of bamboo, something like the canoes of the Friendly Islands, as Cook has represented them. One of these is a cooking boat, the other for our luggage and servants; and it may give some idea of the number of hands employed in Bengal for all purposes, when I tell you that twelve servants are thought a very moderate travelling establishment for myself and a single friend, and that the number of boatmen for the three vessels amounts, I believe, to thirty-two. We are, indeed, obliged to carry everything with us, even to milch goats, supplies being seldom to be procured in the line of country through which we have to travel. Our diet must therefore have been salt meat and poultry, had not a few instances of fair dealing with the fishermen procured us an almost daily supply of their commodities. I was surprised to see many of these poor men paddle away at our approach as fast as their canoes could carry them; but learned soon after, from the complaint of one of their number, that the servants and boatmen of 'great men' were apt to take their fish by force, and without paying for them. This I easily prevented; but these and some other abuses of the same kind, which even my imperfect knowledge of the language enabled me to detect, show how prone these people are to plunder and tyrannize over each other, and how much odium may be unknowingly incurred by Europeans through the rascality of their followers.

"Our way was through the heart of lower Bengal, by the Matabunga, the Chundna, and those other branches of the Ganges which make so tortuous a labyrinth in Rennell's map. The Sunderbunds would have been a nearer course; but this was pleasanter, and showed us more of the country, which along the whole line of the river was fertile, well cultivated, and verdant to a great degree, and sometimes really beautiful. The banks are generally covered with indigo, and beyond are wide fields of rice or pasture, with villages, each under a thicket of glorious trees, banyans, palms, plantains, and bamboos; and, though we here and there passed woods of a wilder character, their extent did not seem to be more than in one of our English counties. The villages are all of mud and bamboos, the roof arched like the bottom of a boat, to prevent their pliable supporters from bending in a contrary direction; and

both the country, the houses, the boats, and the people, are on the whole of a better description than anything in the immediate neighborhood of Calcutta.

"Our little fleet unmoored early, and brought-to for the night about six, after which we generally contrived to get a pleasant walk, and to see more by far of the country and the people than we could have done in many months spent in Calcutta. The general impression made on my mind was certainly that of prosperity and good government; and perhaps it was, in a certain sense, an indication of both these, that the peasants, such of them as spoke Hindoostanee, were rather forward to speak of their grievances, and grumble about the 'times' in much the same manner as English cottagers. Their complaints were all of the same character — the dearness of rice, the advance of rents, and the burden of tolls and local taxes. I believe, indeed, that in all these respects they have reason to complain. The famine in Madras, and our expedition to Rangoon, have contributed materially to drain Bengal, and Lord Cornwallis' famous settlement is said to have left the ryut too much at the mercy of the zemindar. As for the tolls, the East India Company have generously given up their whole proceeds to the internal improvement of the districts where they are levied. Nor do their rates seem high to an Englishman. But the generosity of the company does not seem known or understood, while these rates are collected by native officers on the necessaries of life as they are taken to market, with very considerable extortion and injustice. Except on account of the local taxes, I could not find that they had any quarrel with government; and, with the exception of the fishermen, I found nobody either afraid of, or averse to, the presence or conversation of a European. A wonderful change seems to have taken place in this respect, which, in the neighborhood of Calcutta, I have heard attributed to the missionaries and their schools. But, in the districts of which I am speaking, there are neither the one nor the other; and I know no cause for it but the general good conduct and good temper of the company's servants in the situation of Mofussil magistrates, who certainly, by all which I have seen, are generally actuated by right feelings, and display in their diligence, patience, and modesty of appearance and demeanor, a very different picture from that which is often drawn

of the manner in which fortunes are made, and men governed, in India."

(TO THE REV. ANTHONY HAMILTON, SECRETARY TO THE INCORPORATED SOCIETY FOR THE PROPAGATION OF THE GOSPEL IN FOREIGN PARTS.)

"CHUNDNA RIVER, June 23, 1824.

"REVEREND SIR,—I am happy to acknowledge the safe arrival of the library and communion plate,* destined for Bishop's College, as well as of Mr. Townsend, the printer, and his necessary stores; also of your obliging letter, bearing date August 27, 1823, and the power of attorney. For all these I should have taken an earlier opportunity of offering my thanks to the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, had not they arrived when I was much occupied in preparing for my primary visitation in the cathedral, as well as for the journey in which I am now engaged, and which it is my purpose, by God's blessing, to pursue through the greater part of this diocese. I had indeed other cares of a more melancholy description, in the duties which I owed to the sick bed, the remains, the widow and child of my excellent and lamented friend, the chief justice; while I was looking forward also to a long and dismal separation from my own wife and children, whose health has been considered as unequal to the journey before me. Under these circumstances, I trust the society will not think me culpably remiss in allowing the 'Paget' to leave India without writing by her.

"Previous to the receipt of your letter, and of the powers conveyed personally to me as the society's attorney, I had found it necessary to exercise many of those powers as successor to their late attorney in the see of Calcutta. The dividends, however, on the £6000, which Mr. Wood, the accountant-general, will have informed you have been duly received and vested in the honorable Company's securities, have not yet become payable, so that the ordinary and extraordinary expenses of the college have been hitherto defrayed from a balance of 16,546 sicca rupees, transferred to me on my arrival in Calcutta by the Rev. Principal Mill; from a collection made in St. James' church, after a sermon by the Rev. Mr. Hawtayne, of 750 sicca rupees; and from other sums received from the

* The gift of Mrs. Middleton.

Bible Society, in part of their grant to the college. These latter sums, indeed, are in strictness appropriated to translations of Scripture into the native languages of India,—one of which, the Old Testament into Persian, is proceeding under the happiest auspices in the hands of the Rev. Mr. Robinson, chaplain at Poonah; but, in the necessity of the case (of which sufficient proof will soon be furnished), I judged it allowable to borrow from these funds, in the well-grounded confidence of being able to replace whatever sums I thus applied, from the promised grant of a thousand pounds sterling from the Church Missionary Society, which, in fact, I understood was paid, at the time of my departure from Calcutta, to the society's account in the bank of Bengal. * * * *

"In reverting from the expenses incurred to the effects produced, I am happy to be able to speak in terms of decided approbation. The college is itself a beautiful object, in a singularly picturesque and sequestered scene. The experience of the past months gives reason to hope that, as a dwelling in this climate, it will be more healthy and commodious than its arrangement and situation led many to anticipate. And, above all, it is already in active and efficient usefulness as a place of oriental, classical, and Christian education, in which its excellent principal, though laboring single-handed, is laboring with a patience and persevering ability, which, to be duly appreciated, must be witnessed. Both he and I, however, look forward with anxious earnestness to the arrival of one, if not both, of the professors who are to share in his toils. It will be impossible, as the business of the college continues to increase, that the principal can long continue, as he now does, to do all. And, in the event of his illness or death (and in this climate, of all others, we can never witness eminent talent or virtue without recollecting how soon and suddenly it may be taken from us), I cannot contemplate, without very painful apprehension, the consequences which must follow to the institution of which he is the single pillar, and which at present holds forth so hopeful a prospect of utility and blessing.

"The society's two elder missionaries, Mr. Christian and Mr. Morton, are employed I believe most usefully, and I trust in a manner not contrary to the society's intentions, in superintending two excellent circles of Bengalee schools, supported by the diocesan committee of the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge. They

are both men of good talents and much zeal and diligence. Mr Christian, more particularly, is everything, as I conceive, which a missionary ought to be, — devoted to, and delighting in, his work; endearing himself to the natives by his kind, condescending, and cheerful disposition, and to his countrymen and brother clergy by his modesty and propriety, both of behavior and doctrine. Of Mr. Morton I can also speak very favorably. To him I have ventured to make an advance on the part of the society, which I feel will require some explanation, of six hundred sicca rupees, to pay the price of a small carriage and horse. Without such an aid, in this climate and in his situation, no missionary could either visit the schools (many of which lie at a considerable distance from his house), in a very deep and miry country, or make himself generally known and useful among the natives. And Mr. Morton's large family, with the addition of a severe illness which afflicted both his wife and himself during the spring, made it impossible for him to purchase such a convenience out of his own funds. I will, however, cheerfully replace the money, should the society, under all circumstances, think the grant unnecessary, or the precedent likely to be injurious. * * *

"I will only add my sincere good wishes and prayers for the continual welfare and usefulness of the Incorporated Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts.

"REGINALD CALCUTTA."

Whilst pursuing his journey of visitation, the bishop lost at Dacca his companion and friend, Mr. Stowe, after a fortnight's illness; during which time, though far from being well himself, he nursed him with all the tenderness and affection of a brother. His private book of devotion contains the following affecting prayer:

"*July* 22, 1824. — (On leaving Dacca.) O merciful and mighty Lord, who hast been pleased, in thy fatherly wisdom, to afflict me by taking from my side a faithful and affectionate friend, I meekly give thee thanks for that thou hast enabled him to depart in the fear and love of thy holy name, and in a comfortable hope through the merits

of our great Redeemer. Grant, I beseech thee, that the impression made on me by his humility, his self-condemnation, his penitence, his fears, and his final trust in thy mercy, may not be suffered to fade from my mind, but may work in me that true and timely repentance of my own sins which only can save my death-bed from intolerable agony, and my soul from a worse hereafter. And the more I am deprived of earthly friends, teach me, O God, to cling the more to thee. The more I am alone, be thou the more with me, that I may feel continually thy love and presence here, and dwell with thee to everlasting ages hereafter, as my hope is thy departed servant shall, through Jesus Christ our Saviour. Amen!"

(TO AUGUSTUS W. HARE, ESQ.)

"DELASERRY RIVER, NEAR DACCA, July 22, 1824.

"MY DEAR AUGUSTUS, — Little did I anticipate, when we parted, with how heavy a heart I should commence what (I am almost ashamed to say) is my first letter to you. We have lost poor Stowe! He set out with me five weeks since, on my visitation, leaving his sister with Emily and her children, who were dissuaded by our medical advisers from accompanying me in my formidable journey, but whom we hoped to meet at Bombay, whither they were to proceed by sea, while we pursued our way across the continent through Rajpootana and Malwah. Stowe had been seriously unwell in Calcutta, of something like a dysentery; but it was anticipated by everybody that a sail of three months on the Ganges, and a subsequent journey in a cooler climate, would be of the most essential service to him; and he was not only permitted, but strongly advised, by Dr. Abel to accompany me. These favorable expectations seemed verified by the experience of our first fortnight. The cool breezes of the river seemed to revive him most effectually, and his spirits, strength, and appetite increased perceptibly; while he took a daily increasing interest in the wild and sequestered but luxuriant and beautiful scenes through which we passed, while threading the great delta of the Ganges in our way to Dacca. Unhappily, as his strength returned, he became less cautious; one evening, particularly, he exposed himself to the sun, while yet high, and to the worst miasma which this land of death affords, by running into a marsh after some wild ducks. From that time his disorder returned, and he reached Dacca on the 5th of this month, so weak and exhausted as to be

carried from the boat to the bed-room prepared for him. The means of cure usually employed were tried without success, inasmuch as (why I could not learn) mercury took little or no hold on his constitution. He struggled, however, against the complaint with a strength which surprised both myself and his medical attendants, and which long flattered us, alas! with a delusive hope of his recovery. During the three last days of his life he was sensible of his approaching end, and I trust I shall never forget the earnestness of his prayers; the severity and deep contrition with which he scrutinized all the course of his (surely) innocent and useful life; the deep humility and self-abasement with which he cast himself on God's mercy through Christ; or the blessed and still brightening hope, which, after his first mental struggle was over, it pleased his gracious Master to grant him. He sent his love to you, with a request that all his papers might be sent to you, 'to do what you thought best with them.' * * * He often named his 'poor sister,' recommending her to Emily's care and mine. But all the rest of his time was occupied in praying with me or mentally, and in listening to different texts of Scripture, which he took great delight in my reading to him. 'God,' he said on Friday evening, 'God and his dear Son are mercifully making this passage more and more easy to me.' He slept very little, being disturbed by constant spasms. Laudanum was resorted to; but this, without removing the symptoms of his complaint, clouded his head and gave him evil dreams, and he earnestly begged of me not to let them give him any more. At length, in the course of Saturday, a slight wandering of intellect came on, though he never ceased to know me, and to express uneasiness if, by an alteration of position or any other cause, he for a moment lost sight of me. His end was now visibly fast approaching, and his face had assumed that unequivocal character which belongs to the dying. * * * Some violent but short spasms succeeded; after which he sank into a calm slumber, and a few minutes after twelve literally breathed his last without a groan or struggle. I myself closed his eyes, and, with the help of a surgeon (whom, in the forlorn hope of some favorable turn taking place, I had got to remain in the house for the three last nights), 'composed his decent limbs.' It was necessary that we should do so, since the superstition of the wretched people round us made them fly the room as soon as a corpse was in it. He was buried in the

evening of the next day (Sunday, the 18th), in the cemetery of the station, which, that day week, I had consecrated. A wild and dismal place it is as ever Christian laid his bones in, at about a mile's distance from the inhabited part of Dacca, but surrounded by ruins and jungle, and containing several tall, ruinous tombs of former residents, in the days when the commerce of this province was the most important in India. Some of these have been very handsome, but all are now dilapidated, and overgrown with ivy and the wild fig tree. There is, however, a high wall with an old Moorish gateway, which protects the graves effectually from the jackals; and I have given directions for a plain monument to be erected over my poor friend. His illness, his youth, his amiable manners with the few in Dacca who saw him, and his general character, excited a great sensation in the place. Inquiries after him came every day, with presents of fruit and offers of books, which might alleviate his distemper or amuse him; and he received similar marks of attention and interest, not only from the English residents, but from the nawâb, from the principal zemindar of the neighborhood, and from the Armenian bishops of Ecmiazin and Jerusalem, whom I met here, engaged in a still larger visitation than my own of the different churches of their communion in Persia and India. All the English residents and the officers from the military lines, with a detachment of artillerymen, came unsolicited to the funeral. * * We were the guests of Mr. Masters, the principal judge, whose nephew you may have known at Baliol; and from him more particularly, and from Mr. Mitford, the junior judge, brother to my friend Mitford of Oriel, we received daily and unwearied kindness. Mrs. Mitford, on finding that poor Miss Stowe thought of setting off for Dacca to nurse her brother, not only wrote to ask her to their house, but offered to accelerate a journey which Mr. Mitford and she were meditating to Calcutta, in order to take care of her in her dismal homeward voyage.

"I trusted, however, that my letters would arrive in time to stop her; and, lest they should not have done so. I am now diverging from the great stream which is my direct course towards Patna, in order to ascertain whether she has really set out, and, if so, to meet and take her at least the greater part of the way back again. I yet hope, however, to receive a letter from my wife, which will make this unnecessary.

"Emily entreated, on hearing the first alarm, that, in the event of poor Stowe's death or inability to proceed, I would not refuse her permission to join me at the Rajmahal Hills, and to go with me, at whatever risk, through the rest of the journey; and I know her so well, that, though there will certainly be some circumstances trying to her strength, I am disposed to believe she would suffer more by not being allowed to follow me; so that in about a month's time, if it pleases God, I may hope to see her and my children. Whether Miss Stowe will accompany them, or immediately return to England, I know not. Her brother seemed to think she would prefer the former, and I have written to invite her to do so. Yet, alas! what motive has she now for lingering in India?

"This is the second old and valued friend (poor Sir Christopher Puller was the first, though my intimacy with Stowe was far greater) which this cruel climate has, within a few months, robbed me of. In the mean time, I have great reason for thankfulness, that, in all essential points, my own health has remained firm; that my dear wife, though she has been an invalid, has been so from causes unconnected with climate; and that my children, since they were taken from the close and pestilential air of Fort William, have been pictures of health and cheerfulness. How long this is to continue, God knows; and I thank him that my confidence in his mercy and protection has not yet been shaken. I am far, however, from repenting my coming out to India, where I am sure I am not idle, and hope I am not useless; though I have, alas! fallen far short of my own good intentions. * * * But I cannot help feeling most painfully the loss of a sincerely attached, intelligent, and most gentlemanlike friend, to whom, under any difficulties, I could open myself without reserve; whose cheerful conversation was delightful to me in health, and to whose affectionate solicitude and prayers I looked forward as a sure resource in sorrow or in sickness. God bless you, dear Augustus. Give my most kind love to Lady Jones, and best regards to your brothers. Ever yours affectionately,

"REGINALD CALCUTTA."

(TO THE VENERABLE ARCHDEACON BARNES.)

"MONGHYR, August 12, 1824.

"MY DEAR SIR, — I am sincerely sorry for, but can in some degree account for, the long delay which has occurred in answering your letters. For some time before I left Calcutta (on June 15th), I had been very closely and anxiously occupied, not only in preparing for my visitation and consequent journey, but, more painfully, in attending the sick and dying bed, and assisting to arrange the affairs, of my excellent friend, the chief justice; and afterwards in performing the same duties during the dangerous illness of his wife and son. Under these circumstances, I was induced to defer answering your letters till I should be fairly removed from the bustle of Calcutta, and able to pay them that undivided and serious attention which was claimed by the very important topics agitated in them. Even then, however, I did not find the leisure I had hoped for. The long and painful sickness, followed by the death, of my poor friend Stowe, who died at Dacca (in whom I lost one whom I had for several years regarded as little less than a younger brother, and whose affairs I had also in a great measure to arrange for his sister's benefit), made me for several weeks a nurse, and, in some degree, an executor; while, to incapacitate me still more, I was laid up with boils, and received from Calcutta, during my progress hither, an account of the dangerous illness of my eldest child. Under these circumstances, your letter of June 22d reached me a few days since, after many wanderings; and it is only this day that I have received from Mr. Stacy the letter which you sent to him.

"I will now tell you, in a few words, what I have done, and what I think best to be done, on the different points which you mention.

"As soon as I received the necessary documents respecting your return to England, I wrote officially to the Board of Control, and privately and more strongly to Mr. Wynn, requesting that your pension might be made payable from the time of your resignation; and repeating my sentiments as to your meritorious and indefatigable exertions, and your consequent claims on whatever favor or patronage it might be in the power of government to extend to you. I also asked Mr. Wynn whether any compensation could be obtained for the expenses incurred by you in your visitations, — a

point on which I had found the supreme government of India quite impracticable. * * * *

"My plans for my future journey have been, in some measure, deranged by my long delay at Dacca. Still, however, I hope to be at Cawnpoor the beginning of October, and to reach Baroda by the beginning of February. At Cawnpoor, whither I shall be obliged to you to direct to me, I shall be able to speak with greater certainty. My wife and children were forbidden by our medical advisers to accompany me in the journey overland; and it is my present plan that they should meet me at Bombay, whence we may proceed together to the visitation of Ceylon, and perhaps Madras, before our return to Calcutta

"Calcutta, since I left it, has been dreadfully unhealthy, and they have, I fear, suffered from the climate more seriously than my wife will allow. Except boils, from which I have suffered with little intermission during the last four months, and which have been extremely painful and inconvenient, I have myself been tolerably well. I shall rejoice to hear that you are likely to carry home an unbroken constitution, and that you continue to receive good accounts of your treasures in England.

"The death of poor Stowe enabled me to offer my private chaplaincy to Mr. Hawtayne, whom, however, I shall not desire to meet me at Bombay. I shall not want him, and, in the present state of the churches in Calcutta, his return thither, supposing him to be well enough, is almost a matter of necessity. I have learnt with much pleasure from Mill that his health has been greatly restored. You would hear, I am sure, with satisfaction of the intended appointment of two bishops to the West Indies. I heartily wish they had been equally liberal to the Eastern world. I scarcely know whether you will thank me for it, but, when writing to Mr. Wynn, I could not help saying, that, if a coadjutor were allowed me, I recommended him to turn his attention to an archdeacon, who, during ten years' residence, had found means to conciliate the good opinion, as far as I could discover, of all parties; and who possessed, more than most men whom he could fix on, a knowledge of India and its clergy.

"Believe me, dear Mr. Archdeacon,

"Ever your faithful friend and servant,

"REGINALD CALCUTTA."

From Dacca the bishop proceeded northwards. During a short residence at Boglipoor, his attention and interest were strongly excited by the tribes of the Puharrees, who inhabit the Rajmahal hills. In a letter to one of his friends, written at a later period, he remarks:

"These tribes are still in the simplest state of savage society, living chiefly by the chase, under a number of petty chiefs, and always making their appearance armed with bows and arrows. They agree in language and countenance with the Bheels, and, I am told, with the Gooands of Berar and of the valley of the Nerbudda, — being a fragment, in fact, of the same great nation, the earliest inhabitants of India, who have been driven from the plains by more civilized or fiercer tribes. Savages as they are, and thieves almost by necessity, they have, in some instances, much the advantage over the more polished Hindoos; and, in the worship of one God, their abhorrence of falsehood, the chastity of their women, their freedom from caste, and the high respect with which they look up to Europeans, they offer, I think, more encouragement to a missionary than any other field for his labors which I have yet seen."

The bishop was able, a short time afterwards, to realize his idea of placing a missionary amongst these people. Mr. Christian, who was sent to Bishop's College by the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, was appointed to this important mission.

The Rajmahal mountains are, unfortunately, from their extreme unhealthiness, accessible to Europeans for only three months in the year; and, in consequence, Boglipoor (or Bhaugulpoor), the principal town in the district which includes the range of hills, was fixed upon as Mr. Christian's permanent residence for the remaining nine months. From thence he wrote the following account of the commencement

of his undertaking; which, though written the next year, is, to avoid confusion, introduced in this place:

(FROM THE REV. THOMAS CHRISTIAN.)

"BHAUGULPOOR, April 27, 1825.

"MY LORD,—I beg leave to offer my humble and best thanks for your Lordship's last very kind letter, which I should have answered immediately, had I not been uncertain as to the place of directing my letter. The delay has afforded me the satisfaction of mentioning that I have commenced the Puharree language, in which the difficulties, though they are many, I trust will in time be surmounted. I am at present making a large vocabulary, which I think will comprehend all the words in their language, and which I hope may be completed in three months. In connecting sentences I have made but little progress; for, after trying for some time in vain to come at the proper inflexions of the words, I was obliged to have recourse to writing down familiar sentences, from which I find considerable benefit.

"Several hill men came to me to offer themselves as domestics; but, as they knew nothing of Hindoostanee, and did not appear to comprehend what I wished to express in their own language, they could not be of any service. I have a tolerably intelligent man at present in the interpreter of the court, whose assistance Mr. Chalmers kindly offered me; but even he can go but a little way; and, not being very punctual in his attendance, the progress I hope I should otherwise make is retarded.

"I should wish, if it were possible, to go into the hills next December; and am anxious, if I can accomplish it, to carry some portions of the Gospel with me in their own language, written in the Nagree character. I have seen and conversed with some of the chiefs, and mentioned to them my intention of visiting their mountains, with which they seemed well satisfied, and promised me whatever assistance I might require from them. The dialects of these people are numerous, which will make the work of conveying information among them slower; though I should hope that the perfect knowledge of one will be a key to the remainder.

"I feel grateful at being chosen for this undertaking; which, I trust, under a God who regardeth all his creatures, will be attended

with success. Of this, at present, I can only speak in hope; time and perseverance may enable me to do so with certainty.

"I have now been here three months, where I have received the kindest possible attentions from every individual composing the station. Col. and Mrs. Francklyn have consulted my comfort in every way they could; in which their example has been followed by Mr. Ward's family, as well as by all whom I have the pleasure of knowing here. Your Lordship's (you will pardon my presumption in saying) almost paternal mention of me to Colonel Francklyn I should imagine has very much contributed to this, — for which I beg to offer my sincere thanks.

"I am engaged at present in catechizing two Hindoo boys who are candidates for baptism, to which I mean to admit them when they are a little better instructed. A native Christian, baptized by one of the chaplains, accompanies them, to be benefited by my instructions at the same time.

"I have the honor to be, with great respect,

"Your Lordship's very humble and grateful servant,

"THOMAS CHRISTIAN."

"I received a letter from Monghyr yesterday, giving me an account of much sickness and many deaths among the invalids. It might seem desirable to your Lordship that I should go there once a month, as the nature of the case might seem to require." *

The promise of success which this mission held out answered all the bishop's expectations. The Puharrees not only permitted Mr. Christian to instruct their children during the three months he resided in the hills, but, on his representing that they would forget all they had learnt before his return the ensuing year, some of them, among whom was one of their principal chiefs, allowed him to take his pupils back to Boglipoor. These fair prospects continued

* Monghyr is nearly forty miles from Boglipoor, but, as there was no resident clergyman there, the bishop appointed Mr. Christian to go there once every month.

to increase till December, 1827; when, on his annual visit to the mountains, he was seized with the jungle fever, and, though he immediately returned to Bogli-poor for medical aid, it was too late. He died on the 16th of December, beloved, esteemed, and regretted by all. His wife, who had accompanied him, lingered a month under the influence of the same fatal malady, and then followed her husband to the grave. This melancholy event interrupted the progress of that extensive scheme of missionary labors from which the bishop had joyfully hoped so much good would accrue to India. But, in God's good time, even these neglected vineyards will have laborers sent forth to their harvest!

(TO CHARLES LUSHINGTON, ESQ.)

"GHAZEEPOOR, August 28, 1824.

"MY DEAR SIR,—Many thanks for your letter, which I was happy to receive on many accounts; and, more than all, because I had heard of Mrs. Lushington's and your illness, and I was seriously anxious to know that you had both got through this troublesome and universal ordeal,* without worse consequences than the usual amount of nursing and confinement. I trust that the weakness which it appears to have invariably left behind has been of less duration with both of you than my wife complains it has been in her case.

"I overtook your cousin† at Monghyr, and hope, though he ha made a longer halt at Bankipoor than I could spare time for, he will overtake me again at Ghazeepoor, and that we may possibly

* An epidemic fever which raged almost universally in India, during the summer of 1824, and which, with scarcely any exceptions, attacked the whole European population of Calcutta, and occasioned the temporary closing of many of the public offices, and even of the Company's dispensary itself.

† Mr. James Lushington, son of the Right Hon. Stephen R. Lushington, subsequently Governor of Madras.

arrange our movements in such a manner as not only to proceed together to Cawnpoor, but to march together to Nusseerabad, whither, he seems to think, he is under no necessity of proceeding faster than will allow me time to make the necessary detour of the northern chaplaincies. He is a very agreeable fellow-traveller, and, if his health continues firm (which, alas! is a proviso never to be omitted in an Indian prophecy), I feel confident that he will not detract from the reputation of his family.

"My voyage from Dacca upwards was, for the first fortnight, sufficiently melancholy; since, besides feeling as I could not but do for the loss of an amiable and most attached friend, I was myself far from well, and had very uncomfortable accounts of the health of my wife and children. I do not know whether there is more in it than fancy; but I have thought myself essentially better in the comparatively dry and elastic air of Behar; and, at all events, my return to European society has done all the good in the world to my spirits. The Corries I found at Boglipoor, whence, on hearing of poor Stowe's death, they good-naturedly waited for me: his [the archdeacon's] health, I am sorry to say, does not appear to exhibit any essential improvement; had he remained in Calcutta, he would hardly, I think, have weathered the influenza, or whatever is its name, of this last unhealthy season.

"I enclose an official letter on the subject of an application which I have received from Mr. Parish, of Jessore, which, if you think its contents reasonable and likely to be granted, I will thank you to lay before council. The church was, when I saw it, in a very neat and creditable state of repair, cleaning, and furniture, and was as well attended as could be looked for, from the small and scattered European population of the settlement. It was also pleasant to find that Mr. Parish, who is a very active, obliging, and good-tempered man, was extremely acceptable, both personally and as a clergyman, to the station. I am heartily glad to find that you have sent a clergyman to Dum-Dum, which, in its deserted state, seemed to be staring the Indian government in the face, as the unenclosed 'Ox-moor' did the thrifty family.

"From all these districts, alas! I have been obliged to hear many lamentations over the want of chaplains: and am almost afraid that similar complaints may ere long be heard from Dinapoor, where Mr. Northmore and his wife both talk very despond-

ingly of each other's health, and of the necessity of a temporary return, at least, to England. It is really of consequence to prevent, if possible, any more chaplains from leaving India at present.

"The want of a church is much felt at Dinapoor. * * * There is an excellent situation for a church in a spot where, I am informed, the commandant's house used to stand; but still, no alteration in the church seems likely to enable the civilians of Bankipoor and Patna to attend it regularly, since the distance of most of them is six or seven miles, through roads which, during part of the year, are impassable for a carriage. They, therefore, were very earnest in their inquiries as to the possibility of obtaining a separate chaplain; stating their readiness to build a church by subscription, if government would grant them a preacher. I know too well the number of similar applications which are made to you, to give them any hope of success in such a petition. But, referring to a plan which I once mentioned to you as practised in the presidency of Bombay, and for the details of which, at your desire, I have written to Archdeacon Barnes, it may be well worth your consideration, whether the district chaplain of Dinapoor may not be ordered to attend one Sunday in every month at Bankipoor, receiving an allowance for his gig or palanquin, and for a lodging at Patna, which everybody seemed to say would be necessary. A church at Bankipoor is really, I think, not wanted. The court of appeal is a large and convenient room, which answers every essential purpose; there are already a Bible, prayer-books, and a handsome service of communion plate; and when I preached and administered the sacrament last Sunday, at least sixty persons attended, of whom thirty, I think, staid to receive it. On so numerous a body of Christians, a monthly visit will not be thrown away. * * *

"Should the extension of such a plan to other stations be practicable, it is easy to see how the clergyman of Ghazeepoor may visit Buxar, where he is exceedingly wanted and wished for; Benares and Chunar, Agra and Muttra, Neemuch and Nusseerabad, Saugur and Hussingabad, may go together. As soon as I receive Archdeacon Barnes' answer to the queries which you suggested, I will again trouble you with a letter. The interest which I know you take in all that relates to the improvement and comfort of these stations makes me hope that this will not have tired you.

"REGINALD CALCUTTA."

The effect which the bishop's visitation produced on the minds of all who came within the influence of his talents and his piety, cannot be more strikingly displayed than by the publication of the following letter from one of the principal persons in Benares:

(FROM NORMAN MACLEOD, ESQ., MAGISTRATE AT BENARES.)

"BENARES, Sept. 22, 1824.

"MY LORD,— * * * I know not how to refrain from venturing on some allusion to the general sentiments of deep interest and lively gratification excited by your Lordship's visit to this place (in common, I doubt not, with every stage of your progress), and the very sincere regrets which have followed your too speedy departure. Of all the pleasing impressions which your Lordship has left to commemorate your brief sojourn amongst us, I will not here presume to speak; but I may hope your Lordship will not be displeased with the brief assurance that your visit has been productive of much good in this community, in points essentially connected with those high and sacred interests which are so peculiarly under your charge, and ever so near to all the movements of your heart. For the mention of my own individual share in the grateful impressions your Lordship has diffused among us, I will hope to have found an admissible excuse with your Lordship, while I ascribe some portion of it to associations awakened by your presence,—recalling to my mind the days of other times, the scenes of my youth and of my native land, and many a recollection of no light or ordinary interest to one who has wandered so far and so long from the *dulce domum** of early life. Your Lordship will readily conceive how this might be. And thus it will hardly seem strange to you, that the strains of pious and holy instruction which fixed so impressive a record of our first visitation by a Protestant prelate on the minds of all, should have spoken with peculiar emphasis to the feelings of one who, after many a year of toil and exile in a foreign clime, recognized, in the accents which now preached the Word of the Living God amid the favorite abodes of heathen idolatry, that self-same voice which, in his days of youthful enthusiasm, and ardent, un-

* Sweet home.

damped fancy, had poured on his delighted ear the lay that sung the sacred theme of the Redeemer's land amid the long-loved haunts of his *alma mater*, amid the venerated temples of the religion of our fathers. But let me not give a license to my pen which may seem to bespeak me forgetful of the high value of your Lordship's time. Permit me, my Lord, to conclude with the expression of my unfeigned and most fervent wishes for your long enjoyment of health and vigor, for your gratification in all the hopes with which you contemplate the interesting journey before you, and for the success of every plan you may form for the advancement of those concerns of eternal moment which have been so happily entrusted to your Lordship's care.

"I remain, my Lord,

"Most respectfully and sincerely yours,

"NORMAN MACLEOD."

An unpublished letter to one of the bishop's friends contained the following passage relative to the riches of this part of India:

"Though Gunga through all her course 'disdains a bridge,' very long and handsome bridges of painted arches, the works of the Mussulmans, are seen over the rivers which join her; and it may give you some idea of the population and ancient wealth of this part of the country when I mention that, in a space of not more than one hundred miles on the map, I fell in (besides many large market towns) with the cities of Patna, containing a population of 200,000; Chuprah of 40,000; Chunar of 30,000; Mirzapoor of 300,000; and Benares of 580,000."

Of the Sunday which the bishop spent at Chunar, Mr. Bowley, one of the missionaries, gave an account in a letter to the Church Missionary Society, as follows:

"This morning the bishop preached on the good Samaritan,* and then administered the sacrament both in English and Hin-

* Published in "Heber's Sermons in India," p. 151.

doostanee. The service was nearly four hours long; and, from the active part which his Lordship took, it seemed as if he would never be tired while thus engaged. At five in the afternoon we had divine service in Hindoostanee; the whole church was thronged with native Christians, and the aisles were crowded with heathens; there must have been many hundreds present, of whom the greater part were drawn by curiosity. Immediately after, English evening worship commenced. Thus has his Lordship devoted about seven hours this day to public worship. May his example and his zeal for the extension of Christ's kingdom influence very many."

The cession of Chinsurah, to which the next letters refer, took place in the following year, when the church service of the settlement was, by an order of government, committed to the bishop's disposal. He had long considered Chinsurah a most desirable station for missionary purposes, and had, as will be seen, early applied for the use of its church, to prevent its falling into other hands. He was at Bombay when he heard that his request had been complied with, and immediately appointed Mr. Morton, one of the missionaries of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, to that important station; writing at the same time to Mr. Mill to make such arrangements with the Dutch inhabitants of Chinsurah, for Mr. Morton's reception there, as a regard to their feelings and their attachment to the Presbyterian form of worship demanded, without in any way compromising the principles of the Episcopal Church.

The bishop made the Dutch an offer of the occasional use of the church for divine service in their own language; but this was declined by Mr. De La Croix, their pastor and missionary; and when Mr. Mill arrived, he found that no difficulty remained beyond that of reconciling the inhabitants to our

mode of worship and discipline. Mr. Morton remained at Chinsurah till the year 1827, when, the circumstances of the station being altered, he was removed by the Archdeacon of Calcutta to his previous charge of the schools at Cossipoor.*

(TO CHARLES LUSHINGTON, ESQ.)

"BENARES, Sept. 6, 1824.

"MY DEAR SIR,—I yesterday consecrated the church at this place, and administered confirmation to about thirty persons, fourteen of whom were native Christians,—the first who have yet offered themselves. In point of fact these have been, I find, most of them, originally Roman Catholics, who have married soldiers and joined their husbands' church. Two, I think, of the men, and two only, were described as really converts from Hindooism. Mr. Morris, the missionary, is extremely well spoken of by the principal persons in the station; and Mr. Frazer, the chaplain, is one of the most gentlemanly and intelligent clergymen I have met with.

"I inclose a letter to government, with regard to the presentation of which you will much oblige me by exercising your friendly discretion. It has been called forth by the general report that Chinsurah is to be given up to the British government, and by the anxiety which I naturally feel that the fine church, and numerous though mostly native population of that town, should have a clergyman of our own persuasion. * * I have also reason to believe that the inhabitants of the town, both English and Dutch, would

* At the time of Mr. Morton's appointment, Chinsurah had not many European inhabitants; but soon after, a depot of the King's troops was established there, and the constant residents were, in 1827, augmented nearly four-fold. The consequent increase of the duties, which in fact belonged to a government chaplain, occupied Mr. Morton's time almost to the exclusion of those which, as a missionary sent out from England for the express conversion of the heathen, he was bound to fulfil. The Archdeacon of Calcutta, therefore, applied to government for the appointment of one of its chaplains to Chinsurah, which was granted; and Mr. Morton returned to his labors at Cossipoor, under the direction of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, and to the completion of his Bengalee and English Dictionary.

be extremely glad to have our liturgy and a clergyman of our establishment. With these feelings, I really am most anxious for the success of the request, and have been afraid of not speaking in time.

"Your cousin remained at Bankipoor some days after I left it, and is, I fancy, now on the river between Ghazeepoor and this place, with both wind and current against him. I should not now be here, indeed, if I had not left my boat at Seidpoor, and come up by dâk.

"Ghazeepoor is in grievous want of a church, or rather will be as soon as it has a chaplain. The present building is in a hopeless state of decay, so much so that, when I mentioned my intention of preaching in it, I was assured that nobody would venture their lives '*sub iisdem trabibus*,'* and was obliged to borrow an auction-room in the neighborhood. But with these and other ecclesiastical matters I shall probably trouble you soon in the form of an official paper. I congratulate you on the expected appointment of your relation† to Bombay; his dignified and disinterested conduct when in Ceylon gives the best possible augury to the people whom he is to govern.

"Believe me, my dear sir, ever most truly yours,

"REGINALD CALCUTTA."

(TO THE REV. PRINCIPAL MILL.)

"ALLAHABAD, Sept. 20, 1824.

"MY DEAR SIR,— Your interesting packet reached me just before I left Benares; but my time was so much occupied both there and at Chunar, that it was impossible for me to send an answer before my arrival at this place, which I reached yesterday. Your letter, and those which I sent you from Patna, must have crossed each other on the road; but I do not know that any practical inconvenience can have arisen from our want of concert. What I have said respecting the Church Missionary Society may all apply to your letter written previously to my arrival in India; and it is quite as well that the committee at home should be in possession of both our views as to the case of the Church Missionary Society, and

* Under the same roof.

† The Right Hon. Stephen R. Lushington.

the employment of Lutheran missionaries. I cannot, however, forbear expressing to you my lively sense of the obliging and friendly regard to my opinion, which has prompted the letter which you have enclosed for my perusal, and which I now with thanks return. Your *exposé* of the objects, origin, and present state of Bishop's College, seems everything which could be desired; and I trust soon to be enabled to ground some measures on it, both for a general collection in favor of the institution in the different stations in the diocese, and, what is of still more eventual importance, to prepare the way for the transfer (on a distinct and stable footing) of all the missionary transactions and schools of the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge to that for the Propagation of the Gospel, in connection with Bishop's College.

"Meanwhile I have not been inattentive to your valuable suggestion respecting the church at Chinsurah; and wrote from Benares, on the very day on which I received your letter, to government, requesting the use of that church to myself, to you, and such clergymen as we might appoint. The fact of my having made such application had better, however, at present, be said nothing of till we hear the result. I am inclined to anticipate, in the first instance, a doubtful answer, on the ground that Chinsurah has not yet been ceded. But I have, I trust, secured by this early application the advantage of not being forestalled.

* * * * * *

"I have found Mr. Bowley, at Chunar, extremely anxious for episcopal ordination, and was, on the whole, well pleased with him and his congregation. When I saw them, Mr. Morris, of Benares, read the prayers, and I gave the blessing; and, as a catechist may *preach*, I thus got over, as well as the case admitted of, the appearance of giving my personal sanction to the irregularity of Mr. Bowley's present orders. Nobody in this neighborhood seems to know anything of the history of his ordination, nor, perhaps, to care. He himself, however, was so earnest, that I regretted heartily that many months must yet elapse before I can, with due regard to the necessary solemnity of the sacred rite, admit him to the commission which he so much desires. His Hindoostanee is fluent, and even to me very intelligible.

"I have had a tedious journey from Ghazeepoor hitherto, owing to the failure of the eastern winds. The premature cessation of

rain which this failure has brought with it will, I fear, be very injurious to the agriculture of these provinces.

"Believe me, dear Mr. Principal,

"Ever your sincere friend,

"REGINALD CALCUTTA."

On one occasion, when the bishop returned to his boat after spending some days amid the noise and bustle of a populous station, he wrote:

"Much as I like those I have left, I confess I was hardly sorry to feel myself once more upon the waters. For many days past I have been in a constant hurry of occupation, visitation, information, salutation, and obligation; and, great as have been the kindness and civility shown me, and many the objects of curiosity and interest by which I have been surrounded, I have more than once been tempted to look back with regret to the evenings that I rambled by the jungle-side, and the days that I passed in the quiet contemplation of wood, water, and cottages, and to think that, though more is to be learned among the cities, camps, and castles of Hindoostan, as much enjoyment, at least, may be found in the fragrant groves and comparatively unfrequented ruins of green Bengal."

The following extracts are from the MS. journal of Mr. James Lushington, who has already been mentioned as a fellow-traveller of the bishop during part of his journey.

"*September.* — Hume says that admiration and acquaintance are incompatible towards any human being; but the more I know of the bishop, the more I esteem and revere him:

"'—— cujus amor tantum mihi crescit in horas,
Quantum vere novo viridis se surrigit alnus.' *

* The love of whom increases to me hourly, as in early spring bursts forth the green alder tree.

"He seems to be born to conciliate all parties, and to overcome what has before appeared impossible. Most great talkers are sometimes guilty of talking absurdities; but, though scarcely an hour silent during the day, I have never heard him utter a word which I could wish recalled.

* * * * * * * *

"*Fultehpoor.* — In coming through a brook of water running across the road, the bishop's horse thought proper to lie down and give him a roll; with his usual kindness, instead of kicking him till he got up again, he only patted him, and said 'he was a nice fellow.'

* * * * * *

"*Kuleanpoor.* — Notwithstanding the threatening appearance of the skies, the bishop and I set off to ride a long sixteen miles. We had sent off all our clothes, hoping it might clear up; but had scarcely rode a hundred yards when a rain came on that wet us to the skin, and as we had not a dry rag to put on had we returned to our tents, we faced the pelting storm — which, by the bye, was straight in our eyes — most manfully. 'We staid not for brook, and we stopped not for stone,' but dashed on to Pulliampoor, which we reached in about an hour and a half, at least I did; his Lordship's horse knocked up, and he was not up for half an hour after me. There was no standing on ceremony, and I rode on and got a fire lighted in a wretched serai. Perhaps the smoke and stink, &c., kept out the cold which I thought I must have caught after standing so long in drenched clothes. The scene was rather good when the bishop arrived. There was the Lord Bishop of all the Indias sitting cowering over a wretched fire of wet wood, the smoke of which produced a bleary redness about the eyes, surrounded by a group of shivering blacks, some squatting, some half afraid to come further than the door-way of the hut; and in the background, close to his head, my horse's tail, with a boy attempting to scrape off some of the mud with which the poor beast was covered all over. The walls were of mud, and the roof of rotten smoked bamboo, from which were suspended two or three kedgeree pots. We cut jokes upon the ludicrous figure we were conscious of making, and were comfortable enough as long as we were eating, which we did with ravenous appetites. But in a short time we began to *be* sufficiently wretched, — worse far than the 'stout gentleman' on

a rainy day, for the 'traveller's room' leaked like a sieve. There were camels, and oxen, and tattoos too, all standing and crouching to be rained upon; and one solitary cock, with his tail drawn up by the wet into a single feather; but there was not even a couple of gabbling ducks to enliven the dreary yard.

"The small tents which had been sent on last night were so soaked, that, if you touched the roof with the tip of your finger, it immediately attracted a stream of water which ran down your sleeves; they were perfectly pregnant with rain, and at the slightest motion given emitted a sluice. Our beds being all thoroughly soaked, though covered with oil-cloth, we were obliged to turn into the palanquins, which were, perhaps, the best of the two, as one is quite secure from rain in them."

SONNET,

On the Bishop of Calcutta passing through Allahabad, on a Visit to the Upper Stations of India.

BY G. A. VETCH, ESQ.

"Bright with the dews of pure Castalian springs,
See, Heber gladdens now our sultry plains;
Yet sweeter far than his most thrilling strains
The glorious tidings which his message brings.
My lyre, across thy long neglected strings
Yet once again my feeble hand shall stray,
Nor, though disowned by every muse, delay
The homage due to him who gifted sings.
Hail, then, and Heaven speed thee on thy way,
Illustrious pilgrim of our distant shore!
Roused by thy call, enraptured by thy lay,
May nations learn their Saviour to adore.
For thee the fairest garland shall be twined—
The Christian's palm and poet's wreath combined.'

CHAPTER IX.

Native Christians. — The Bishop's Illness at Mallaon. — Reasons for the Governor-General visiting the Upper Provinces. — The Bishop's Letter to his Wife, in case of his Death. — Visit to Meerut. — Mr. Fisher. — Letter to C. Lushington, Esq. — Letters to the Venerable Archdeacon Barnes. — Kairah, Good Friday. — Prayer for his Wife and Child, who had embarked for Bombay.

THE following letter refers to the interesting and important subject of native Christians:

(TO C. LUSHINGTON, ESQ.)

"CHOUREE SERAI, between Currah and Cawnpoor, Oct. 4, 1824.

"MY DEAR SIR, — Many thanks for your kind and interesting letter, which found me yesterday, on the fourth day of my gypsy state of existence, marching in company with your cousin and the Corries between Allahabad and Cawnpoor. The state of the river, and premature cessation of the rains, made it almost impossible to proceed by boats, and General Martindell good-naturedly procured us tents from Cawnpoor. These, unluckily, are rather on a larger scale than we require, or rather than the strength of the camels, which the commissariat at Allahabad could spare, is equal to; elephants being out of the question during the Burmese war. By the aid of hackeries, however, we do very well; and at Cawnpoor we may get better suited in all respects.

"Since we left Benares, the country has been daily increasing in interest, and the contrast of manners, habits, and countenances, between the people of the Dooab and Bengal, is becoming more and more striking. Here everybody carries arms, everybody walks erect, and with the apparent consciousness of the power of resisting or resenting an injury; and their comparatively fair complexions, *their* long swords, their long mantles, and method of travelling,

all put me in mind, occasionally, of the idea which I have formed of Spain in olden time from Gil Blas, Don Quixote, and Lazarillo de Tormes.

"There are, on the whole, more native Christians than I calculated on finding when I last wrote to you. At Chunar there is really a large congregation, as many as seventy or eighty; still, principally women and soldiers' wives and widows, but who have most of them been actual converts, and retain many of their national peculiarities. The women, in receiving the sacrament, would not lift up their veils, and even received the bread on one corner of them, lest their bare hand should be touched. All of a certain age appear to have been brought over by Corrie, while he was in this neighborhood; the present missionaries do little more, though decent and zealous men, than keep up his numbers. They are prudent, however, and conciliating, and everybody tells me are respected and esteemed by the natives; a considerable number of whom, from curiosity, if from no better motive, continually attend their places of worship, and frequently invite them to their houses. * * *

"I have seen reason thus far to suspect, what I did not at all expect to find, a growing carelessness of the Hindoos towards their own faith, and a still more growing inclination towards Mahomedanism. Mahomedan prayers and formula of devotion are, I understand, growing into frequent use among those who still profess themselves worshippers of Brahma; and the actual number of converts to Islamism is by no means inconsiderable. How far this is favorable to the future progress of Christianity I do not know; but I am convinced, from many trifling matters which have occurred, that the chains of caste sit far lighter on the inhabitants of these provinces than on the Bengalese.

"But if the number of native Christians is not great, that of European Christians, even independent of the army, is far greater than I expected. At Allahabad I had sixty, at Benares [illegible] eighty, and at Chunar, including indeed the native [illegible] about a hundred and twenty communicants; and the [illegible] anxiety for more chaplains is exceedingly painful to [illegible] ing, as I well know, that the remedy of the evil [illegible] power of government to supply, and that [illegible] them the required help as they are in [illegible]

I have been exceedingly annoyed and disappointed by Mr. Northmore's intention to return to England; and am still more so by the chance of losing such a man as Mr. Thomason, who well deserves, as far as I have seen, the praise you bestowed on him. As I have reason to think that it will in many respects be inconvenient to him to leave India, I cannot help hoping that the grand physician, the cold weather, will put it in his power to remain. I find there are hopes that Mr. Robinson will return. I wish it may be so. Not Westmorland, before the battle of Agincourt, wished with greater earnestness for 'more men from England' than I do. * *

"I am disposed to be sincerely thankful that my visit to these provinces has been paid while I have yet a tolerable share of my European constitution; for, where help is so scanty, I am often obliged to be bishop, chaplain, and curate, all in one; and in India, though there may be pluralities, there is verily no sinecure. Mr. Hawtayne, as you will find by the enclosed document, has declined to become my domestic chaplain. * * * If Mr. Thomason really goes home, will you allow me to request your friendly interest in his favor, to succeed him in the appointment of the jail? I have reason to think that he would much prefer this to Howrah, the exertion of which has at times been too much for his health.

"Your cousin is quite well. * * He has read more, and more miscellaneously, than most lads who come out to India, and his memory, taste, and judgment are all remarkable, and not the less so from his modest and quiet manner of producing what he knows. I have had a good many visits from natives, during which his Persian, and Mr. Corrie's Hindoostanee, have been very useful; my knowledge of the latter tongue being very unequal to talk to gentlefolks, though with a bearer or a cooley it may pass. I find they have most of them a pretty accurate notion of my functions as a 'sirdar chaplain,' though in Benares a report at first prevailed that it was the patriarch of Constantinople who was expected.

"Believe me, dear sir, ever most truly yours,

"REGINALD CALCUTTA."

(TO THE VENERABLE ARCHDEACON BARNES.)

"CAWNPOOR, Oct. 16, 1824.

"MY DEAR SIR, — Several untoward and unexpected circumstances having occurred to retard my progress through these provinces, I have found it necessary to curtail my intended journey in some of its details; and have therefore determined, unless some strong motives to the contrary should offer themselves, to omit, for the present visitation, the station of Mhow, — a resolution to which I am induced partly by the uncertainty whether the government of Bombay have yet been able to assign a chaplain to it, and partly because, from the recent change of garrison and other circumstances, I am led to believe that there are not likely to be many persons who stand in immediate need of my ministry. It is therefore my intention to proceed direct from Neemuch to Baroda, at which place I hope to arrive on the seventh or eighth of February. I give you this early notice to prevent the chance of disappointment to any persons at Mhow, and in the hope of obtaining your valuable advice for my further progress.

"I am so well pleased with the experience which I have hitherto had of marching, that I am much inclined, instead of embarking at Surat for Bombay, to go all the way to Poonah by land, and make the presidency the last place which I shall visit. A little more than a month seems to be sufficient for this purpose; so that I may still reach Bombay by the beginning of April, and before any very hot weather is to be expected. I have even some idea of persuading my wife to be of the party in this excursion, supposing you to have the kindness to escort her as far as Baroda to meet me. I shall, at all events, in taking Bombay last, have the great advantage of being less hurried in my visit there than if I am obliged to go from hence to Poonah before the heat becomes too great. Pray have the goodness to favor me with your opinion as to the feasibility of this scheme.

"I had written thus far when your friendly letter of September 30th was put into my hand; accept my best thanks for it. The idea that Mr. Robinson would like to be removed to Calcutta is so new to me that I cannot at this moment express any opinion on it; but there is certainly no person on the establishment who, from all I hear of him, I should like better to have settled in my immediate neighborhood. * * * I doubt, however, exceedingly, whether

the advantages which such a situation could hold out would compensate to Mr. Robinson for removing from Poonah. On this we will talk hereafter.

"REGINALD CALCUTTA."

Soon after the bishop left Lucknow, he was seized, when alone, and without any medical assistance, with the prevailing epidemic of the year. His recovery from this sickness is commemorated in the following prayer:

"*November* 7, 1824.—(Written at Sandee, in the kingdom of Oude.) I thank thee, O Lord, that thou hast heard my prayer, and helped me in the needful time of trouble; that thou hast delivered me from sharp sickness and great apparent danger, when I had no skill to heal myself, and when no human skill was near to save me. I thank thee for the support which thou gavest me in my hour of trial; that thou didst not let my sins to triumph over me, neither mine iniquities to sink me in despair. I thank thee for the many comforts with which thy mercy surrounded me,—for the accommodations of wealth, the security of guards, the attendance and fidelity of servants, the advantage of medicine and natural means of cure, the unclouded use of my reason, and the holy and prevailing prayers which my absent friends offered up for me! But, above all, I thank thee for the knowledge of my own weakness, and of thy great goodness and power, beseeching thee that the recollection of these days may not vanish like a morning dream, but that the resolutions which I have formed may be sealed with thy grace, and the life which thou hast spared may be spent hereafter in thy service; that my past sins may be forgiven and forsaken, and my future days may be employed in serving and pleasing thee, through thy dear Son, Jesus Christ our Saviour. Amen."

(TO THE RIGHT HON. LORD AMHERST.)

"CAMP, FURREEDPOOR, near Bareilly, November 13, 1824.

"MY DEAR LORD,—I seem fated never to address your Lordship unless I have some favor to ask; but the present, if you think

fit to grant it, is one which will, at least, occasion you very little trouble. I found, in my recent visit to Oude, that the King considered himself slighted because my coming was not announced in a letter, by the Persian secretary, and with your Lordship's signature, which had been always done on former occasions, when persons of any consideration came to Lucknow. This was mentioned by the minister on his first interview with me. It had also been mentioned to Mr. Ricketts, and it appeared to me more dwelt on by the King than I should, *a priori*, have thought it likely to be. I hastened, of course, to say that I came to his majesty's court in no public character; that my errand in the upper provinces was strictly to inspect the conduct of the Company's chaplains; and that, from my uncertainty, at the time when I left Calcutta, as to the route by which I was to proceed to Meerut, your Lordship was not informed whether Lucknow would lie in that route or no. This, I think, satisfied them; and I certainly have not had the smallest reason to complain of want of attention on the part of the King, who has treated me, indeed, with very marked courtesy and kindness. Such being the case, however, will your Lordship forgive my suggesting the expediency of your sending a letter to the King, to express yourself not displeased with the attentions he has shown me? Such a letter was, I understand, sent by Lord Hastings after Lady Hood's visit to Lucknow; and it would, in the present instance, be highly gratifying to me, on more accounts than one,— both as likely to give pleasure to a sovereign, to whom I am much obliged, and as removing all suspicion from myself of having assumed a character to which I am not entitled, or a rank which is not recognized by government. I was not aware of the etiquette when I took leave of your Lordship, or would have requested you then to favor me with the usual credentials. I am, however, by no means sure that this subsequent letter will not be a better thing, inasmuch as it will satisfy the King, while my visit will be more completely divested of everything which would give it an official appearance, or excite the jealousy of the natives.

"Of that jealousy I must say I have hitherto neither seen nor heard any indications. The very small degree of attention which I have excited, has been, apparently, that of curiosity only; the King of Oude and his court expressed a wish to be present at the ceremony of Mr. Ricketts' marriage, pretty much as they might

have done had it been a puppet-show; and, as his majesty is said to be curious in costumes, I suspect that the novelty of my lawn sleeves may have, in part, induced him to honor me by asking for my picture.

"From the Brahmins and Fakirs of both religions, I have had pretty frequent visits. Some of the Mussulmans have affected to treat me as of nearly the same faith with themselves, and to call me *their* ecclesiastical superior as well as of the Christians; but these compliments have generally concluded with a modest statement (like that of Sterne's Franciscan) of 'the poverty of their order.' A rupee or two, with the request that they would remember me in their prayers, I have found, on such occasions, extremely well taken; and it has been, I hope, no compromise of my own religious opinions.

"The number of native Christians which have, as yet, fallen under my notice is certainly not great in itself, though it has rather exceeded my expectations, and *is* great when we bear in mind that everything of the kind which has been even attempted, has been within the last twenty years, and chiefly by a single person, Mr. Corrie, while chaplain in these provinces. The missionaries now employed have far less success than he had; they are, however, respectable and diligent men, well spoken of by the civil and military servants of the Company; and have, in no instance that I have heard of (though I have made pretty diligent inquiry), pursued a line of conduct likely to give offence to the natives. With the natives of these provinces, I am led to believe a still greater prudence and moderation is necessary than with those of Bengal. Not that they are a bit more attached to their religion than these last. On the contrary, several instances have fallen within my own knowledge of a great and increasing indifference among Hindoos to the observances of their faith, and even to caste itself; while the Mussulmans, though the most zealous of the two, are singularly careless of those devotional ceremonies which a Turk would rather perish than discontinue. They are, too, a more inquisitive, and, in some respects, a more free-thinking race; and there is really, as I have been led to suspect, a process going on in the native mind, which, if not injudiciously treated, is likely to lead to results more favorable to Christianity than any corresponding temper which I have witnessed in the lower provinces.

"But they are, on the other hand (very unlike the Bengalese), a high-spirited, a proud and irritable people, as yet, I apprehend, by no means thoroughly reconciled to the English or their government; not unlikely to draw a sabre against any one who should offend their prejudices, and, though caring little for religion in itself, extremely likely to adopt the name of religion as a cockade, if induced by other and less ostensible motives to take up arms against their masters. Under such circumstances, government certainly act most wisely in a careful abstinence from all show of interference; and it is still more fortunate that the inhabitants of these provinces have not at present the remotest suspicion that any such interference is contemplated. * * *

"In my own conduct, I hope I need hardly to assure your Lordship, that I have done my best to give no just cause of offence to any; and I have attended carefully to those hints of withdrawal from unnecessary notice, and a marked and exclusive attention to the proper duties of a clergyman, which I owe to your Lordship's kindness in our last conversation. In the performance of those duties I have, indeed, found ample employment; and the route which I am now pursuing from Cawnpoor to Meerut, by leading me along a line of considerable stations very much out of the reach of clerical assistance, has enabled me, I trust, to be even more useful than prior to my journey I had hoped to be.

"With regard to all which I have seen, unconnected with the peculiar objects of my journey, I am not aware that I have anything to communicate to your Lordship, of which you are not already informed from more authentic sources. In Oude, of the wretched state of which I had heard much, I was rather agreeably disappointed. The country between Cawnpoor and Lucknow is, much of it, indeed, sufficiently desolate; nor, from the sour and swampy appearance of the land, do I conceive it in any hands to be very susceptible of improvement. But from Lucknow to Shahjehanpoor, though there were many complaints of oppression, I certainly saw nothing like depopulation, or neglect of agriculture; and though this part of Rohilcund undoubtedly offers a spectacle of more apparent wealth and tranquillity, yet the King of Oude's provinces can hardly be said to fall short in external prosperity and population of that part of the Dooab which I have visited.

"Through the Company's territories, what have perhaps struck me most forcibly are the great moderation and general ability with which the different civil functionaries apparently perform their arduous duties, and the uniform good order and obedience to the laws which are enforced through so vast a tract of country, amid a warlike, an armed, and, I do not think, a very well affected population. The unfavorable circumstances appear to be the total want of honorable employment for the energies and ambition of the higher rank of natives, and the extreme numerical insufficiency of the establishment allowed by the Company for the administration of justice, the collection of revenue, and, I am almost tempted to say, the permanent security and internal defence of their empire.

"On the whole, I have hitherto been greatly pleased with my journey,—so much so that I have frequently regretted the pressure of public business, which seems to render it unlikely that your Lordship will be enabled to undertake a similar tour through provinces of which, to judge by my own experience, it is almost as difficult to obtain an accurate idea in Calcutta as in London. It is not merely on account of the personal gratification and amusement which you would derive from such a journey, for I know that, let a Governor of India go where he will, it is probable that care will climb the Sunamooky,* and sit behind the howdah. Nor is it only for the sake of the renewed health which both yourself and your family would inhale from the cool breezes of the Ganges, and the fine frosty mornings which I am now enjoying. But there seems to be so great an advantage in producing occasionally to this people, in a visible and popular shape, the power and person by whom they are held in subjection; so many valuable objects might be attained by an intercourse and acquaintance between the chief Governor, his agents and his subjects, and from the other opportunities of acquiring knowledge and doing good (of which no man is likely to make a better use than your Lordship), that I most fervently wish you a speedy triumph over the Birmans, if it were only for the chance that your Lordship may thus be enabled to ascend the Ganges, and inspect some of the most important and interesting parts of northern India. * * * *

"To Lady Amherst, no message which I could send would express

* The name of the Governor-General's pinnace.

the deep and intense gratitude which I shall never cease to feel for the kindness which she showed to my wife and little ones, in a time of exceeding sorrow and anxiety.

"Believe me, my dear Lord, your Lordship's

"Much obliged and faithful humble servant,

"REGINALD CALCUTTA."

(TO THE HON. JOHN ADAM.)

"BAREILLY, Nov. 15, 1824.

"DEAR SIR,—Mr. Trail has just communicated to me your truly kind permission to make use of your bungalow during my stay in Almorah, of which I shall gladly avail myself.

"It gave me very great pleasure to hear from our friend Captain Lockett, at Lucknow, that I might look forward to seeing you completely restored to health by your residence amid mountains and breezes. Your life and powers of exertion are daily becoming so much more valuable and necessary to India, that I am only one of very many who ardently wish for your entire and permanent restoration.

"Believe me, dear sir, your obliged and faithful servant,

"REGINALD CALCUTTA."

(TO THE REV. PRINCIPAL MILL.)

"CAMP, SHAHEE, ROHILCUND, Nov. 18, 1824.

"MY DEAR SIR,—Various circumstances have detained me thus long in this part of India, and your very interesting and important letter of October 30th has only this moment reached me, having been forwarded by Mr. Irving from Agra.

* * "I mean to advance to Captain Hutchinson* the sum which he describes as necessary to clear off existing debts, and as much more as may, in your judgment, be absolutely required to finish the works already almost completed, suspending the fitting up of the chapel till the college funds may be in a more flourishing condition. Meantime I shall use all diligence in following the course which you recommend (and which entirely meets my views) for assisting those funds.

* The engineer officer engaged in completing the college buildings.

"I have certainly not lost sight of this object in any part of my journey through Hindoostan or Bengal. I have everywhere made the college, its objects, its present state of efficiency, and its poverty, the subject of conversation; I have done my best to prepare men's minds for the application which I meditate, and which, for several reasons, I wished to defer till I heard from you again. To back and enforce that application, which I shall now make immediately, the *unfinished state of the works from want of funds* is a fresh and cogent argument, of which I will make the best use in my power.

* * * * * * * *

"I have, I hope, been of some service by shaping my course through stations remote from the ordinary attendance of chaplains, and even sacrificing some time for the sake of passing Sundays there. * * I am now on my way to Almorah, where I hope to pass a Sunday. I have been encouraged to go there by the sort of harvest which I have reaped in Lucknow, Shahjehanpoor, and Bareilly, and partly by a wish to converse with Mr. Adam respecting the points which have been the subject of our late correspondence. I write in a hurry, to be able to send this letter by the same suwarr who brought me yours."

The bishop had heard from many quarters of the unsettled state of the countries through which his visitation was now to lead him. The fear of personal danger would not make him relinquish the journey, so long as he found that it could be beneficial to others; but he wrote the following letter to his wife, under the impression that he might not live to see her again. In his mercy God guided him in safety through many and great perils; and, doubtless, in equal mercy (though the motives of this mysterious dispensation are hidden from our eyes), did he take him from this world, at a time when he was surrounded by friends and with every assistance which their kindness could bestow.

(TO MY DEAR WIFE, IN CASE OF MY DEATH.)

"SHAHEE, ROHILCUND, Nov. 18, 1824.

"As I am engaged in a journey in which there is, I find, a probability of more and greater dangers than I anticipated, I write these few lines to my dear wife, to assure her that, next to the welfare of my immortal soul (which I commit in humble hope to the undeserved mercies of my God and Lord Jesus Christ), the thought of her and of my beloved children is, at this moment, nearest my heart; and my most earnest prayers are offered for her and their happiness and holiness here and hereafter. Should I meet my death in the course of the present journey, it is my request to her to be comforted concerning me, and to bear my loss patiently, and to trust in the Almighty to raise up friends, and give food and clothing to herself and children. It is also my request that she would transmit my affectionate love and the assurance of my prayers to my dear mother, and to my father-in-law; to Mrs. Yonge, my uncle and aunt Allanson, my beloved brother and sister, and all with whom I am connected by blood or marriage, particularly Harriet Douglas and Charlotte Shipley. I beg her to transmit the same assurance of my continued affection and prayers to my dear friend Charlotte Dod; also to my dear friends Thornton, C. Williams Wynn, Wilmot, and Davenport.

"I am not aware of any advantageous alteration which I could make in the will which I left at Calcutta, and I am too poor to leave legacies. I will, therefore, only send my blessing to my dear wife and children, and to the valuable relations and friends whom I have enumerated, begging them to fear and love God above all things, and so to endeavor to serve him as that, through the worthiness and compassion of his Son, in whom only I trust, we may meet in a happy eternity. Amen! Amen! May God hear my prayers for myself and them, for the sake of our blessed Saviour.

"REGINALD CALCUTTA."

On the day following the one on which the foregoing important and affecting document was committed to paper, in a letter to J. Phillimore, Esq., LL. D., dated at Almorah, he writes:

—I am quite well, and am now on a very interesting journey through a part of Kemaoon, enjoying frosty mornings, cool breezes, and the view of the noblest mountains under heaven."

(TO THE VENERABLE ARCHDEACON BARNES.)

"SHAHJEHANPOOR, near Meerut, Dec. 16, 1824.

"MY DEAR SIR,—Your kind and interesting letter has just reached me, having been forwarded from Agra, at which place I can now only hope to arrive the 12th of next month. I purpose, please God, to be at Jyepoor January 29th; at Nusseerabad February 6th; at Neemuch the 24th; and, following the route which you have marked out, about the 2d of March at Ahmedabad, provided I find the way thither from Neemuch open and advisable,—if not, I shall proceed direct to Kairah.

"The many calls on my time and attention, which have detained me so much longer than I expected in these provinces (where indeed the harvest of probable usefulness is so great, and the calls for ministerial help so loud and numerous, that I could not with propriety make greater haste than I have done), have put marching to Poonah from Surat out of the question, even if your report of the intervening country had been more favorable. And I therefore am writing by this post to the government of Bombay, both to request the different aids for my land journey, and to obtain the necessary guarantee for the consecration of the new churches, and to beg them to send a small vessel to Surat for me the beginning of April. I apprehend, from your account of Ahmedabad, that there is little which need detain me there, so that I may hope to get to Kairah on the 24th. Four days will, I conclude, suffice both for the confirmation which I propose to hold there, and for the consecration of the church and the burial-ground. By going dâk to Baroda, I may pass the whole or the greater part of Passion week there; and, as there seems as little of professional duty to be done at Broach as at Ahmedabad, I may hope to pass the latter part of Easter week and the following Sunday (April 11th) at Surat, and to arrive at Bombay before the middle of that month. This is, indeed, allotting a far shorter time to the visitation of Guzerat than you anticipated, or than I could have desired; but for essentials it will, I trust, be sufficient. * *

"My visitation may, I think, be conveniently fixed for the last Thursday in April, the 28th, at as early an hour in the morning as

the habits of society in Bombay will admit of. In Calcutta, at half-past six we had a very numerous congregation. With respect to the choice of a preacher, I must ask your friendly counsel and assistance. There is a clergyman in your archdeaconry, who, though I have not seen him for many years, and he was then a very young man, has left a strong and pleasing recollection on my mind of his amiable manners and promising talents, and whom I have been anxious to hear preach ever since my arrival in India: I mean Dr. George Barnes. Do you think he would favor me by undertaking the task? Or is there any point of ecclesiastical favor (if there is, it does not occur to me) which makes it necessary to fix on another? I should, indeed, unless any circumstance makes it unfit or unpleasant for you to officiate (in which case pray deal frankly with me), be extremely obliged to you to undertake the task. If you cannot, my wishes would point to Mr. Robinson; to whom, to save unnecessary delay, will you have the goodness to make those wishes known? With regard to Mr. Robinson and his appointment to my domestic chaplaincy, when I last wrote to you I had not received the Principal's letter, in which the compatibility of that situation with a professorship at Bishop's College was suggested. This has, in a great measure, removed the principal difficulty from my mind, which was, that to transfer Mr. Robinson from near the top of one list of chaplains to put him at the very bottom of another, would be inflicting on him a very serious injury, supposing it otherwise practicable. As it is, I have written to ascertain some points: such as whether government would consent to his transfer and to his holding an office in the college, with other matters which it would be well to clear up before the idea gets abroad. As soon as I have received the result of these inquiries, I will let you know without delay. At present you will see that they are chiefly Mr. Robinson's interests about which I hesitate; though I should not wish, if it could be avoided, to commit myself before I have had some conversation with you.

"Many thanks for your kind offer to escort my wife, as also for your judicious advice respecting her. She has found so great difficulty in obtaining a passage in any suitable vessel to Bombay, that I fear I must give up the hope of meeting her there entirely.

"Tuesday, the 26th of April, may, I think, be a good day for

the confirmation at Bombay. With regard to this, however, as well as the visitation, I shall be glad to profit by your advice.

"Believe me, my dear sir, ever very truly yours,

"REGINALD CALCUTTA."

The bishop passed the Christmas of 1824 at Meerut. On that day he wrote the following prayer, under a depression of spirits arising from the prospects before him, and from the lengthened separation from his family,—a depression which, at this time, he frequently experienced, and for which he always sought and found relief at the throne of grace.

"O God! be with me in this my pilgrimage. The more I am deprived of earthly friends, do thou draw nearer unto me, and incline my soul the more, by thy grace, to rest on thee. Keep me from trifling pursuits, from neglect of customary duties, from forgetfulness of my calling and of thee. Keep me from vanity and worldly care. Occupy my soul with thoughts of thy name, and with the appropriate pursuits of my profession. Make me frequent and earnest in prayer and in the study of thy word. And grant, if it be thy blessed will, that my present journey may be to the good of thy church, and the increase and furtherance of thy glorious kingdom.

"Grant a continuance of thy mighty protection to myself and my dear wife and children, and bring us by our several ways to meet in safety and prosperity. But teach us, above all things, to trust in thee, and to acquiesce in thy wise disposal,—granting us in this world a knowledge and love of thy name, and in the world to come thy mercy, through thy Son our Saviour. Amen."

Of this visit to Meerut, Mr. Fisher, the chaplain there, thus spoke:

"Our dear and respected bishop has left an impression behind him which, I think, will not soon or easily pass away. He interested himself about every minute circumstance of this beloved vineyard, accompanied me to my native congregation, visited my

native school, and saw and conversed with many of the Christians who were introduced to him, with the affability and kindness which we had been prepared to expect."

(TO C. LUSHINGTON, ESQ.)

"DOOBE, JYEPOOR TERRITORY, Jan. 25, 1825.

"MY DEAR SIR,—I am much ashamed of my long silence when I look to the date of your letter, and recollect the truly friendly promptitude with which you so powerfully seconded my wish in obtaining the usual travelling allowances for my chaplain, in the case of my being hereafter accompanied by one. But the camp, even of a non-military man, is, I find by daily experience, by no means a favorable place for writing letters, or indeed for any sedentary employment. And the weather has been so fine, and there has been so much to see, that I have been perplexed to find time for some long and necessary letters to England; and have now ranged before me a mass of unanswered correspondence, as appalling to my resolution as I feel it burdensome to my conscience.

"Your cousin has probably given you some account of Kemaoon, and of the spirited movement by which he escaped from his surgeon's hands, and obtained a sight of those splendid mountains. His reäccession to my party was a very great pleasure to me; and I had good hopes, till our arrival at Agra, that we should have marched together, according to our first plan, as far as Nusseerabad. Unfortunately, the inflammation in his eye, which during our journey from Delhi had been giving him a good deal of trouble, was here so much increased, and he had received so earnest an injunction from Mr. Luxmore to return to him without delay, that, as his friend, I could not honestly advise him to remove himself still further from Lucknow, and he made up his mind to return thither. This has been a serious disappointment to me; and it was a resolution to which he himself came with great and visible unwillingness. Though I cannot hope to find easily a compensation for the loss of his society, I am still not alone. During my stay at Meerut, several of my friends there insisted strongly on the inconvenience and danger of undertaking the journey to Bombay without a medical attendant, adding that there was an assistant surgeon then at Meerut, a Dr. Smith, whose services, as they were unappropriated, could be readily made over to me. I hesitated for some

time; though, to say the truth, I had frequently found occasion to wish for such a companion, not only during the illness of poor Stowe,—whose life might have been perhaps saved had medical aid been earlier at hand,—but during my own illness in Oude, and the subsequent danger of four of my escort from jungle fever. Under the assurance that no inconvenience or injury was likely to arise to the service* from Dr. Smith's returning to Calcutta, via Bombay, I did not think myself justified in declining such a security, and applied to General Reynell to assign him to attend me

"I have been long wishing to have your opinion about a plan which has been sent me by some of the wealthy country-born inhabitants of Calcutta, for building a chapel by subscription, and, if I understand them rightly, paying the preacher from the same source. It appears in no respect to differ from the plan of Colonel Skinner at Delhi, except that they do not require government to supply them with a chaplain. I conclude that it is a matter in which government would see no reason for interfering one way or the other, and against which, at all events, no objection would lie. Still, I do not wish to give a positive answer till I know whether it interferes with any of your own plans for the benefit of Calcutta. Their idea, as far as I understand it, is to connect their church with their present grammar-school.

"I hardly need say how much I was gratified by the opportunity afforded me of being introduced to your friend Mr. Adam, who is indeed an extraordinary man, both in talents, extent of information, and the agreeable and unassuming manner in which he wears his commanding abilities. I am sorry to see him apparently less recruited by his residence in the hills than I hoped he would have been. Ere this reaches you, you will, I trust, have him safely in Calcutta, and I shall be heartily glad to learn that your opinion of his health is favorable."

(TO THE VENERABLE ARCHDEACON BARNES.)

"NEEMUCH, February 28, 1825.

"MY DEAR SIR,—I have been prevented from writing to you for the last month, partly by the extreme difficulty which I found till lately, owing to the absence of Captain Macdonald from Neemuch,

* The interests of the Hon. East India Company.

and Captain Cobbe from Oodeypoor, in obtaining the necessary information as to my way into Guzerat, or the time when I might calculate on arriving there; and still more, during the last fortnight, by very melancholy and distressing accounts which I received from Calcutta of the health of both my little girls, and the deep distress of my poor wife. I had, in fact, at one time prepared a letter to you, announcing my intention to relinquish the visitation of Bombay, and the pleasure and advantage which I hoped to derive from meeting you; and return the nearest way to Calcutta. A second and more favorable letter arrived, however, and I pursued my road to this place, though still unable to decide positively whether I should proceed to Guzerat, or strike off for the Ganges by the way of Bundlecund; for which route — which would have enabled me to visit the important station of Saugur — Neemuch was very little out of my way from Nusseerabad. Here I have, thank God, received better accounts, and purpose this evening to continue my journey southwards. I have, with much reluctance, been obliged finally to abandon Mhow, from the unavoidable circumstances which have made me a week later at Neemuch than I expected; and in consequence of the representation of Captain Macdonald, that, after the 10th or 12th of April, the voyage from Surat is very difficult and tedious. As to Aboo, it has long since been out of the question; indeed, during the present year, I could not have gone thither, under any circumstances, without the risk of starving my camels, horses, and elephants.

"My present plan is accordingly to go straight to Baroda, at which place I hope to arrive on Sunday morning, the 20th of March. I purpose preaching there that day, and holding a confirmation, should there be any candidates, on the Tuesday or Wednesday following. To Kairah, I conceive it will be desirable to proceed by dâk on Wednesday night, to have the confirmation on Saturday morning, and on Sunday the consecration. My reason for having this after the other is, that the persons confirmed will thus have an opportunity of receiving the sacrament. Ahmedabad it will be necessary to relinquish. The account which you gave of it leads me to believe that there will be little or nothing for me to do there professionally. Any persons who wish for confirmation there may come over without difficulty to Kairah; and I shall have no time to bestow on visiting antiquities. I had, indeed, at first,

as you are aware, intended visiting Ahmedabad, Kairah, and Baroda, consecutively; but I find that there is no tolerable road, and, during the present year, no forage or provisions in the countries which lie between this place and Ahmedabad.

"For my return from Kairah, and my subsequent progress towards Surat, I request your friendly and judicious advice. It would be very desirable to press on directly, stopping only a day at Baroda on my way, so as to arrive at Broach on Thursday, preach there on Good Friday, and thence proceed to Surat for Easter day. I do not like, however, travelling in Passion week, if it can be avoided; and you best know how far the time which I have allotted will be sufficient for my duties at Kairah and Baroda, and what accuracy there is in the information which I have received as to the difficulty of sailing from Surat after the first week or ten days in April. You also best know whether it will be necessary to stop at Broach at all, and whether I should not do better in proceeding immediately to Surat, and passing both Good Friday and Easter day there. * * * *

"I grieve to hear, from Captain Macdonald, that it will be impossible to sail from Bombay towards Calcutta before the middle of June. I had always calculated on getting away as soon as ever I had done my duty at Poonah, which would, I concluded, be the middle of May. I have many strong reasons for sailing as soon as it can be done with safety.

"Believe me, dear sir, ever your sincere friend,

"REGINALD CALCUTTA."

(TO THE VENERABLE ARCHDEACON BARNES.)

"DOODEAH, March 13, 1825.

"MY DEAR SIR,— * * I have been obliged to travel by a more circuitous road than would otherwise have been necessary, in consequence of the scarcity of supplies and water. To-morrow morning I hope to reach Barreah, and thence, if my information is right, by Gollah, Mullao, Kunjeree, and Jeroda, to be at Baroda on Saturday morning. I need not say that it will give me very great and sincere pleasure to meet you as early in the course of this march as you can do with convenience; and I wish I could name with more certainty the stages previous to Kunjeree; but till then I am obliged to steer my course, in some degree, by the information

which I pick up on the road, since several stations which Captain Macdonald had marked for me are now unable to furnish or forage. Where will it be best for us to take up our quarters at Baroda? Will Mr. Williams allow us to join his camp, or is that too far from the city? Where, in short, are you fixed? How should I send my servants and heavy baggage to Surat, supposing me to go dâk myself? I have come thus far with camels and elephants lent me by the commissariat at Neemuch, and with Hindoostanee bearers; but I feel some delicacy about taking on the first any further than is necessary; and nothing but the fear of being devoured by tigers, or killed by Bheels in the jungle, has kept the others with me thus far. I trouble you with these points now that you may turn them in your mind, and suggest some plan when we meet. If there is time for it, marching is pleasanter than going dâk; and as my camels and escort must return to Neemuch through Mhow, since the road which I have come will be impassable in a few days more, it will, perhaps, be better to make a small detour to take them on with me to Surat. But on all these questions, I shall be glad to profit by your advice. * * *

"Thank you for your friendly anxiety after my health, and your sympathy in the anxiety which I have suffered. The first, thank God, is good; and the second, I am truly grateful to be able to say, is much relieved by one of the letters which has been forwarded to me. You may believe that it *was* very great, when I, even for a moment, entertained a thought of turning back when so far advanced in my career.

"It will certainly be proper for me to avail myself of the house which government have so kindly provided; and, for the first night, I shall feel myself no less bound to accept your kindly offered hospitality, provided always that it will put you to no inconvenience. My only companion is Dr. Smith. * * *

"The want under which I have labored during the greater part of my journey, of secretary, amanuensis, or any other help of the kind, by throwing much detail work on me, has left me far less time than I could desire for many other things, and among the rest must plead my apology for having been so bad and tardy a correspondent.

"Believe me, dear sir, ever your sincere friend,

"REGINALD CALCUTTA."

When the bishop heard that his wife had embarked to join him at Bombay, with his eldest child, having been obliged to leave the youngest at Calcutta, under the apprehension that the heat they were likely to encounter on the voyage would be prejudicial to her health, he offered up the following prayer for their preservation:

"*Kairah. Good Friday, March* 31, 1825. — O merciful and gracious Lord, Almighty Father, whose way is in the sea, and thy path in the deep waters, have mercy, I beseech thee, on my dear wife and child, now, under thy protection, embarked thereon. Protect, support, strengthen, and comfort both of them according to their respective years, dangers, and necessities; preserve them from the perils of the climate and the seas, from all bodily disease, and all spiritual trials and temptations. Look with an eye of mercy on that dear babe who is left behind, and deprived of the care of both her parents. Father of the fatherless, be thou this orphan's friend. Preserve her tender years from the sore dangers which beset them. Lengthen her days upon earth, if it be thy blessed will, and if thou willest her to live to thy glory and her own salvation. And grant, O Lord, to her, her mother, her sister, and to me, thy most unworthy servant, a safe and happy meeting in this present life; or, if it otherwise seemeth good to thee, yet deny us not an everlasting and blessed union in the life to come, through thy dear Son, Jesus Christ our Saviour, who was pleased at this time to show his love for men in yielding up his life a sacrifice for sin, and hath promised, O Father, in thy behalf, that the prayer of faith shall not be offered up in vain. So fulfil now, O Lord, my prayers, as thou seest most expedient for me and the objects of my solicitude, — giving us in this world grace to love and please thee, and in the world to come thine everlasting mercy, through our dear Lord and only Saviour. Amen."

CHAPTER X.

Extracts from Archdeacon Barnes' Journal. — The Bishop's Arrival at Bombay. — Confirmation and Visitation. — District Committee of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel formed at Bombay. — The Bishop embarks for Ceylon. — Visit to Cotta. — District Committee of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel formed in Ceylon. — Return to Calcutta.

THE venerable Archdeacon Barnes kept a journal whilst he was accompanying the bishop on the latter part of his visitation in the north-west of India, a few extracts from which will now be given. They relate to occurrences not noticed by the bishop in his own journal.

"*March* 18, 1825. — Having sent my tent to Jeroda, I went early this morning to meet the bishop, and found him arrived before me. He was sitting in a single-poled tent, surrounded by baggage and followers; he received me most kindly; his voice and countenance were very much what I remember of them at Oxford, and his manner as free and animated as ever. * * * * I had a long conversation with him during the morning, on subjects connected with the religious state of this part of the diocese; and I was truly happy to find that he much approved of all I had done since Bishop Middleton's death, and that his views and opinions were so much in accordance with my own. It was really a most interesting event to receive here on the plains of Guzerat the second bishop of the English Church, and to be planning schemes for the eternal interests of the ignorant and idolatrous people by whom we were surrounded."

"*March* 20. *Baroda.* — The church consecrated here this day

was dedicated to the 'Holy Trinity.' The sermon which the bishop preached, from Genesis 28: 16, 17, was very impressive, and the congregation earnestly requested its publication. It is of some consequence to observe that Baroda is not a military station belonging to the British, but the capital of an independent native prince; and the cantonment is the residence only of the subsidiary British force. It is, therefore, of no little importance to the cause of Christianity, and exhibits the successful improvement now gradually making in the history of the English Church in India, to find a decent place erected in such a neighborhood, for the due celebration of divine ordinances, and the public exhibition of the Christian faith and worship. The church being without a bell, the bishop gave a design for the erection of a small belfry, which was built the September following."

"*March* 26. *Kairah.*—The church was consecrated, and dedicated to 'St. George.' Being a much larger building than that at Baroda, and having been in use for about two years, everything was in better order, and the ceremony better conducted. The bishop, on each occasion, had a chair placed for himself within the rails, and another for the archdeacon, who acted as chancellor.

"The bishop's manner everywhere is exceedingly popular. * * I observe his unreserved frankness, his anxious and serious wish to do all the good in his power, his truly amiable and kindly feelings, his talents and piety, and his extraordinary powers of conversation, accompanied with so much cheerfulness and vivacity. I see the advantage which Christianity and our church must possess in such a character, to win their way and keep all together in India * * * This being Passion week, the bishop is desirous of having prayers in the church as often as is convenient. The weather being intensely hot, it is impossible to collect the soldiers in the morning, and it is therefore determined to have divine service on Wednesday after sunset, when there is to be a confirmation, and on Saturday, when the burial-ground will be consecrated. The bishop, besides preaching on Sunday, will preach on Good Friday, and in the morning on Easter day." * * *

"After the confirmation on Wednesday, the bishop delivered a most impressive address to the persons confirmed, who consisted, for the most part, of young men from the 4th dragoons: they had been instructed by Mr. Goode, and were remarkably well behaved and

attentive. * * * Most of the [illegible] the sacrament on Easter day, and rather [illegible] of the communicants, but to the [illegible] On Saturday, after the form [illegible] finished, the bishop addressed the [illegible] short extempore speech, [illegible] religious feeling. He alluded [illegible] ness and rapidity with which Europeans [illegible] and drew some striking reflections from [illegible] here consigned to the same common [illegible] sible but that such an address, [illegible] peculiar circumstances of the [illegible] and be long remembered."

"*April* 10.—The [illegible] ing the Mhye, which [illegible] morning; we arrived [illegible] lowers were quietly seated [illegible] The bishop preached and administered the sacrament to [illegible] which has been for some time [illegible] the congregation consisted of all the English within [illegible] expressed himself much pleased at finding that [illegible] came to in this establishment, such good provision [illegible] decent celebration of divine service and to support [illegible] lation which I had announced with the intention [illegible] chaplains visiting once a month [illegible] without inconvenience."

"At Surat the bishop was obliged with the [illegible] residence in Cambay, and minute acquaintance with the geography and customs of the natives enabled him to give his hearers [illegible] accurate information respecting that part of the country. The church is called Christ Church, in the particular [illegible] Carr; of whose useful [illegible] had good testimony. The bishop preached in the [illegible] administered the sacrament. The church was [illegible] years ago, and is the first built by the British government [illegible] of the out-stations."

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* The greater part of Cambay is [illegible] portion of the year.

"*April* 20. — We came yesterday to an anchor in Bombay harbor, but, it being very late, we did not land until this morning. It was intended that the clergy and principal staff officers should meet the bishop on his landing; but we were too early for them, and were on shore before they arrived. Government had prepared a very neat bungalow for the bishop's reception on the esplanade and near the sea, where he much enjoyed the fresh sea-breezes after the heat of his long and tedious journey. It is now above ten months since he left Calcutta, and during that time he has visited nearly every station of importance in the upper provinces of Bengal and north of Bombay. He has made a more laborious, harassing, and fatiguing journey than is often done by any civil or military person, — certainly than has fallen to the usual lot of a Christian bishop." * * * *

"I prolonged my stay in India for the purpose of meeting Bishop Heber, and it will be always among the most gratifying recollections of my life that I did so."

"When the bishop reached Bombay, he was undetermined as to his future course in the visitation. He was very desirous, if possible, of visiting the central parts of Hindoostan, and consulted us as to the practicability of returning to Calcutta by Nagpoor; but he was dissuaded from this plan by the very great length of the journey, and the few stations of importance through which his road lay. He then proposed to go from Poonah to Hyderabad and Bangaloor, and thence to visit the southern provinces, the Syrian Christians, and the missionary establishment in Travancore, and to return to Calcutta by Madras. This would have been a very desirable and practicable plan; but he was unfortunately delayed in Bombay longer than he had expected, and he found his presence in Calcutta so much needed that he at length determined to go by sea to Ceylon, and thence continue his voyage up the bay of Bengal, leaving Madras and the South for another tour."

"*April* 25. — The bishop held a confirmation at St. Thomas' Church, when about a hundred and twenty persons were confirmed, a considerable number in India, when we recollect that the children of nearly all the company's civil and military servants are sent to England at an early age, and that in Bombay a very great proportion of the lower half-castes are bred up in the Romish Church. After the confirmation, the bishop, as was his usual custom, ad-

dressed the candidates from the rails of the communion-table. His charge was well adapted for the occasion, was impressively delivered, and appeared to have its due effect upon all."

"*April* 28. — The bishop held his visitation, and, at his request, the sermon was preached by the archdeacon.* In the evening the clergy all dined with the bishop in his bungalow. He delighted us all with his cheerful conversation; but to me the party became peculiarly interesting, and its occurrences were most deeply impressed on my mind. The bishop took occasion to speak in very forcible terms of the promising state of the church in this archdeaconry. He was gratified in finding five churches to consecrate, all built since Bishop Middleton's last visitation in 1821; and, though the buildings at Matoongha and Colabah were not such as he could consecrate in their present temporary state, yet it was enough to have procured such erections, in every way decently fitted for divine service. In many other respects he commended what he had seen. He expressed himself in flattering terms of several of the clergy in this archdeaconry, whose useful and unwearied labors he had himself witnessed. He particularly praised their regular attention to their duties, amidst the many discouragements of the climate and the country; he thanked them for their kindness and

* Dr. George Barnes. Dr. Barnes had come out to India, as Archdeacon of Bombay, with Bishop Middleton, in 1814; Drs. Loring and Mousley, the first Archdeacons of Calcutta and Madras, were appointed at the same time; but Dr. Barnes was the only one who, by the vigor of his constitution, or the superior salubrity of his station, had reached the prescribed term of residence in India. He was now about to sail for England, accompanied by the regrets and good wishes of his brother clergy, and of the inhabitants of the presidency, both native and European, among whom he had lived for eleven years, with the consciousness of having labored unremittingly and successfully in the service of his Maker.

At the bishop's desire, Dr. Barnes printed his Visitation Sermon. A short time before his departure, the clergy of the archdeaconry gave him a piece of plate in token of their regard, and the British inhabitants requested him to send out his portrait, to be placed in one of those schools which owed so much to his care. A subscription for this purpose was entered into, and the interest of the surplus was appointed to provide annual medals for the best scholars, to be inscribed, "Dr. Barnes' medals."

courtesy to himself; and, in speaking of the progress of Christianity in India, he took occasion to notice the present state of Bishop's Mission College, and to state his intention of soon forming a committee of the Society for Propagating the Gospel, to which he requested their support."

A few days after the bishop landed at Bombay, he was joined by his family, after a separation of near eleven months, the whole of which he had spent in his visitation, seldom sleeping out of his cabin or tent.

At a meeting of the district committee of the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, which was held soon after his arrival, the bishop, after taking a general view of the society's measures, congratulated its members on the favorable report made by the committee, and expressed his approbation of every part of their proceedings. In the present state of the Christian population in India, he said there was a great demand for the society's English books in the soldiers' schools, barracks, and hospitals, as well as among the seamen of the vessels frequenting the ports; but, without the assistance of the district committee, it was not easy to see how these books could be readily procured. He earnestly exhorted the clergy, therefore, to avail themselves to the utmost of their power of the valuable assistance afforded by this committee, who, by their liberal supplies at every station where a chaplain was resident, enabled him to administer far more effectually to the spiritual necessities of his countrymen. The bishop then mentioned with great approbation the lending-libraries established by the Bombay government at different out-stations, under the management of the chaplains. On his jour-

ney through that presidency, he had himself seen the great advantage of these institutions, under the peculiar circumstances in which soldiers are placed in India. Between the five o'clock morning and the evening parade, they had many unemployed hours, for which books afforded them an invaluable occupation, so as to prevent their falling into the degrading vices unhappily but too common among the lower classes of Europeans. The military library at each station which he visited contained, besides an entire set of the society's publications, upwards of a hundred and thirty volumes, comprising the works of many of the best English authors in history, travels, biography, poetry, and the elements of science.

(TO MRS. DASHWOOD.)

"BOMBAY, May 11, 1825.

* * * "There have been indeed many occasions, in the course of my long journey, when your society would have been most agreeable and comfortable; and there are many objects offered in India (some of them Emily and I have, since our re-union, seen together) which would have interested you, and given very full scope to your pencil. Were the climate better, this would indeed be a most agreeable place of banishment, a visit to which, for a short period, would well repay the privations and monotony of a double voyage. The climate (though I believe that I bear it as well as most people of my acquaintance, and though I do not think that its general effect on the health either of me or mine has been unfriendly) is certainly, however, a grievous drawback, inasmuch as, even during the coolest season of the year, there are many hours in every day during which, without necessity, no one can expose himself to the sun. A still closer imprisonment is forced on us by the rainy season; and the extreme heat of part of March, April, May, June, August, September, and the early part of October, far exceeds, both in actual annoyance and the languor which it induces, everything which I had been taught to expect in a tropical climate.

"The climate and air of Calcutta are, I think, the worst I have yet met with; having the heat untempered by sea-breezes, the rainy season aggravated by the marshy character of the surrounding country, and the enormous rivers which intersect Bengal in every direction, and the remaining five months of cool weather invaded by thick fogs, as dense as I ever saw at the same season in London. Calcutta has, however, the advantage of a smaller share of hot winds than the upper provinces; and, from the size and loftiness of the houses, the judicious methods adopted for excluding the outward air, and keeping the rooms at a moderate temperature (we think it moderate when the thermometer does not exceed 85°), and other little comforts and precautions which elsewhere are neglected or unattainable, it is found that, on the whole, the probabilities of life and health are greater there than in many regions of India which seem more favorable by nature.

"Of the upper provinces, Bahar, Oude, the Dooab, Rohilcund, and Rajpootana, I was myself disposed to form a very favorable judgment. The weather during the five months of which I have spoken is there not only agreeable, but sometimes actually cold. The rains are moderate, and there is an elasticity in the air, a deep, bright, matchless blueness in the sky, a golden light which clothes even the most common objects with beauty and riches, and a breeze so cool, calm, and bracing as to render the country singularly propitious to every work of art, and every natural feature of the scenery, and more exhilarating than can be expressed to a person coming, as I then was, from the close heats and dripping thickets of Bengal during the rains. This difference, indeed, is felt by every living thing. The animals of Upper India are all larger and of better quality than those of Bengal. The natives are a taller, handsomer, and more manly race. And Europeans, who all, when in Calcutta, look like kid-skin gloves, and seem as if they had been boiled, recover here their natural complexion and firmness of flesh and muscle, as if they had returned to their own country. Even here, however, the sun, during the greater part of the day, is too fierce to be confronted with impunity; and the annual prevalence and fury of the hot winds, which blow during March, April, May, and a part of June, for eighteen hours out of every twenty-four, like the stream of air from a great blast-furnace, is regarded as a plague, which more than counterbalances the superiority of these provinces

in other respects, and are no less destructive both to comfort and health than anything to be endured in Calcutta. Still, if I had the power of choice, it is here that I would pitch my tent, in the neighborhood of Meerut, the most considerable of our northern stations; and with the power of migrating every year during the hot winds to the lofty valleys of the Dhoon, about one hundred and fifty miles off, where the breath of the furnace is said to be little felt, and where the view of the Himalaya, with its eternal snows, is of itself enough to communicate a comparative coolness. A yet finer and more bracing climate is, indeed, attainable at a much smaller distance, by climbing the wild and majestic ridges of Kemaoon, and approaching the monarch of mountains, Nundi-Devi, in the more direct line of Almorah, by which I myself went up to his neighborhood. But this is a route only practicable during a few months in the year, being cut off from the plain by a belt of marshy forest, the most unwholesome in the known world, and, during the hot and rainy seasons, deserted even by the wild animals. Meerut, therefore, and the Dhoon, may be regarded as the most agreeable parts of India.

"Malwah and the Deckan, being on high levels supported by mountains, are both described as temperate, and, during the greater part of the year, comparatively pleasant. But, for some reason which has not been satisfactorily explained to me, there are no parts of India where fevers are so common, so frequently fatal, and (even when not mortal in the first instance) attended with so lasting ill effects on the constitution. As to the hot, low countries of Guzerat and the northern Coucan, they are, though beautiful in point of scenery, mere charnel-houses to the majority of Europeans, where nobody *can* long reside without repenting it, and where I was moved with a very painful sorrow on seeing the colorless cheeks, shrunk figures, and pale, thin, white hands of the poor English soldiers, who, a few months before, had brought to this inhospitable shore as broad shoulders and as ruddy countenances as ever followed a plough in Shropshire.

"Of Bombay, from my own experience, I should judge favorably Its climate appears, in productions, in temperature, and other respects, pretty closely to resemble the West India Islands; its heat, like theirs, tempered by the sea-breeze, and more fortunate far than they are in the absence of yellow fever. But, I know not why,

except it be from the excessive price of all the comforts of life on this side of India, the provisions made against heat are so much less than those in Calcutta that we feel it quite as much here as there, and the European inhabitants do not seem either more florid, or at all more healthy, than in Calcutta. On the whole, I am inclined to think that, since I cannot live at Meerut, Calcutta is the best place in which my lot could be thrown (as it is certainly the place in which the most extensive and interesting society is usually to be met with); and both my wife and myself look forward to returning thither with an anxiety which you will easily believe, when you know that she was obliged to leave her little Harriet there.

"Inferior, however, as Bombay is to Calcutta in many respects, in some besides climate it has very decidedly the advantage. With me, the neighborhood of the sea is one of these points; nor is there any sea in the world more beautifully blue, bordered by more woody and picturesque mountains, and peopled with more picturesque boats and fishermen, than this part of the Indian Ocean. I know and fully participate in your fondness for latteen sails They are here in full perfection; nor do they ever look better than when seen gliding under high basaltic cliffs, their broad, white triangles contrasted with the dark features of the cocoa palm, or when furled and handled by their wild, Mediterranean-looking mariners, with red caps, naked limbs, and drawers of striped cotton. All these features are peculiar to the Malabaric or western coast of India, and are a few out of many symptoms which have struck me very forcibly of our comparative approach to the European Levant, and the closer intercourse which is kept up here with Arabia, Egypt, and Persia. In Calcutta we hear little of these countries: in Bombay they are constant topics of conversation. It is no exaggeration to say that a very considerable proportion of the civil and military here have visited either the Nile or the Euphrates; arrivals from Yemen, Abyssinia, or the Persian Gulf, occupy a good part of our usual morning's discussion. The sea-shore is lined every morning and evening by the Parsee worshippers of the sun; Arab and Abyssinian seamen throng the streets; and I met, the day before yesterday, at breakfast with the governor, an Arab *post captain;* or at least, if this title is refused him, the commander of a frigate in the navy of the imâm of Muscat. He is a smart little man, a dandy in his way, speaks good English, and is reckoned an extremely good seaman.

"The society of Bombay is, of course, made up of the same elements with that of Calcutta, from which it only differs in being less numerous. The governor, Mr. Elphinstone, is the cleverest and most agreeable man whom I have yet met with in India, and the public man of all others who seems to have the happiness and improvement of the Indians most closely and continually at heart He reminds me very often of the Duke of Richlieu, when governor of Odessa, but has more business-like talents than he had. * * * His popularity is also very remarkable. I have found scarcely any person who does not speak well of him. Emily and I have reason to do so, for we are his guests, and the more we see of him we like him the more. * * *

"It is as yet in some degree uncertain how long we shall be detained here. Next week we think of undertaking a three weeks' excursion into the Mahratta country as far as Poonah, where I have a church to consecrate, and other ecclesiastical matters to attend to. About the middle of July, if I am able in the mean time to despatch some other and very vexatious concerns which occupy me here, we hope to embark for Ceylon, and to reach Calcutta in September. Even there, alas! I can hope for a very short repose, since at Christmas it is my design to be at Madras, and to employ the early part of next year till June in going through the principal stations of that presidency.

* * * "God bless you, and be assured of the love and the daily prayers of, dearest Anna,

"Sincerely your affectionate brother,

"REGINALD CALCUTTA."

On the 22d of May, the bishop preached in St. Thomas' Church on behalf of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel; and on the following morning its friends, including the governor, the judges, and the members of council, assembled to form a district committee for promoting the establishment and support of the society's schools and missions within the archdeaconry of Bombay.

While the bishop was in Bombay, he attended the

tenth annual examination of the children educated by the "Bombay Education Society." This society was established in 1815. Its chief object is to bring up the children of Europeans as Christians, and to give them such knowledge and industrious habits as may render them useful members of society; while, at the same time, it admits native children into its schools, and instructs them in European knowledge and literature. Although it has received some aid from the Company, and has since been united to a school maintained by government, it is mainly supported by the munificence of individuals. Its objects are not confined to the presidency, but, as far as the means permit, embrace several of its out-stations. The bishop visited several of these schools in his tour.

Dr. Barnes, by his zeal and unremitting attention, had brought this institution to its present degree of usefulness; and he had the gratification, but seldom enjoyed in India, of witnessing the benefits arising from it. He had watched the progress of the children educated in the central schools in Bombay, had seen many of them filling useful and respectable stations in society, and he had now the pleasure of beholding the foundation laid of still greater good.

The school-rooms were too small to contain the increasing numbers, and government had granted a piece of ground at Byculla, an airy and central situation in the island, for building two schools capable of holding three hundred and fifty boarders, and a day school for five hundred scholars, the estimated expense of which was £10,000. The foundation stones were laid on the 5th of May, in the presence of almost all the European population, and many of the most respectable natives

that of the boys' school by Mr. Elphinstone and Dr. Barnes, and that of the girls' by Lady West and Lady Chambers. The buildings are separated by a considerable space, on which the children were assembled, and, after the ceremony of laying the foundation stones, the bishop, standing in the centre, offered up prayer for God's blessing on the work.

When this interesting ceremony was concluded, the archdeacon gave a public breakfast in two large tents near the proposed buildings, when the bishop, in the name of the society, made an address to the governor, concluding in terms of the warmest commendation of his unceasing exertions to promote the education both of natives and Europeans.

"The bishop lost no opportunity of letting himself be seen and heard in the pulpit. He preached regularly, not only where he consecrated churches, but at every station in our journey north of Bombay, wherever he passed the Sabbath. While in Bombay, he preached frequently at St. Thomas' church, and assisted in administering the sacrament there the first Sunday in every month. * * Until the beginning of June he resided in the bungalow on the esplanade; and, while there, he frequently received the clergy at his own table, and conversed freely with them on the subject of their duties, encouraging them in their exertions; and it is but justice to the Bombay clergy to say, that he always expressed himself in the highest terms of their diligence and zeal, to both of which he had ample means of testifying."*

In mentioning the illness with which the bishop was attacked on his arrival at Poonah, as related in his own journal, and which was brought on by fatigue, and by being exposed two successive nights to the rains of the Deckan in his palanquin, Dr. Barnes observes:

* Dr. Barnes' MS. Journal.

"The bishop was exceedingly anxious, however, to fulfil his engagements, and could not be dissuaded from consecrating the church, preaching, holding a confirmation, and consecrating the burial-ground. On his return from each of these duties, he was so exhausted as to be obliged to lie down upon his bed. * * * The bishop much regretted that his state of health prevented his seeing more of the city of Poonah, which is an interesting place from having been so long the residence of the Peishwah, and from being now the chief civil and military settlement of the British force in the Deckan. On our return to Bombay, we not only got wet through in the bunder-boat in passing from Panwell to Tannah, but, the tide being very low when we arrived near the latter place, we were unable to get to the fort by water, and were obliged to walk for a mile or more in very hard rain. I fear that the bishop must, from his previous illness, have suffered much. When he went to Tannah a few days after to consecrate the church, he was too unwell to preach, as he had always done on similar occasions, and, at his desire, I preached for him." *

On the 15th of August he sailed for Ceylon, accompanied by Mr. Robinson, the chaplain of Poonah, whom he had appointed his domestic chaplain, and who was, by this nomination, enabled to superintend in person the printing of his translation of the Pentateuch into Persian, a task on which he had long been occupied at the press at Bishop's College.

In Ceylon the bishop also established a district committee of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, and even in that poor colony six hundred pounds were raised to found a Cingalese exhibition in the mission college at Calcutta.

The kindness with which the bishop here, as elsewhere, met the missionaries of the Church Missionary Society, and the zeal with which he entered into their

* Dr. Barnes' MS. Journal.

concerns, excited in them a deep feeling of attachment to his person, and increased veneration for his holy office. The following account of his visit to Cotta, by Mr. Robinson, will be read with a melancholy interest:

"At daybreak this morning I attended his Lordship six miles from Colombo to Cotta, the principal missionary station, where they intend to establish a Christian institution for the island. He was received, on entering, by five missionaries; and Mr. Lambrick read an address, in the name of all, expressive of their joy at ranging themselves under his paternal authority, their gratitude for his kindness, and their thankfulness for his present visit, and at seeing a friend and protector and father in their lawful superior; then laying before him the account of their state and prospects. I assure you this address was neither read nor heard without tears. The bishop, who had no intimation of their purpose, returned a most kind and affectionate answer, attaching to himself still more strongly the hearts which were already his own. His utterance was ready, and only checked by the strong emotion of the time.

"The scene was to me most beautiful. We were embowered in the sequestered woods of Ceylon, in the midst of a heathen population, and here was a transaction worthy of an apostolic age, — a Christian bishop, his heart full of love, and full of zeal for the cause of his Divine Master, received in his proper character by a body of missionaries of his own church, who, with full confidence and affection, ranged themselves under his authority, as his servants and fellow-laborers; men of devoted piety, of sober wisdom, whose labors were at that moment before him, and whose reward is in heaven." *

Of the same visit Mr. Lambrick observed:

"To see our excellent bishop, with the most conciliating kindness, interesting himself in all our work, taking part in it as a fellow-laborer, and animating us to proceed with the assured hope of final success, — to see him so humble though so highly gifted, so venerable though comparatively young, so primitive and apostolic in his manners though adorned with all the refinements of the most civilized politeness, — this was indeed a most delightful spectacle."

* Church Missionary Register, 1827

(TO THE VENERABLE ARCHDEACON BARNES.)

"POINT DE GALLE, Sept. 27, 1826.

"DEAR ARCHDEACON,—* * * I have passed a very interesting month in Ceylon, but never in my life, to the best of my recollection, passed so laborious a one. I really think that there are better hopes of an abundant and early harvest of Christianity here, while, at the same time, there are more objects connected with its dissemination and establishment which call for the immediate and almost constant attention of a bishop, than are to be found in all India besides. I hope I have been partly enabled to set things going, and design, in the course of my visitation of the south of Madras next spring, to run over again, for a week or ten days, to Jaffna at least, if not to Colombo, when I may both see the effects of my measures and possibly extend them. My chief anxiety is to raise the character of the native proponents, and by degrees elevate them into an ordained and parochial clergy. This, with a better system introduced into the government schools, will soon, I trust, make many new Christians, and render some professing Christians less unworthy of their names than they now are.

"The new archdeacon, Mr. Glennie, is a very valuable man, and the Church missionaries in this island are really patterns of what missionaries ought to be,—zealous, discreet, orderly, and most active. Mr. Robinson will have told you what has been done for Bishop's College. It is really a great deal for so poor an island In the midst of my many engagements it has been quite impossible for me to finish the letter to the archbishop. I hope to send it to you immediately on my arrival in Calcutta.

"Believe me, with sincere esteem and regard,

"Ever most truly yours,

"REGINALD CALCUTTA."

The voyage from Bombay to Ceylon, and thence to Calcutta, was so tedious that the bishop did not arrive at the latter place till the 21st of October. All these delays, and the business necessary to be transacted after so long an absence from the presidency, obliged him to abandon his intention of spending the

ensuing Christmas at Madras, and of visiting the southern provinces during the remainder of the cool season. But for these repeated and unfortunate detentions, he might, to our finite views, by avoiding the great heats on the Malabar coast, have completed that journey in safety, and been some time longer spared to his family, and to that country for whose eternal welfare he was laboring to the utmost of, and alas! beyond, his strength and ability!

CHAPTER XI.

District Committee of the Society for Propagating the Gospel formed in Calcutta. — Success of the Bishop's Applications for Assistance in his Plans for the Improvement of the College. — Mission among the Puharrees. — Death of Mr. Adam. — Books sent to All Souls. — Ordination of Abdul Mussech. — The Bishop visits Chinsurah. — His Illness. — Departure for Madras. — Extracts from Archdeacon Robinson's Publication. — Station of Vepery. — Poonamalee. — Church at Madras.

(TO THE VENERABLE ARCHDEACON BARNES.)

"CALCUTTA, Oct. 27, 1825.

"MY DEAR SIR, — I have just heard that you are to sail homewards on or about the 15th of next month; in consequence of which I lose no time in sending off one copy of my letter to the archbishop, of which I shall be much obliged to you to take charge.

"We arrived here, all of us safe and well, after a tedious, and latterly a stormy, passage, on Friday last, and had the happiness to find our little girl at Mr. Parson's, in good health.

"And now, my dear and valued friend, accept my best adieus, and my thanks for the pleasure and advantage which I have received from your advice, your agreeable conversation, and your unvaried good-nature and kindness. You have my best prayers for your safe passage, and your speedy and happy re-union with those who are most dear to you. In India we shall miss you sadly; but who, under such circumstances, could urge you to remain any longer?

"Pray offer my best compliments and good wishes to Mrs. Barnes, as also my kind regards to your brother, and, if you meet them, to our friends the Honys.

"Believe me ever your sincere friend,

"REGINALD CALCUTTA."

On his return to Calcutta, the principal object which first attracted the bishop's attention was the superintendence of the new buildings at the college, and of the various improvements in the grounds, which were so essential to the health and comfort of its inhabitants. He also put his original intention into execution, of forming a district committee of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, on the same footing with those of Bombay and Ceylon; and he addressed letters to the residents in Calcutta, and to all the influential persons with whom he had become acquainted on his tour through the upper provinces, requesting their assistance in forwarding their views.

From almost every quarter he had the gratification of receiving handsome subscriptions, and promises of future assistance. A portion of the money was expressly given for the completion of the college buildings, while the remainder was to be applied to forwarding missionary works in connection with it. Among the subscribers appeared the name of Baboo Muthornauth Mullich, a Hindoo gentleman of great respectability, who, after visiting the college, begged to give four hundred sicca rupees annually to its support.

One of the many gratifying circumstances of the bishop's residence in India, and which was doubtless in a great degree to be attributed to the respect and affection with which he had inspired all ranks of men, was the success that attended applications of this nature. His plans for the benefit of the native as well as of the European population were ever met with cordial and active co-operation; and, notwithstanding the immense labor attending his situation, under which,

in so depressing and enervating a climate, even his energies would occasionally sink; and notwithstanding the painful separation from his family which that climate had caused, such was the unbounded interest which he took in the country and in his duties, and so great was the gratification which he felt at this cheerful furtherance of all his schemes, that he more than once said to his wife, that, were it possible to educate their children in India, and to preserve their health, he would give up all thoughts of returning to England, and would end his days among the objects of his solicitude.

The accounts which the bishop continued to receive of the mission which he had established among the Puharrees, were such as to confirm his opinion of the benefits likely to arise from it, so long as its conduct was intrusted to a man like Mr. Christian. Had he lived to return from the southern visitation, he would have visited this establishment himself, to direct its further progress, and if possible to extend its ramifications among the Garrows, and those other mountain tribes, whose freedom from caste, and general superiority of character, appeared likely to facilitate the growth of Christianity among them. But this, and all the other plans for the welfare of India, which his early death interrupted, are, so far as his own eternal happiness is concerned, already performed in the sight of Him before whom the past, the present, and the future, appear in one view, and who knoweth what is in the heart of man.

(TO CHARLES LUSHINGTON, ESQ.)

"CHOWRINGHEE, Nov. 18, 1825

"MY DEAR SIR, — I cannot help troubling you with this note, to condole with you most sincerely on the loss which yourself and the public have sustained in your excellent and able friend, Mr Adam. This is a melancholy world, and a melancholy part of it, where, more than in most other countries, it is impossible to love or value anybody highly, without recollecting at the same time how surely they must be, and how soon they may be, taken from us.

"Believe me, my dear sir, ever most truly yours,

"REGINALD CALCUTTA."

(TO CHARLES LUSHINGTON, ESQ.)

"CHOWRINGHEE, Dec. 8, 1825.

"MY DEAR SIR, — * * * I feel that I ought not to conclude my letter without some offer of congratulation on your becoming chief secretary; though, I confess, if that event is to put a stop to the official relations in which we have stood to each other, I should be tempted to mingle regret, on my own account, with the pleasure which I feel in everything which contributes to your advantage or extended usefulness. As wishing well to India, however, and as having had many opportunities of appreciating, not only your private worth, but your unwearied diligence and excellent talents for business, I wish you and the public joy, with all my heart; and trust that your health may long be spared to enable you to serve your country in this, and more profitable stations than this, — more important there can hardly be.

"Believe me, dear sir, sincerely your obliged friend,

"REGINALD CALCUTTA

"I have just had repeated and earnest applications from Sincapoor for clerical aid, which I only refrained from forwarding to government before, because I did not apprehend that they had it in their power, under present circumstances, to render any assistance, and had no desire to plague you needlessly."

(TO THE HON. AND RIGHT REV. THE LORD BISHOP OF OXFORD.)

"CALCUTTA, Dec. 18, 1825.

"MY DEAR LORD,—You will receive, together with this note, a copy of the 'Huft Kolzoom,' or 'Seven Oceans,' a dictionary of the Hindoostanee and Persian languages, compiled by the present King of Oude, and printed at his own press at Lucknow. It is said to be a work of some merit, and is at least a novelty, as coming from the pen of a royal author, and printed at his expense in a situation where even the existence of a printing-press is a matter of some curiosity. As such, I trust it may be thought not unworthy of a place among the Eastern treasures which our friend Knatchbull has added to All Souls library.

"A learned friend of mine, Colonel Francklin, author of several works on the antiquities and geography of Hindoostan and Persia, has taken charge of it, and will have the honor of presenting this letter to your Lordship on his visit to Oxford. He is a very estimable and gentlemanly old officer, and anxious to become known to the literary circles of England. Any attention which your Lordship may, without inconvenience, be able to show him, will be an additional favor conferred on,

"My dear Lord, ever your obliged and faithful

"REGINALD CALCUTTA."

Soon after the bishop's return to Calcutta, the high caste Hindoo, whom Mr. Hawtayne had been the means of converting in 1823, and whose baptism had already transpired, received the sacrament for the first time in the cathedral. This man set an example of attachment to his new religion, which it might well become many of those who are born of Christian parents to imitate. His family was respectable and affluent, but he himself was chiefly dependent on his friends for support; they used their utmost influence to induce him to renounce his faith, refused to hold any intercourse with him, and threatened to remove his means of subsistence. But, though suffering much

from their persecution. He steadily resisted both threats and entreaties, and was consequently thrown in a great degree on the benevolence of Europeans for employment and support. His appearance at the altar was deeply impressive: in the native dress, with the chuddah or muslin veil worn by the lower sort of Hindoos, almost concealing his face, he knelt alone, having waited till the last European had communicated. This man, at least, could not be accused of changing his religion on interested motives, inasmuch as obloquy from his countrymen was his worldly portion, and he had to sustain as well the tears and reproaches of his friends as the derision and malice of his enemies.

In December of this year (1825), the bishop admitted to Episcopal ordination, together with several other candidates, Abdul Musseeh, a convert of Archdeacon Corrie's, a man of family, and gifted with great zeal and very considerable attainments. He resolved on this measure after much deliberation; several persons, whose opinions he respected, remonstrated with him strongly against it; their objections arising from the idea that the re-ordination of Lutheran ministers was illegal and profane, the candidate having previously received Lutheran ordination. But the bishop was so deeply persuaded of the advantages which were likely to accrue from thus connecting this venerable convert with the English Episcopal Church, that he was not diverted from his purpose. The short time which Abdul Musseeh lived proved that the views which the bishop had taken were correct; and his death, which transpired in 1827, occasioned a severe interruption to the progress of our religion among his countrymen.

The ordination ceremony was in every point of view solemn and affecting.

Early in 1826, the bishop, accompanied by Mr. Robinson, visited Chinsurah, about twenty miles from Calcutta, the station which, as has been mentioned, was ceded to England by the Dutch, and of which the spiritual concerns were placed by government in his hands. Mr. Morton, who was appointed to the mission, had been performing the duties for some months, and was living on terms of perfect amity with Mr. De La Croix, the Dutch missionary, who did not appear to entertain any jealous or hostile feelings towards the person who now occupied his situation in the mission. The bishop preached on the Sunday which he passed at Chinsurah, both morning and evening; and was occupied the following morning in looking over an old house, which had long been the abode of bats and snakes, for the purpose of deciding on its capability of forming a permanent residence for the clergyman, and for the establishment of a school. Here he caught a fever, which confined him to his room several days after his return to Calcutta. Soon after his recovery he sailed in the "Bussorah Merchant" for Madras, where he arrived late in February.

(TO THE HON. AND RIGHT REV. THE LORD BISHOP OF OXFORD.)

"ON THE GANGES BELOW CALCUTTA, Feb. 3, 1826.

"MY DEAR LORD, — I addressed a letter to your Lordship about a month ago, in which I introduced to your acquaintance and kind notice my friend, Col. Francklin, and requested permission to offer to the college library a copy of a Persian dictionary, lately published by the King of Oude, of which Colonel Francklin had taken charge. An accident prevented my sending it at that time, and I thought it best afterwards to wait for the sailing of the East

India Company's own ship, 'Thomas Grenville,' with whose commander, Captain Manning, I am on terms of intimacy, and can rely on his taking every care of the package. I have added to the 'Seven Oceans' a copy of the first half of the 'Shah Nameh,' 'Book of Kings,' of the Persian poet Ferdusi, which has some merit as a specimen of Indo-Persian calligraphy, and was given to me by the Guicwar Rajah, by whose order the copy had been made, and who, notwithstanding its unfinished state, attached considerable value to it. Will your Lordship have the kindness to offer both these works, in my name, to the library, and excuse the trouble which I give in addressing them to you, — not being sure whether Berens yet holds the bursarial sceptre, which he wielded so long and so ably, or who may have succeeded him. * * *

"I am again embarked on my voyage to Madras, which presidency I have not yet visited. My purpose is, after a few weeks' stay in the city itself, to make nearly the same tour which Bishop Middleton did in his first visitation, with the addition of Cannanore, Mysore, Bangalore, and Arcot. Even this will leave a vast tract of the Deckan and Central India as yet untraversed for another year; but the necessity of completing my work before the rainy season makes this inevitable. As it is, my engagements in Calcutta have detained me considerably too late; and I have been again, to my great sorrow, obliged to leave my wife and children behind, the advanced season making it unsafe for them to march with me. I have, however, the comfort of leaving them in good health. My own health has, with few exceptions, been as good in this country as it ever was in Europe.

"Believe me, my dear Lord, with much respect and regard,

"Sincerely your Lordship's obliged friend,

"REGINALD CALCUTTA."

In his visitation of the stations in the Madras presidency, the bishop was accompanied by his chaplain, the Rev. Mr. Robinson, subsequently archdeacon of Madras. From a work of Mr. Robinson's, entitled "The Last Days of Bishop Heber," several quotations will be given in the remaining portion of this memoir.

"*February* 2. *Ship* '*Bussorah Merchant*.' — We joined the ship this morning, I fear with the prospect of a long voyage to Madras."

* * * * * * * *

"*February* 3. — Our progress is very slow down the river, but it enables us to get acquainted with the passengers, and arrange everything with greater comfort before the voyage begins. The bishop came into my cabin after breakfast, and said he found that, besides the European crew, there was a detachment of invalid soldiers on board returning to England, probably in a very ignorant and demoralized state, after their long residence in this country, and that he thought we might be exceedingly useful to them in the course of the voyage. He proposed, therefore, that we should go down alternately every morning to instruct them and pray with them. I begged him not to interrupt his own important avocations for these lower duties, which I would gladly undertake alone if he would commission me to do so; but he would by no means consent to relinquish his share in them. 'I have too little,' said he, 'in my situation, of these pastoral duties, which are so useful to the minister as well as to his people; and I am delighted at the opportunity thus unexpectedly afforded me, — it will remind me of dear Hodnet. Besides, it is possible that the very circumstance of my going down may impress them more strongly, and incline them more to listen to us both.' He had his prayer-book in his hand, and, after speaking to the commanding officer, went below immediately. Is not this worthy of a bishop? What inexpressible dignity do such simple labors add to his high and sacred office! We had family prayers in the cuddy after tea, which will be continued during the voyage. All the passengers gladly assented to the proposal. What is there that he could ask that they would not assent to? for all are delighted, even on this short acquaintance, with the life and variety of his conversation, and the gentleness of his manners."

"*February* 4. — On going down to the poor soldiers this morning, I found the effect of the bishop's visit yesterday to be just what might have been expected. His kindness and condescension have prepared them to receive with thankfulness all that is said to them; and, before I began to read, they could not help saying, as they collected round me: 'Only think of such a great man as the bishop coming between decks to pray with such poor fellows as we are!' Who can tell what good may result from these humble efforts?

greater, perhaps, than from his more public and splendid labors which are followed by the admiration of the world. These are unseen and unknown; * * * but *his Father, which seeth in secret, himself shall reward him openly.*" * * *

"*February* 5, *Sunday.*—The pilot left us at mid-day, and the ship was in too much confusion to have service on deck in the morning: the bishop preached to the men below. This evening we had prayers in the cuddy, the whole crew standing on the outside, and the bishop preached an excellent plain sermon on 'the parable of the sower.'"

"*February* 6.—I was sitting reading in my cabin this morning, when the bishop came in and showed me an interesting letter he had lately received, and which has much affected him, giving him an account of the last hours of a friend of his, of high genius and talent, who, for twenty years, from the time when he first entered the church [the ministry], has been laid by from all public duty by asthma, and thus confined almost entirely to the bosom of his own family. By this painful and (as he himself thought) necessary discipline, his spirit was purified and prepared for heaven. The bishop says he was often struck with the strong influence of religion which his example and conversation diffused through every branch of the noble family to which he belonged. I went down and preached to the men as usual this morning; and one of them, who had been in the hospital at Meerut when the bishop was there last year, requested me to ask his Lordship to confirm him, if it could be done on board. He seems a well-disposed man, and the bishop has consented to do it on Sunday next, if he finds him prepared. It will probably be the first time the ordinance was ever administered in a ship.

"The bishop is busily employed re-writing his charge for Madras. After delivering it there, it will be printed." * * *

"*February* 11.—This has been a day of great sorrow on board to a poor mother who is mourning over her infant child, and a scene of instruction to us all. The lady in the opposite cabin to mine, in very weak health herself, is going to England, taking with her a sickly infant of two months old, and leaving her husband in Calcutta. It was seized with convulsions this morning, and, after lingering through the day, has just breathed its last sigh. The bishop has been repeatedly in the cabin, comforting and praying with her;

and in the intervals I hear him weeping and praying for her in his own. I have never seen such tenderness, never such humble exercise of Christian love. Alas! how his spirit shames us all! I thank God that I have seen his tears, that I have heard his prayers, his conversation with the afflicted mother, and his own private reflections on it. It has made me love him more, and has given me a lesson of tenderness in visiting the afflicted that I trust will not be in vain. I did not do him justice. I did not think he was more fitted (as he really is) for the sick room and the dying bed than the crowded audience and the theatre of the world."

"*February* 12. — We committed the poor baby's body to the deep at sunrise, and the bishop read the service himself. The afflicted mother is very ill, and seems very grateful for his kind attentions. It is a solemn service; but how full of peace is the death of a little innocent, and what unspeakable consolation to a parent's heart that there is no shade of doubt as to its eternal state, that 'of such is the kingdom of heaven.' We had prayers on deck as usual, and the bishop preached on 'the good shepherd.' I spent two hours in his cabin after the service in very interesting conversation on the subject of angels, and the several emblematic visions of St. John, Ezekiel, and Isaiah. This evening he has spent chiefly in the cabin of the poor bereaved mother; and, while she was bitterly lamenting her loss, instead of checking her expressions of impatience, and *prescribing* to her the duty of submission, he told her the following beautiful apologue, as one with which he had himself been much affected: 'A shepherd was mourning over the death of his favorite child, and, in the passionate and rebellious feeling of his heart, was bitterly complaining that what he loved most tenderly, and was in itself most lovely, had been taken from him. Suddenly a stranger, of grave and venerable appearance, stood before him, and beckoned him forth into the field. It was night, and not a word was spoken till they arrived at the fold, when the stranger thus addressed him: "When you select one of these lambs from the flock, you choose the best and most beautiful among them. Why should you murmur because I, the good Shepherd of the sheep, have selected from those which you have nourished for me the one that was most fitted for my eternal fold?" The mysterious stranger was seen no more, and the father's heart was comforted.'"

"*February* 25. — We anchored in Madras Roads this morning,

and left the ship in an accommodation boat, which the beach-master had sent to convey the bishop on shore. The manner in which all persons on board, the crew as well as the passengers and invalids, took their leave of the bishop, showed how much he had endeared himself to them in the course of the voyage; and, as the ship will probably be detained here a week, he has invited the lady who has already been so much indebted to his kindness in her affliction, to spend that time with us, promising to send a carriage for her in the evening, when he had ascertained what apartments he had it in his power to offer her. He was much amused with the uncouth and primitive structure of the boat, which, he said, might well pass for the gig of Noah's ark, — its lofty sides, the high raised benches of the rowers, and the noisy but not unmusical song with which they accompanied their oars, as they conveyed us through the surf, which happened to be more quiet than usual." *

With his accustomed indifference to personal comforts, the bishop had only applied for the services of a native doctor on his visitation, in case of illness among his escort and servants; but the government not only appointed Mr. Hyne, one of the best surgeons on the Madras establishment, to attend him, but commissioned Captain Harkness, who had the command of the escort, to provide other medical assistance, should Mr. Hyne be himself taken ill. Colonel Taylor, the town-major, provided a sufficient number of tents, elephants, &c., to insure him as much comfort in the journey as the heat of the weather would admit, and every precaution which kindness and forethought could command for his safety was taken; but, with all this, a feeling prophetic of the fatal event seems to have existed in Sir Thomas Monro's mind, for he more than once expressed an earnest wish that "the bishop's visitation might end well."

* Last Days of Bishop Heber, pp. 86—88, 90—96.

The Madras male and female orphan schools attracted much of the bishop's attention. It was in the former of these institutions that Dr. Bell first became acquainted with the plan for education, which, under his name, has been so generally adopted in England. The bishop examined many of the boys, and expressed the pleasure which he had received from witnessing the progress they were making, and from seeing their happy and healthy appearance.* On the same day he held a confirmation, when nearly five hundred persons received the sacred rite, — a number far greater than any which he had previously seen, at the same time, in India.

During his short stay at Madras, the bishop visited the establishment of the Christian Knowledge Society

* The report made of the state of these schools for the year 1826 concludes with the following paragraph:

"But, amidst these subjects for gratulation as well as thankfulness, there is one circumstance which, while it overcasts some of the bright prospects of these charities, painfully claims the attention of the directors; it is the melancholy death of the Right Reverend the Lord Bishop of Calcutta. During the short period of his residence at this presidency, Bishop Heber honored the asylums with a visit; and, on that occasion, having condescended to examine the children in each school, his Lordship was pleased to express his extreme gratification at the efficiency of the institutions, the healthy appearance and regularity of the children, as well as their proficiency in learning. Grateful as the approbation of this virtuous and distinguished prelate was, affording encouragement to future exertions, and the hope of additional patronage, it now serves to increase the regret occasioned by his removal from these scenes of his usefulness. In paying this humble tribute of respect to the memory of the beloved and revered bishop, the directors are individually and collectively persuaded they do but express the sympathizing feelings of a sorrowing flock, at the loss of so worthy a pastor; a loss which all charitable institutions, in common with those under consideration, must deeply deplore."

at Vepery, and examined all the schools connected with the institution. The native schools especially excited his admiration. He was delighted also with the new church, — a beautiful building of simple Gothic, the only church of that style in India, — and complimented Mr. Law, the architect, on the ingenuity and skill which, without his ever having seen any specimen of Gothic architecture, had achieved so much under so many disadvantages. The remark which he made on the state of this mission was, "that, although he had visited several native congregations in the north of India and in Ceylon, he had not met with one which gave him so much pleasure, or held out so fair a promise of future good."

The rapid approach of the hot season did not permit of his seeing more than the principal objects of interest in this mission; and the consideration of many very important points in connection with it he reserved for a future opportunity — which, alas! never arrived. He remarked to Mr. Robinson that Vepery was the proper place for the establishment of a seminary for the education of native Christian youths intended for the ministry, dependent on, and auxiliary to, Bishop's College, but on a far less expensive scale; and he thought that at some future period it might appear a very important object to the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel.*

* Vepery is a very important missionary station on various accounts; it is in the centre of a large Christian, native, and half-caste population, possesses a considerable printing establishment, and, from its vicinity to Madras, is peculiarly calculated for the instruction of missionaries on their first arrival, while it is immediately under the control of the Societies for Propagating the Gospel and for Promoting Christian Knowledge. Archdeacon Robinson, in a letter to Mrs. Heber, gave the following informa-

"*March* 9.—The bishop visited the military station of Poonamelee, about ten miles distant from Madras, where there is a depot for recruits on their first arrival from England, a considerable number of pensioners, and an asylum for the children of soldiers. All these circumstances conspire to make it a most important sphere of clerical labor, comprising as it does a very large number of those who require catechetical instruction, the young and healthy who have not yet lost the good impressions of their early education, and the veteran who has much to unlearn after a long life, perhaps of vicious indulgence. * * * Divine service commenced at ten o'clock, when the bishop administered confirmation to one hundred and five candidates, and subsequently to fourteen others. * * * There was one young woman who came with her little boy, and, thinking him too young, I advised her to keep him back till the bishop's return to Madras. She had stood behind the rest [of the candidates] while I was speaking to them, and, when I had finished, came forward with much feeling, and begged that she might herself be admitted. She wept much, was evidently in declining health, and there was a sincerity and earnestness in her whole manner that affected the bishop most powerfully. 'Bring them both to me,' he said; 'who knows whether they may live to wish for it again?'" * * *

"*March* 12.—The bishop preached to an overflowing congregation, at the chapel in the Black Town, in the morning; and, great expedition having been used in completing the preparations for lighting St. George's, he preached the first evening lecture there, which he has established instead of the former afternoon service. The church was crowded to excess, and the bishop's farewell address

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tion relative to the mission in 1829: "The new schools at Vepery are nearly finished, and their completion will not only greatly improve that department of the mission, but make room for better arrangements in the printing-office, which is now much cramped. The great want in this, as in all the other missions which I have seen, is that of native or country-born catechists. We are forming a seminary for their education, under the immediate inspection of the missionary with whom they are hereafter to serve, *in each separate mission for its own supply*, with the addition at Vepery of an upper class, to which boys of promising disposition and talents may be brought from the out-stations, as candidates for holy orders, under the more direct superintendence of the archdeacon."

from the words, '*He sent them away*,' was a forcible and touching appeal to the hearts of his audience, especially begging them to continue their attendance at this new service, which he had suggested for their greater comfort, and charging them to remember him in their prayers." *

* Bishop Heber's Last Days, pp. 114—118

CHAPTER XII.

Quotation from the Poet Montgomery on drawing towards the Close of a Memoir. — The Bishop leaves Madras. — Pondicherry. — Cuddalore. — Visit from the Country Priest of the Tanjore Mission. — The Bishop arrives at Tanjore. — Monument of Schwartz. — Rajah of Tanjore. — Illness of Dr. Hyne. — Contemplated Improvement of the Tanjore Missions. — Visit to the Rajah. — Missionaries at Tanjore. — The Bishop's Arrival at Trichinopoly. — His last Public Acts. — His Death and Burial.

"TOWARDS the close of any book of biography in which we have been peculiarly interested, there is something of apprehension experienced as we approach the last pages: we know the catastrophe which consummates every work of the kind, because the same is the consummation of every human life. Whose heart has not palpitated, whose hand has not trembled, as if it felt a feebler pulse at turning over leaf after leaf, and whose eye has not keenly, eagerly, yet afraid and revoltingly, glanced on to the very line in which the last agony is described, as though it saw the dying look of one who had been 'very pleasant in life,' and from whom, even 'in the volume of the book,' it was hard to be divided? Yea, and we read with prophetic anticipation the record of the last moments of our endeared companion, as one warning more of our own being so much the nearer than when we first became acquainted, though it were but a few days ago."*

* Montgomery's Introduction to Memoirs of Mrs. Susan Huntington, of Boston.

We have arrived at the last month of the precious life of the subject of this memoir; and no refined or pious reader can refrain from feeling the truth and applicability of the touching presentiment to which the poet has so beautifully alluded.

"*March* 13. — We left Madras this afternoon, after a fortnight of great enjoyment, as well as exertion. The novelty and variety of the objects that have engaged the bishop's attention, the excellence of the public institutions, and the foundation of missionary labors in the venerable establishments at Vepery, have all conspired to excite the strongest interest in favor of Madras; and nowhere has his own character been more justly appreciated. He has been particularly gratified by observing the harmony that so happily prevails among the clergy, and their disinterested kindness in assisting each other, and even seeking for opportunities of extending their sphere of usefulness. This was particularly shown in the readiness with which they embraced his arrangement for the afternoon service at the Fort Church, in consequence of which, Messrs. Roy, Moorsom, and Denton, will take that duty in rotation with the chaplain of St. Mary's. On the whole, I am sure he leaves Madras with cordial feelings of attachment to the inhabitants, and increasing interest in this important portion of his diocese." * *

"*March* 17. — We arrived at Pondicherry after an intensely hot march, and found our tents pitched on a burning sand, about a mile from the town. The road is not unlike that from Galle to Colombo, with abundance of palmyra, and the country, though sandy, is not at all destitute of cultivation. After breakfast the police-master arrived with a message of welcome from the French governor, and, half an hour after, one of his aides-de-camp brought an invitation to an early dinner, and a guard of honor to remain with the bishop. The curé of Pondicherry, Padre Felice, a Capuchin from Italy, sent a very civil message, begging the bishop to use his garden-house, which is in the neighborhood of our tents; but, as we must march to-morrow in order to reach Cuddalore before Sunday, his Lordship declined accepting it; we did not therefore see the curé. We were received at government-house in a most cordial and hospitable manner, and among the guests at dinner the

bishop was pleased to find the Viscompte de Richmont, who has lately arrived from Europe, to succeed to the government, and brought letters for his Lordship from Mr. Elphinstone at Bombay He is an accomplished man, and has travelled much in India, Persia, and many countries of Europe. His fellow-traveller, Monsieur Belanger, is also an intelligent young man; and an old gentleman, who has employed many years in antiquarian researches, and seen much of the northern provinces of Hindoostan, was not the least amusing of the party. The conversation between these gentlemen and the bishop was lively and brilliant. He talks French with considerable ease and fluency, and it would be difficult for men of any country to start a subject of conversation, however foreign from his own immediate pursuits, with which his various and discursive reading has not made him in some degree familiar; there is a playfulness also in his mode of communicating what he knows, and a tact and consideration for the national and literary prejudices of others, that particularly endeared him to the little circle of to-day. * * *

"On my return to the government-house, I found the bishop had been requested to confirm four young persons, the children of an English officer deceased, by a French lady. We went immediately to their house, and he spent an hour in examining and conversing with them on the subject of religion. I was much struck with the patience and earnestness of his manner in this interesting service, and not only the ease but the manifest delight with which he left the crowded party of the governor, which was anxiously awaiting his return, for this unexpected call of duty. The fatigue of travelling, the excessive heat, and the constant engagements of the day, had all been extremely exhausting, and we have to march at three to-morrow morning; yet he did not shorten in any degree what it was right to say. He expressed great pleasure in their answers and general appearance, and, after confirming them, returned for a short time to the government-house, and retired early to his tent. He has invited the young officer, who came with the guard of honor this morning, to accompany us to Tanjore." *

The bishop arrived at Cuddalore on the 18th, where

* Last Days of Bishop Heber, pp. 126—130.

he was hospitably received by Colonel Frazer. The mission at this place is one of the oldest in the south of India; it was founded in 1736 by an individual, Mr. Schultze, and its church was built in 1766, principally out of the ruins of the fort (St. David), which had been destroyed by war.

"*March* 21. — We left our excellent host at Cuddalore, and made a night's run to Chillumbrum, — a mode of travelling which the bishop exceedingly dislikes, but it is necessary in order to enable us to spend Easter day at Tanjore. The heat in our tents to-day, with all the appliances of tatties, &c., was intense; we could not reduce it below 97°." *

On Good Friday, the 24th of March, the bishop set off at three o'clock in the morning, and arrived at Combaconum at seven, where he preached. In the course of the day the country priest of the Tanjore mission, who was accidentally there, was introduced to him. The appearance and manner of the old man struck the bishop very forcibly; and he not only made many inquiries into the state of the mission, and the success he had met with among his heathen brethren, but asked with great interest many particulars about himself, his family, and his prospects. He then expected him to take leave; but, perceiving that he still lingered as if in expectation of something more, the bishop inquired of one of the missionaries whether the old man expected a present. On being informed that it was a custom among the Tamul Christians never to leave the presence of a minister whom they respected without receiving his blessing, he immedi-

* Last Days of Bishop Heber, p. 139.

ately rose, and, fervently blessing the old man, he said, "I will bless them all, — the good people!"

The bishop was accompanied on his further progress to Tanjore by six missionaries. Before he left Combaconum, he gave John Devasagayram, a native catechist, a prayer-book with his own name written in it, "that he might not forget him."

The native Christians at Tranquebar expressed through their missionary a very earnest desire to see their bishop among them; but it was impossible to gratify their wishes, as the lateness of the season rendered so great a deviation from his intended route impracticable. "Tell them, however," he said, "that I hope to see them all in heaven!"

On the 25th of March the bishop arrived at Tanjore, where he was most kindly received by Captain and Mrs. Fyfe. An extract from Mr. Robinson's letter to the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, written when the scene was fresh in his memory, will best convey the impression of that deep and pure delight with which the bishop contemplated this mission,—the establishment, and for a long time the residence, of the apostolic Schwartz:

"It was at Tanjore, in the institutions of the venerable Schwartz, in the labors of those excellent men who have succeeded him on the same field, and in the numerous churches of native Christians which they have founded and built up, that his interest was most strongly excited, and the energies of his powerful mind most earnestly employed. He lived, alas! only to feel how much there was of future usefulness before him, if his life were spared; to witness, with deep and holy pleasure, the numbers, the apparent devotion, the regularity and Christian order of the several congregations assembled round him; to mourn over the contracted means at the disposal of the missionaries (which, in truth, is the only limit to the extension of

their usefulness); and to collect such minute and accurate information, and to make such immediate arrangements, as the shortness of his time and the magnitude of his other avocations allowed. * *

"After dinner the bishop walked over the premises of the mission, visited Schwartz's chapel, hallowed by the grave of the apostolic man, and copied the inscription on the stone which covers it,—interesting as being the composition of the rajah himself, and certainly the first, if not the only, specimen of English verse ever attempted by a prince of India. He was particularly pleased with the natural simplicity of expression in the last lines. The inscription is as follows:

"'SACRED TO THE MEMORY
OF THE
REVEREND CHRISTIAN FREDERICK SCHWARTZ,
MISSIONARY TO THE HONORABLE SOCIETY FOR
PROMOTING CHRISTIAN KNOWLEDGE,
IN LONDON,
WHO DEPARTED THIS LIFE
ON THE 12TH OF FEBRUARY, 1798,
AGED 71 YEARS AND 4 MONTHS.

"'Firm wast thou, humble and wise,
Honest, pure, free from disguise;
Father of orphans, the widow's support,
Comfort in sorrow of every sort;
To the benighted, dispenser of light,
Doing and pointing to that which is right;
Blessing to princes, to people, to me:
May I, my father, be worthy of thee,
Wishes and prayeth thy Sarabojee.'

"The chapel is of the simplest order, with a semi-circular recess for the altar at the east end; the tomb of Schwartz is just before the reading-desk in front of the altar. Before the southern entrance are the trees under which the venerable father used to sit and receive the reports of the catechists, and examine the children just before the daily evening service. Immediately adjoining the chapel was Schwartz's cottage, on the site of which, but considerably enlarged

from the former foundations, Mr. Sperschneider has built a house, which would be an excellent rectory in England. The mission garden is very large, and we saw there many native Christians, among whom one was presented to the bishop as one of the few who have offices under government: he is a writer in the rajah's service."

"*March* 26, *Easter Day.* — The bishop preached this morning in the mission church in the fort, all the clergy present assisting in the service. His text was from Rev. 1 : 8, — 'I am He that liveth and was dead, and behold I am alive forevermore." Many of the native Christians who understand English were there, and entreated his lordship, after the service, that he would allow them a copy of his sermon. He promised to make some alterations in the style, so as to bring it nearer to their comprehension, and have it translated for them into Tamul. I assisted him in the administration of the sacrament to thirty communicants of the English and fifty-seven of the native congregation, — to each of the latter we repeated the words in Tamul. The interest of this service, in itself most interesting, was greatly heightened by the delight and animation of the bishop, the presence of so many missionaries, whose labors were before us, and all the associations of the place in which we were assembled, — built by the venerable Schwartz, whose monument, erected by the affection of the rajah, adorns the western end of the church. The group in white marble, by Flaxman, represents the good man on his death-bed, Gericke standing behind him, the rajah at his side, two native attendants and three children of his school around his bed. I did not learn who wrote the inscription, which, though not perhaps all one might have wished on such a subject, yet records with strict propriety and truth the singular homage paid to his high character by contending princes, and the influence of his counsels in the settlement of the principality. This was also gratefully acknowledged by the Court of Directors in the monument raised to his memory in the Fort Church at Madras. The following is the inscription on the monument at Tanjore:

"'TO THE MEMORY OF THE
REVEREND CHRISTIAN FREDERICK SCHWARTZ,
BORN AT SONENBURG OF NEUMARK, IN THE KINGDOM OF PRUSSIA,
THE 26TH OF OCTOBER, 1726,
AND DIED AT TANJORE, THE 13TH OF FEBRUARY, 1798,
IN THE 72D YEAR OF HIS AGE.
DEVOTED FROM HIS EARLY MANHOOD TO THE OFFICE OF
MISSIONARY IN THE EAST,
THE SIMILARITY OF HIS SITUATION TO THAT OF
THE FIRST PREACHERS OF THE GOSPEL
PRODUCED IN HIM A PECULIAR RESEMBLANCE TO
THE SIMPLE SANCTITY OF THE
APOSTOLIC CHARACTER.
HIS NATURAL VIVACITY WON THE AFFECTION,
AS HIS UNSPOTTED PROBITY AND PURITY OF LIFE
ALIKE COMMANDED THE
REVERENCE, OF THE
CHRISTIAN, MAHOMEDAN, AND HINDU.
FOR SOVEREIGN PRINCES, HINDU AND MAHOMEDAN,
SELECTED THIS HUMBLE PASTOR
AS THE MEDIUM OF POLITICAL NEGOCIATION WITH
THE BRITISH GOVERNMENT:
AND THE VERY MARBLE THAT HERE RECORDS HIS VIRTUE
WAS RAISED BY
THE LIBERAL AFFECTION AND ESTEEM OF THE
RAJA OF TANJORE,
MAHA RAJA SERFOJEE.'"*

These memorials of the rajah's veneration for memory of Schwartz reflect no less honor on himself than on the object of his filial affection; but in the daily increasing number of converts in the churches which he founded, and in the order and prosperity of their congregations, a more durable monument is raised to the memory of this devoted missionary of the cross

* Last Days of Bishop Heber, pp. 150—154.

than even the genius of Flaxman and the affection of the rajah combined could create.

"In the evening the bishop attended a Tamul service in the same church, which was literally crowded with the native Christians of Tanjore and the surrounding villages, many of whom had come from a considerable distance to be present on this occasion. Mr. Barenbruck, assisted by a native priest, read the prayers; Dr. Cæmmerer, from Tranquebar, preached; and the bishop delivered the blessing in Tamul from the altar. Mr. Kohloff assured me that his pronunciation was remarkably correct and distinct, and the breathless silence of the congregation testified their delight and surprise at this affecting recognition of their churches as a part of his pastoral charge. I desired one of the native priests to ascertain how many were present, and I found they exceeded *thirteen hundred;* yet, by the judicious arrangement of excluding the infants, whom their poor mothers are in general obliged to bring, there was not the least disorder or confusion; and I have seen no congregation, even in Europe, by whom the responses of the liturgy are more generally and correctly made, or where the psalmody is more devotional and correct. The effect was more than electric; it was a deep and thrilling interest, in which memory and hope and joy mingled with the devotion of the hour, to hear so many voices, but lately rescued from the polluting services of the pagoda, joining in the pure and heavenly music of the Easter hymn and the 100th Psalm, and uttering the loud Amen at the close of every prayer. For the last ten years I have longed to witness a scene like this, but the reality exceeds all my expectations. I wished that some of those (if any of that number still remain) who deem all missionary exertion, under any circumstances, a senseless chimera, and confound the humble and silent labors of these devoted men with the dreams of fanaticism or the frauds of imposture, could have witnessed this sensible refutation of their cold and heartless theories. The bishop's heart was full; and never shall I forget the energy of his manner, and the heavenly expression of his countenance, when he exclaimed, as I assisted him to take off his robes: 'Gladly would I exchange years of common life for one such day as this!' Some time after he had retired to rest, while I was writing in my bed-room, which is next to his, he came back to me to renew the subject on which his thoughts were in-

tensely fixed; and his often repeated expressions of wonder and thankfulness at the scenes of the past day were followed by a fervent prayer for the people, for the clergy, and for himself."

"*March* 27.—The bishop held a confirmation this morning in the Fort Church, at which there were twelve Europeans, and fifty native candidates. Mr. Kohloff preached in Tamul. His Lordship signed the Syrian translation of his letter to Mar Philoxenus, and I despatched it to the senior clergyman at Cotyam to be delivered. The missionaries and their families dined at the residency to meet the bishop; and at seven, after our evening drive, we attended a Tamul service at Schwartz's chapel, in the mission garden, when there were present nearly two hundred natives and seven clergymen. He had received no previous intimation of this service; but the manner in which he seized on the opportunity thus unexpectedly afforded of a visitation strictly missionary, was more touching and impressive than any previous preparation could have made it. He sat in his chair at the altar (as he usually does in every church except the cathedral), and, after the sermon, before he dismissed them with his blessing, he addressed both missionaries and people in a strain of earnest and affectionate exhortation which no ear that heard it can ever forget. We were standing on the graves of Schwartz, and others of his fellow-laborers who are gone to their rest, and he alluded beautifully to this circumstance in his powerful and impressive charge. As this was probably the last time that he could hope to meet them again in public, he exhorted them to fidelity in their high office, to increasing diligence and zeal, to a more self-denying patience under privation and neglect and insult, looking for the recompense of reward; and, lastly, to more earnest prayer for themselves, and the souls committed to their trust, for the prince under whose mild and equal government they lived, and for him, their brother and fellow-servant. The address was short and very simple, but no study or ornament could have improved it. It was the spontaneous language of his own heart, and appealed at once to ours. The impression of it, I trust, will never be effaced.

"Mr. Hyne, our medical attendant, has been for some days indisposed, and since our arrival here has grown rapidly worse. The bishop has particularly requested Captain Fyfe to allow him to be removed to a room adjoining his own, that it may be more in his power to attend him, particularly at night, than he could other-

wise do; and, even in the midst of his constant engagements here, he has snatched many intervals to sit with him, and read and pray by his bedside. He was twice with him in the course of last night."

"*March* 28. — The bishop paid a visit of ceremony to the rajah, accompanied by the resident, and attended by all the clergy. We were received in full durbar, in the great Mahratta hall, where the rajahs are enthroned. The scene was imposing, and, from the number of Christian clergymen in the court of a Hindoo prince, somewhat singular; the address and manner of his highness are in a remarkable degree dignified and pleasing. The bishop sat on his right, the resident next to his son on the left, and the rest of the party on each side in order. He talked much of his 'dear father,' Schwartz, and three times told the bishop he hoped his Lordship would resemble him, and stand in his room. Perhaps few things from the mouth of an Eastern prince, with whom compliment to the living is generally exaggerated, could show more strongly the sincerity of his affection for the friend he had lost.* He was his pupil from the time he was twelve years old till he was twenty-four, and succeeded to the musnud the year after Schwartz died. 'And John Kohloff,' said he, 'is a good man, a very good man; we are old school-fellows.' The bishop thanked him for his uniform kindness to his poor Christian subjects and their teachers. He said it was but his duty, and he trusted all his subjects knew that he was their friend and protector. He thanked his Lordship for his goodness in preaching to them in Tamul (alluding to his having pronounced the blessing and administered confirmation in that language), and regretted it was not possible for him to attend. I understood afterwards from the resident that he certainly would have done so, had the visits been exchanged before. He added, that the next time he visited Tanjore he hoped he would be able

* The rajah promised to send the bishop a minature of Schwartz, copied by a native from the original in his possession. Nor was this promise forgotten, although *he* was so soon removed to whom it was originally made. In the year 1827 the miniature was sent to Mrs. Heber. To those who are acquainted with the native character, this will appear another striking trait in the disposition of the prince, who would suffer neither absence nor death to efface from his mind the memory of those whom he revered.

to preach in Mahratta also. Hearing from the bishop that I came from Poonah, he asked me if I understood Mahratta, and talked with interest about that country of his ancestors, and especially the events of the late war. Much of the conversation naturally turned on the pilgrimage which he had lately made to Benares; and the bishop's northern journey supplied him with many topics which were equally familiar to both. Upon his Lordship's admiring the hall in which we were sitting, he showed considerable information on the subject of architecture, and the comparative excellences and peculiarities of the Hindoo and Mussulman styles. At parting he requested the bishop to come again privately to see his library, museum, and printing-press. On the whole, much as we had heard of this celebrated person, we found our anticipations had not been raised too high. Much, doubtless, of the interest excited before we saw him sprung from the hallowing and endearing associations with the name of Schwartz, which, in heathen India, or the nations of Christendom, must ever be

Magnum et venerabile nomen :*

but his manners and conversation have many charms of themselves, unconnected with these circumstances; and the bishop said, as we returned from the palace, 'I have seen many crowned heads, but not one whose deportment was more princely.'

"The rest of the morning was spent in various local arrangements, and communications with the missionaries; and, hearing with surprise that no distinct petition had hitherto been offered, according to the apostolic injunction, in their public services, for the prince under whose government they lived, he composed the following prayer, which he desired might be immediately translated into Tamul, and henceforth used in all the churches of the province:

"'O Lord God Almighty, giver of all good things, we beseech thee to receive into thy bountiful protection thy servant, his highness Maharajah Sarabojee, his family, and descendants. Remember him, O Lord, for good, for the kindness which he hath shown to thy church. Grant him in health and wealth long to live; preserve him from all evil and danger;

* A great and venerable name.

grant that his son and his son's son may inherit honor, peace, and happiness; and grant, above all, to him and to them that peace which the world cannot give, — a knowledge of thy truth here, and everlasting happiness hereafter, through thy Son, Jesus Christ our Saviour. Amen.'

"In the evening we had some excellent music at the residency, and the relaxation was as necessary to the bishop as it was delightful; he enjoyed it exceedingly, and was particularly struck with the performance of two Brahmins who accompanied Mrs. Fyfe in several difficult pieces, and afterwards played the overture in Samson, *at sight*. But, in the midst of his evident enjoyment of this intellectual luxury, his thoughts were fixed on higher and nobler objects of interest: and while all around him thought his ear only was employed, his heart was devising plans for the benefit of these neglected missions, and dwelling on the prospects of their success. I believe it is often thus, when he is most the delight and admiration of society. He called me to an inner drawing-room, to communicate a suggestion that had just occurred to him, and which he desired me to carry into effect. We were standing by an open window, looking out upon the garden over which the moon had just risen. The scene with all its features will never be effaced from my recollection. It is fixed forever in my remembrance by the powerful spell of his noble and heavenly spirit, and the memorable sentiment with which our conversation closed. I expressed my fears that his strength would be exhausted by this unwearied attention to all the varieties of his great charge; adding that I now understood the force of St. Paul's climax, 'That which cometh upon me daily, the care of all the churches.' 'Yes,' he exclaimed, with an energy worthy the apostle himself, 'but that which overwhelmed him was his crown and glory!'"

"*March* 29. — The rajah returned the bishop's visit in all his state. He rode on a very noble elephant with a common hunting howdah, covered with tiger skins. Other elephants that attended him had silver howdahs with more costly trappings. His two grandsons, very fine little boys, came with him, and seem great favorites at the residency. His Lordship begged the rajah to allow his son, a young man of eighteen, who had been proclaimed heir to the crown, to accompany him in his journey through the provinces, promising to instruct him in English as we travelled. He replied

that he should accept the invitation with great gratitude, but with far greater if he would allow him also to accompany him in his return to Bengal, and spend some years under his Lordship's superintendence. The bishop gladly assented to the proposition, and offered him either apartments in the palace, or to procure a house for him in the neighborhood of Calcutta. The rajah said he would consult the rannee, who was so fond of this, her only son, that he could determine nothing without her consent.* After the visit was concluded, I attended his Lordship to the mission-house, where we spent six hours in close and earnest consultation on the resources and plans of this large and important district. Mr. Hyne's illness is more dangerous, and the bishop spent a great part of this evening in his room.

"*March* 30. — The bishop paid a private visit to the rajah, who received us in his library, — a noble room, with three rows of pillars, and handsomely furnished in the English style. On one side there are portraits of the Mahratta dynasty from Shahjee and Sivajee; ten book-cases, containing a very fair collection of French, English, German, Greek, and Latin books, and two others of Mahratta and Sanscrit manuscripts. In the adjoining room is an air-pump, an electrifying machine, an ivory skeleton, astronomical instruments, and several other cases of books, many of which are on the subject of medicine, which was for some years his favorite study. He showed us his valuable collection of coins, paintings of flowers, and natural history, with each of which he seemed to have considerable acquaintance, particularly with the medicinal virtues of the plants in his *hortus siccus*.† When we took our leave, his minister showed us a noble statue of the rajah by Flaxman, which stands in the great hall which was used by the ancient Hindoo court before the conquest of the Mahrattas. The pedestal is a remarkably large and fine slab of black granite, eighteen feet by sixteen and a half. His stables contain several fine English horses,

* "This plan, which was so extraordinary a proof of the rajah's confidence, and promised so much benefit to the young prince and his future subjects, was relinquished on account of the rannee's objections, who had suffered so much anxiety from the illness of her son during his pilgrimage, that nothing would induce her to consent to so long an absence again."

† Dry garden.

but that of which he is most justly proud, as the rarest curiosity of an Indian court, is an English printing-press, worked by native Christians, in which they struck off a sentence in Mahratta in the bishop's presence, in honor of his visit.

"On our return from the palace, we spent the rest of the day till four o'clock at the mission-house. Of the variety and multiplicity of the objects that have this morning come under the bishop's consideration, it is impossible to give a detailed account.

"We left Tanjore with the sincerest regret, and with the strongest interest in a spot so favored and so full of promise. The bishop has more than once observed to me, that, instead of the usual danger of exaggerated reports and the expression of too sanguine hopes, the fault here was that enough had not been said, and repeats his conviction that the strength of the Christian cause in India is in these missions, and that it will be a grievous and heavy sin if England and the agents of its bounty do not nourish and protect the churches here founded. He has seen the other parts of India and Ceylon, and he has rejoiced in the prospects opened of the extension of Christ's kingdom in many distant places, and by many different instruments; but he has seen nothing like the missions of the south, for these are the fields most ripe for the harvest.

"Poor Mr. Hyne continues so ill that we are obliged to leave him behind us, and indeed scarcely a hope is entertained of his recovery. But he has become so much attached to the bishop in the course of the last week, that he cannot bear to relinquish the hope of rejoining him. His Lordship has therefore promised to wait for him a few days at Trichinopoly, in case he should be allowed to resume his journey: but this is most improbable. I cannot help mentioning a beautiful instance of his piety and kindness, to which I was accidentally a witness this evening, as it exemplified so strongly his delight in the humblest duties of the pastoral office, and the characteristic modesty that seeks rather to conceal them from the observation of others, when no end of charity is answered by their being know The carriage in which we were to travel the first stage of our evening march was at the door, and we were about to take leave of our kind and excellent hosts, when the bishop excused himself for a moment, saying he must shake hands once more with his poor friend before he left him. A few minutes after, going up stairs for a book which I had forgotten, and

passing by Mr. Hyne's open door, I saw the dear bishop kneeling by his bedside, and his hands raised in prayer. You will not wonder that I should love this man, seeing him as I see him, fervent in secret and individual devotion, and at one hour the centre of many labors, the apostle of many nations, — at another, snatching the last moments to kneel by the bed of a sick and dying friend,* who but a fortnight ago was a perfect stranger to him." †

The bishop arrived at Trichinopoly on the first of April, where he was kindly received by Mr. Bird, the judge of the circuit. He there found a Christian congregation of about four hundred and ninety natives, under the care of a catechist, with one considerable English and a small Tamul church. Important as this mission was, from its numbers and the respectable character of its population, no European clergyman had been found to fulfil its duties since Mr. Rosen's removal to Cuddalore, in 1824; its funds did not exceed thirty rupees a month; its church was in a very dilapidated state; and the bishop had the grief of finding that the congregation was rapidly decreasing in number from the want of a resident missionary, and of such an establishment of schoolmasters and catechists as its importance demanded.

On Sunday, the 2d of April, the morning after his arrival, the bishop preached at the government church, with his usual animation and energy, and without any appearance of languor or incipient disease. In the afternoon he confirmed forty-two persons, and afterwards addressed them with even more than his wonted earnest and affectionate manner. On his return to Mr. Bird's house after the service, he complained for

* Mr. Hyne died on the 4th of April.

† Last Days of Bishop Heber, pp. 152—178.

the first time, of a slight headache and feeling of languor; and, though there was nothing either in his appearance or manner to occasion uneasiness in those about him, or to justify their entreaties that he would suspend his exertions, yet, as the day had been unusually hot, Mr. Robinson dissuaded him from attending the native congregation, as he had intended doing that evening, and also requested him to give up his examination of the schools on the following morning after divine service.

"He exerted himself greatly in both services, more perhaps than was necessary, and complained that the church was very difficult for the voice to fill, and the pulpit raised too high. He has been oppressed all day by the intense heat of the weather, and anxious, in consequence of unfavorable accounts from Calcutta. On returning from church in the morning, I was so ill as to be obliged to go to bed; and, with his usual affectionate consideration, he came and sat the greater part of the afternoon with me. He read a letter he had written to Mr. Fenn, at Cotyam, on hearing that Mar Athanasius had actually left the country; but I was too ill to copy it for him. Its general tenor was to approve the entire neutrality with which he informed him the missionaries had acted; and, as matters now stood, to recommend the church in Malabar to write by the hand of their bishops to the Patriarch of Antioch, relating the events connected with the visit of his legate, and entreating him, in his choice of future metropolitans, to have especial regard to gentleness and moderation of character. Our conversation this afternoon turned chiefly on the blessedness of heaven, and the best means of preparing for its enjoyment. He repeated several lines of an old hymn, which, he said, in spite of one or two expressions which familiar and injudicious use had tended to vulgarize, he admired, as one of the most beautiful in our language, for a rich and elevated tone of devotional feeling, —

"'Head of the Church triumphant!
We joyfully adore thee,' &c.

"In the family prayers this evening, after we returned from

church, he particularly mentioned our friend Mr. Hyne, whom he told us he had promised at parting that he would *then* always remember." *

At daybreak on the fatal 3d of April, he went to the mission church in the fort, where service was performed in the Tamul language; after which he confirmed fifteen natives in their own language, and again delivered his address on confirmation. He afterwards went to the mission-house and examined into the state of the schools, though without staying in the school-room, as he found it close and disagreeable from having been shut up the preceding day, and left it immediately. He then received an address from the poor Christians, earnestly praying that he would send them a pastor to watch over and instruct them. His answer was given with that gentleness and kindness of heart which never failed to win the affections of all who heard him, promising that he would take immediate measures to provide them with a spiritual guide. He had, indeed, before he received this application, resolved on appointing Mr. Schreivogel, a Danish missionary, who had petitioned, under rather singular circumstances, for a removal from Tranquebar to Vepery or Trichinopoly, to this station. From all that the bishop had heard of his private character, and of the esteem in which he was held by his own flock in the Danish mission, as well as from personal intercourse with him, he thought that he could not better supply the wants of this important station than by committing it to his superintendence.†

* Last Days of Bishop Heber, pp. 179, 180.

† This appointment was subsequently confirmed. In 1829, Mr. Robinson, then Archdeacon of Madras, wrote to Mrs. Heber as follows:

"Trichinopoly is excellently superintended by Mr. Schreivogel, the cir-

The bishop had gone to the fort in a close carriage, so that he could have sustained no injury from the sun. Mr. Robinson was too ill to leave his bed, but he was accompanied by Mr. Doran, and conversed with him, both going and returning, with animation and earnestness, on the important duties of missionaries, and on the state of Christianity in the south of India. On his arrival at Mr. Bird's house, before he took off his robes, he went into Mr. Robinson's room, and, sitting down by his bedside, entered with energy into the concerns of the mission. His interest had been much excited by all which he had seen; he spoke with sorrow of its poverty, and remarked how necessary it was for the bishop to have regular reports from every mission in India, that he might, at least, know the wants and necessities of all. He said he had seen nothing in the whole of his diocese that so powerfully interested him, and his mental excitement was such that he showed no appearance of bodily exhaustion. He then retired into his own room, and, according to his invariable custom, wrote the date and place on the back of the address on confirmation, — "Trichinopoly, April 3, 1826." This was his last act, for, immediately on taking off his clothes, he went into a large cold

cumstances of whose appointment you know. It was the last wish expressed by your beloved husband, and his diligence and exemplary conduct show that his character was correctly appreciated. The poor Christians there will long have reason to bless his memory for securing them so good a pastor. Where, indeed, was he ever known that the people will not hold him in grateful and affectionate remembrance? Three new schools are now building at Trichinopoly by the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge. The mission church is completely finished, new almost from the foundation, but still requires pews, which I hope to prevail on government to give us."

bath, where he had bathed the two preceding mornings, but which was now the destined agent of his removal to Paradise. Half an hour after, his servant, alarmed at his long absence, entered the room and found him a lifeless corpse! Every means to restore animation which human skill or friendship could suggest were resorted to; but the vital spark was extinguished, and his blessed spirit had then entered on its career of immortality, and perhaps was at that moment looking down with fond pity on the exertions of those who would fain have recalled it to its earthly habitation, to endure again the trials and temptations of the world it had left. And, surely, if ever sudden death were desirable, it must be under such circumstances. With a heart full of love towards God and zeal for his service, and of that charity and good will towards mankind which are its certain accompaniments, having just officiated in his sacred office, listened with kindness to the wants of his poor brethren, and detailed some of his plans for their relief, he was called to receive his reward. He had scarcely ceased from glorifying God in his mortal state, when he was summoned to join in that angelic chorus of praise and thanksgiving which resounds from the innumerable and happy myriads before the throne of God, whose voices fill heaven in honor of their Maker and Redeemer.

Blessed, thrice blessed, indeed, is the servant who, when his Lord cometh, is found thus prepared!

It would be a useless and a deeply painful task to enter into any detail of the apparent cause of his death. It is sufficient to say that disease had, unsuspectedly, been existing for some time previously in his

frame; and that it was the opinion of all the medical men in attendance that, under no circumstances, could his invaluable life have been very long preserved, though the event was undoubtedly hastened by the effects of climate, by intense mental application to those duties which increased in interest with every step which he took, and was finally caused by the effects of cold on a frame exhausted by heat and fatigue.

His funeral, on the 4th of April, was attended by the soldiers who were then quartered at Trichinopoly, under the command of Major General Hall, who also, to do further honor to his memory, and to prove how deep was the grief felt for his loss, ordered that the officers of the regiments should wear mourning for a month from that day. Minute-guns were fired corresponding with his age, and cannon were discharged when the melancholy service was ended near his grave. The road was crowded by heathen and Christian natives, all anxious to give the last proofs of affection for one whom they had learnt to consider as their benefactor and friend. Mr. Robinson performed the sad service over his beloved friend's remains, whilst the tears and sobs of the crowd around him, added to the effects of his own feelings, frequently interrupted him as he proceeded. The mortal remains, thus attended to the grave with the highest honors, and followed by the tears of the inhabitants of Trichinopoly, rest on the north side of the altar in St. John's Church. The government of Madras ordered a marble to be placed over his grave, and a mural tablet to be erected to his memory, with the following inscription:

"SACRED
TO THE MEMORY OF
REGINALD HEBER, D. D.,
LORD BISHOP OF CALCUTTA,
WHO WAS HERE
SUDDENLY CALLED TO HIS ETERNAL REST,
DURING HIS VISITATION
OF THE SOUTHERN PROVINCES OF HIS
EXTENSIVE DIOCESE,
ON THE 3D OF APRIL,
A. D. MDCCCXXVI.

—

'Be ye also ready.'"

The Rev. Dr. Turner, who was himself subsequently called to the same scene of Christian labor as that which Bishop Heber so eminently filled, on hearing of the loss which the Eastern church had sustained, expressed his feelings in the following appropriate lines, written in imitation of one of the deceased bishop's own composures:

"Thou art gone to the grave! and while nations bemoan thee,
Who drank from thy lips the glad tidings of peace,
Yet, grateful, they still in their heart shall enthrone thee,
And ne'er shall thy name from their memory cease.

"Thou art gone to the grave! but thy work shall not perish,
That work which the Spirit of wisdom hath blest;
His might shall support it, his mercy shall cherish,
His love make it prosper, though thou art at rest."

CHAPTER XIII.

Monuments erected to the Bishop's Memory. — Sir Charles Edward Grey's Speech at a Public Meeting at Calcutta. — Remarks of the Rev. Dr. Bryce at the same Meeting. — The "Indian Gazette." — Speech of the Honorable the Chief Justice Sir Edward West at Bombay. — Resolutions adopted at Meetings at Oxford and in London. — Tributes to the Bishop's Memory in America. — Right Reverend Dr. Wainwright's Preface to the American Edition of "Sermons of Bishop Heber Preached in England." — Poetry: On the Portrait of Reginald Heber, by Robert Southey; to his Memory, by Mrs. Opie, Mrs. Hemans, and the Rev. J. W. Cunningham.

No sooner was it known that the bright luminary which had shone so conspicuously in the Eastern hemisphere for nearly three years had been suddenly extinguished, than regret the most unfeigned, sorrow the most profound, was expressed in a variety of ways where the influence of that light had been experienced and its inestimable value appreciated. Public meetings were held severally at Trichinopoly, Madras, Bombay, Calcutta, Colombo, Hodnet, Oxford, and London, to mourn over the bereavement, and to give appropriate expression to sanctified sorrow. Numerous monuments were erected to the memory of this faithful pastor of the flock of Christ. The following inscription enriched the mural tablet at Colombo:

"THIS TABLET IS ERECTED BY THE BRITISH IN CEYLON,
TO THE MEMORY OF
REGINALD HEBER, D. D., LORD BISHOP OF CALCUTTA,
WHO, TURNING CHEERFULLY FROM THE ENJOYMENTS OF HOME,
AND THE PROSPECTS OF HONOR IN ENGLAND,
UNDERTOOK, IN FAITH AND HOPE,
THE EPISCOPAL CHARGE OF HIS BRETHREN IN THE INDIAN EMPIRE,
AND LIVED AND DIED
THEIR WATCHFUL, INDEFATIGABLE, DEVOTED FRIEND AND PASTOR.
IN THE SHORT SPACE OF THREE YEARS
HE ANIMATED BY HIS PRESENCE ALMOST EVERY PART OF HIS VAST DIOCESE:
AND, WHILE HE EVERYWHERE ENCOURAGED IN THIS ISLAND, AS ON THE PENINSULA,
WITH SPECIAL AND PATERNAL CARE THE CHURCH ALREADY FORMED,
AND VISITED WITH THANKFUL JOY THE CONVERTS OF HIS FLOCK,
HE LOOKED EARNESTLY TO THE DAY WHEN TO THE HEATHEN ALSO
HE MIGHT BE THE MEANS OF PREACHING THE GOSPEL OF CHRIST;
AND MIGHT THUS BE NOT ONLY THE PRELATE OF INDIA,
BUT THE CHIEF MISSIONARY OF ENGLAND IN THE EAST.

HE WAS BORN APRIL 21, 1783,—CONSECRATED BISHOP OF CALCUTTA, 1823,—DIED APRIL 3, 1826."

In the parish church at Hodnet a monument was erected to the bishop's memory, at the request of his maternal uncle, the late Rev. George Allanson, who succeeded him in the living. The inscription which it bears was written by Mr. Southey, and is as follows:

"SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF THE RIGHT REVEREND FATHER IN GOD,
REGINALD HEBER,
WHO WAS BORN APRIL 21, 1783;
INSTITUTED TO THE RECTORY OF THIS PARISH 1807;
CHOSEN PREACHER AT LINCOLN'S INN 1822;
CONSECRATED BISHOP OF CALCUTTA 1823;
AND DIED AT TRICHINOPOLY APRIL 3, 1826.

THIS MONUMENT IS ERECTED AT THE REQUEST OF
HIS MATERNAL UNCLE, THE REV. G. ALLANSON, LATE RECTOR OF
THIS PARISH,
IN HONOR OF ONE WHOSE VIRTUES WILL LONG BE HELD IN PIOUS
REMEMBRANCE HERE,
WHERE THE POOREST OF HIS PARISHIONERS REGARDED HIM AS A
FRIEND,
AND WHERE HE ADMINISTERED TO THE TEMPORAL AND SPIRITUAL
WANTS OF ALL,
AS A FATHER AND A FAITHFUL GUIDE;
ONE WHOSE PREACHING WAS SIMPLE, IMPRESSIVE, CHARITABLE,
EARNEST, AND ELOQUENT,
FITTED ALIKE TO MOVE THE AFFECTIONS AND CONVINCE THE
UNDERSTANDING;
WHOSE LIFE WAS A BEAUTIFUL EXAMPLE OF THE RELIGION TO WHICH
IT WAS DEVOTED;
AND WHO, IN EVERY STATION TO WHICH HE WAS CALLED,
PERFORMED HIS HUMBLEST AS WELL AS HIS HIGHEST DUTIES
DILIGENTLY AND CHEERFULLY,
WITH ALL HIS HEART, WITH ALL HIS SOUL, AND WITH ALL HIS
STRENGTH."

At the public meeting held at the town-hall of Calcutta, Sir Charles Edward Grey, being called to preside, addressed the audience in the following impressive, eloquent, and energetic language:

* * * * "Deep as my sense is of the loss which the community has sustained, yet, do what I will, the sensation which I find uppermost in my heart is my own private sorrow for one who was my friend in early life. It is just four-and-twenty years, this month, since I first became acquainted with him at the university, of which he was, beyond all question or comparison, the most distinguished student of his time. The name of Reginald Heber was in every mouth; his society was courted by young and old; he lived in an atmosphere of favor, admiration, and regard, from which I have never known any one but himself who would not have derived, and for life, an unsalutary influence. Towards the close of his

academical career, he crowned his previous honors by the production of his 'Palestine;' of which single work, the fancy, the elegance, and the grace, have secured him a place in the list of those who bear the proud title of English poets. This, according to usage, was recited in public: and when that scene of his early triumph comes upon my memory, — that elevated rostrum from which he looked upon friendly and admiring faces; that decorated theatre; those grave forms of ecclesiastical dignitaries, mingling with a resplendent throng of rank and beauty; those antique mansions of learning, those venerable groves, those refreshing streams, and shaded walks, — the vision is broken by another, in which the youthful and presiding genius of the former scene is beheld lying in his distant grave, amongst the sands of Southern India. Believe me, the contrast is striking, and the recollection most painful.

"But you are not here to listen to details of private life. If I touch upon one or two other points, it will be for the purpose only of illustrating some features of his character. He passed some time in foreign travel, before he entered on the duties of his profession. The whole continent had not yet been re-opened to Englishmen by the swords of the noble lord who is near me [Lord Combermere] and his companions in arms; but in the eastern part of it the bishop found a field, the more interesting on account of its having been seldom trodden by our countrymen; he kept a valuable journal of his observations; and, when you consider his youth, the applause he had already received, and how tempting, in the morning of life, are the gratifications of literary success, you will consider it as a mark of the retiring and ingenuous modesty of his character, that he preferred to let the substance of his work appear in the humble form of notes to the volume of another. There is another circumstance which I can add, and which is not so generally known. This journey, and the aspect of those vast regions, stimulating a mind which was stored with classical learning, had suggested to him a plan of collecting, arranging, and illustrating all of the ancient and modern literature which could unfold the history and throw light on the present state of Scythia, — that region of mystery and fable; that source from whence, eleven times in the history of man, the living clouds of war had been breathed over all the nations of the south. I can hardly conceive any work for which the talents of the author were better adapted;

hardly any which could have given the world more of delight, himself more of glory: I know the interest which he took in it. But he had now entered into the service of the Church, and, finding that it interfered with his graver duties, he turned from his fascinating pursuit, and condemned to temporary oblivion a work which I trust may yet be given to the public.

"I mention this chiefly for the purpose of showing how steady was the purpose, how serious the views, with which he entered on his calling. I am aware that there were inducements to it which some minds will be disposed to regard as the only probable ones; but I look upon it myself to have been with him a sacrifice of no common sort. His early celebrity had given him incalculable advantages, and every path of literature was open before him, — every road to the temple of fame, every honor which his country could afford, was in clear prospect before him, when he turned to the humble duties of a country church, and buried in his heart those talents which would have ministered so largely to worldly vanity, that they might spring up in a more precious harvest. He passed many years in this situation, in the enjoyment of as much happiness as the condition of humanity is, perhaps, capable of experiencing. Happy in the choice of his companion, the love of his friends, the fond admiration of his family, — happy in the discharge of his quiet duties, and the tranquillity of a satisfied conscience. It was not, however, from this station that he was called to India. By the voice, I am proud to say it, of a part of that profession to which I have the honor to belong [the legal profession], he had been invited to an office which few have held for any length of time without further advancement. His friends thought it, at that time, no presumption to hope that, ere long, he might wear the mitre at home. But it would not have been like himself to chaffer for preferment: he freely and willingly accepted a call which led him to more important, though more dangerous, alas! I may now say, to fatal labors. What he was in India, why should I describe? You saw him! You bear testimony! He has already received, in a sister presidency, the encomiums of those from whom praise is most valuable. What sentiments were entertained of him in this metropolis of India, your presence testifies; and I feel authorized to say, that if the noble person who holds the highest station in this country had been unfettered by usage, if he had consulted only his own in-

clinations and his regard for the bishop, he would have been the foremost upon this occasion to manifest his participation in the feelings which are common to us all. When a stamp has been thus given to his character, it may seem only to be disturbing the impression to renew in any manner your view of it; yet, if you will grant me your patience for a few moments, I shall have a melancholy pleasure in pointing out some features of it which appear to me to have been the most remarkable.

"The first which I would notice was that cheerfulness and alacrity of spirit, which, though it may seem to be a common quality, is in some circumstances of rare value. To this large assembly I fear I might appeal in vain, if I were to ask that he should step forward who had never felt his spirit sink when he thought of his native home, and felt that a portion of his heart was in a distant land; who had never been irritated by the annoyance or embittered by the disappointment of India. I feel ashamed to say that I am not the man who could answer the appeal. The bishop was the only one whom I have ever known who was entirely master of these feelings. Disappointments and annoyances came to him as they come to all, but he met and overcame them with a smile; and when he has known a different effect produced on others, it was his usual wish that they were but as happy as himself Connected with this alacrity of spirit, and in some degree springing out of it, was his activity. I apprehend that few persons, civil or military, have undergone as much labor, traversed as much country, seen and regulated so much as he had done, in the small portion of time which had elapsed since he entered on his office; and, if death had not broken his career, his friends know that he contemplated no relaxation of exertions. But this was not a mere restless activity, or result of temperament. It was united with a fervent zeal, not fiery nor ostentatious, but steady and composed, which none could appreciate but those who intimately knew him. I was struck myself, upon the renewal of our acquaintance, by nothing so much as the observation that, though he talked with animation on all subjects, there was nothing on which his intellect was bent, no prospect on which his imagination dwelt, no thought which occupied habitually his vacant moments, but the furtherance of the great design of which he had been made the principal instrument in this country Of the same unobtrusive character was the piety which fil[illegible]

heart. It is seldom that of so much there should be so little ostentation. All here knew his good-natured and unpretending manner: but I have seen unequivocal testimonies, both before and since his death, that, under that cheerful and gay aspect, there were feelings of serious and unremitting devotion, of perfect resignation, of tender kindness for all mankind, which would have done honor to a saint. When to these qualities you add his desire to conciliate, which had everywhere won all hearts; his amiable demeanor, which invited friendships that were confirmed by the innocence and purity of his manners, which bore the most scrutinizing and severe examination, you will readily admit that there was in him a rare assemblage of all that deserves esteem and admiration.

"But I will not leave the matter upon these grounds. What we do this day we do in the face of the world; and I am loth to leave it open even to the malignant heart to suppose that we have met here on a solemn but hollow pretence, — that we use idle or exaggerated words, or would stoop to flattery, even of the dead. The principal ground of all on which I hold the death of the bishop to have been a public loss, was the happy fitness and adaptation of his character for the situation and circumstances in which he was placed. There is no man, whether he be of the laity or a clergyman, to whom I will yield in earnestness of desire to see Christianity propagated and predominant throughout the world; but it would be sinful, if it were possible, to banish from our recollection the truths which the experience of former ages has left for the guidance of the present. It is an awful but an unquestionable fact, that a fuller knowledge, a more perfect revelation of the will of God, has never been communicated rapidly to large masses of mankind without their being thrown into confusion. To some it has seemed that religion is so important an element of moral and social order, that no alteration can be made of its quality and proportion without the whole mass dissolving, fermenting, and assuming new forms; that, by some mysterious condition of the lot of humanity, all mighty blessings are attended by some great evil; that every step to heaven is even yet to be won by fresh sacrifices and fresh atonements. There is another, and I trust a better, mode of reasoning on these symptoms, of interpreting these terrible signs. I will not readily believe that religion has been one of the causes of disorder; but rather that, the vices of men having prepared the crisis, and called

for the revulsion and reaction of the preservative principles of society, religion has only then manifested herself in a more visible and tangible form, and come as a ministering angel to enable those who were struggling for the right to persevere and to prevail. The appalling fact, however, remains not the less indisputable, that it is in scenes of extensive disorder, amidst mortal strife and terrible misery, that she has achieved her greatest triumphs, displayed her strongest powers, and made her most rapid advances. When Christianity first spread itself over the face of the Roman empire, all the powers of darkness seemed to be roused to an encounter. The storm blew from every point of the compass; unheard-of races of men, and monsters of anarchy and misrule, more like the fantastic shapes of a dream than the realities of life, appeared amongst the gloom; and that period ensued which has been, perhaps, rightly considered as the most calamitous in the whole history of man. When that new world was discovered which now presents such fair and animating prospects, religion was imparted to the southern portion of it by carnage and by torture; I say, that in South America the ground was cleared by the torch and dug by the sword, and the first shoots of Christianity were moistened by the blood of unoffending millions. Again, when in Europe the church cast its old slough, and re-appeared in somewhat of its pristine simplicity, the whole continent was convulsed by civil war for a century and a half. Witness in France those battles, and massacres, and assassinations of the Huguenots and Catholics; in Germany, that closing scene of thirty years' confusion, in which the grotesque and barbaric forms of Wallenstein and Tilly are seen struggling with the indomitable spirit of Mansfield and the majestic genius of Gustavus Adolphus. Witness in England the downfall of its ancient throne and the eclipse of royalty. Let me not be misunderstood on points such as these. There is no one who has rightly considered these events who will not, even while he mourns over them, admit that it is now better the changes took place, even with their terrible accompaniments, than that they should not have taken place at all. But, whilst I avow this, I hope it is not presumptuous to breathe a fervent prayer that India may receive the blessing without the attendant misery: not faint-heartedness, that I tremble at the possibility of all Southern Asia being made a theatre of confusion; not lukewarmness, that, rather than see religion advance upon the rapid wings of strife, I

would prefer to wait for her more gradual approach, preceded by commerce and the arts, with peace and knowledge for her handmaids, and with all the brightest forms of which human felicity is susceptible crowding in her train. I confidently trust that there shall one day be erected in Asia a church of which the corners shall be the corners of the land, and its foundation the Rock of Ages; but, when remote posterity have to examine its structure, and to trace the progress of its formation, I wish they may not have to record that it was put together amidst discord, and noise, and bloodshed, and confusion of tongues, but that it rose in quietness and beauty, like that new temple where 'no hammer, or axe, nor any tool of iron was heard whilst it was in building;' or, in the words of the bishop himself:

"'No hammer fell, no ponderous axes rung;
Like some tall palm the mystic fabric sprung!'

"That such may be the event, many hands, many spirits like his must be engaged in the work; and it is because of my conviction that they are rarely to be found, that I feel justified in saying that his death is a loss not only to his friends, by whom he was loved, or to his family, of whom he was the idol, but to England, to India, and to the world."

At the above-named meeting, the Rev. Dr. Bryce, of the Presbyterian church, also expressed his feelings in the following language:

"Sir, — I am far indeed from presuming to add anything to the just and animated eulogium on the virtues and character of the late Bishop of Calcutta, which you have this day delivered from the chair. In the most eloquent and feeling manner you have done justice (and what eloquence could do more than justice?) to the worth that distinguished this excellent and truly amiable man. But you have alluded, in a particular manner, to the benevolence which distinguished him as a man, and to the truly catholic and liberal sentiments which characterized him as a churchman; and I rise, Sir, to bear my humble testimony, founded on personal experience, to which I must now look back with a melancholy pleasure, that you have ascribed to Dr. Heber no virtues which he did not

most eminently possess. The situation I hold in another church, having the promotion of the same great object in view as that of which Bishop Heber was the distinguished head, led me frequently into conversation with the late excellent prelate on these subjects, and never did I enjoy that pleasure and honor without admiring the truly Christian and catholic spirit which distinguished all he said. Devoted zealously to the service and honor of his own church, Bishop Heber heard with a pleasure which it was not in his nature to conceal, of the exertions of other churches to carry into execution the great work of piety and charity, which every religious society at home has in view in sending their ministers to India; and he proved himself, by the warm interest which he took in every scheme to promote the Gospel, not a bishop of the Church of England only, but a bishop of the Church of Christ. Encouraged by the kindness of the late bishop's manners, and the sincerity of his good will, I felt that at any time I could seek his advice or assistance, in everything where the promotion of moral and religious instruction was the object. And at this moment I have, indeed, but too much reason to sympathize with my brother clergy of the Church of England in the loss which they have particularly sustained. It is one that will not soon be repaired. The death of Dr. Heber has left a blank in the church that will not easily be supplied; and society at large, and the native population of these extensive regions yet sitting in darkness, have much to weep over in the loss of this excellent and beloved bishop, as well as the church to which he did so much honor, and the ministers of other persuasions, who, like myself, were always welcome to the benefit of his advice and assistance. For sure I am, Sir, that any one who had the happiness to know Dr. Heber will agree with me, that never did Christian missionary come to the East with a spirit better fitted for the task of enlightening it in the great truths of the Gospel; with a zeal more warm in the cause, yet tempered by knowledge the most extensive; or, in one word, with virtues and talents that, under Providence, give so much assurance of success, as did those of Dr. Heber."

The "Indian Gazette," after giving the details of the bishop's death, said:

"Thus prematurely died a prelate who was famed for his genius, distinguished for his learning, and eminent for his piety. In him Christianity has lost a shining light, and society has sustained an irreparable loss.

"If, as was said by a celebrated pagan, the happiest death be the most sudden and unforeseen, what must it be to the devoted servant of the Most High, called away, even while in the performance of his Master's work, to fill a higher destiny? May all of us, when our final hour comes, suffer as little, and be as well prepared to meet the dread change, as this upright and holy minister of Christ.

"It has been the lot of few to inspire such general respect, veneration, and affection, as the lamented Bishop Heber did. Indeed, to know him was to love him; and in him the genius of true Christianity might be seen at once reflected; for he was mild and kind, and breathed peace and good will among men. He was a model of spiritual exaltation without pride, and of elevated virtue without austerity. Nor was it by his own flock alone that this good shepherd was beloved in life and lamented in death. All sects of Christians held him in the highest estimation. In this sentiment they were joined by the natives of this country, who had an opportunity of appreciating his character, and who, if they could not become his proselytes, were the unfeigned admirers of his tolerance, benignity, and charity, and hold his memory in sincere reverence."

At the public meeting at Bombay, the Hon. the Governor presiding, the Hon. the Chief Justice, Sir Edward West, said:

"Sir,— • • I cannot deny myself the melancholy satisfaction of paying my last humble tribute of respect to the virtues, the talents, and zeal of the great and good man whose loss we are now deploring. I cannot but dwell for a few moments upon the irreparable loss which his friends and the public, which India and Britain, which literature, and, above all, the cause of humanity and religion, have sustained in the death of Bishop Heber.

"But a few months have elapsed since he was in the midst of us, urging us by precept (and never was precept enforced with more glowing eloquence), animating us by example (and never was

example more bright or attractive), engaging us by converse (and never was converse more winning or persuasive), to that great work to which he had devoted his life. Not a short year has yet passed over us since, from that very seat which you, Sir, now occupy, he recommended to us, in a manner and with language irresistible, one of those institutions of charity and of religion which, though not reared by him, was daily strengthening and expanding under his fostering hand.

"To dwell upon his virtues, upon the charity of his heart, the sweetness of his disposition, the amenity and simplicity of his manners, or the delights of his conversation, were superfluous, recently as we have all been witnesses to them. No man, perhaps, was ever more calculated, from the reputation of his name, the splendor of his talents, the depth of his erudition, the purity of his life, the sanctity of his office, and the eminence of his station, to inspire us with respect and veneration; but, on the slightest intercourse or the shortest acquaintance or converse with him, these feelings were absorbed and lost in a still deeper feeling of affection and of love.

"Of his splendid talents, who is there who had not heard years before he visited these shores? Few at so early a period of life achieved so high a reputation as Bishop Heber. I, perhaps, am the only one here who had the happiness of seeing him crowned with academical honors, of witnessing the applause of the learned received by him with a diffidence as rare as were his talents. From that moment till the day of his death, his course was one track of light, the admiration of Britain and of India.

"To his zeal in the cause of humanity and Christianity we want no testimony. He sacrificed all the endearments of his home; he expatriated himself from the land of his fathers; he tore himself from the nearest and dearest relations, and m the most devoted friends; he abandoned the most brilliant worldly prospects, for this distant and fatal clime. A very few years must have seen him in as exalted a station in his native country as he filled in India. Never, however, even in Britain, could he have occupied a more exalted station in the admiration, the esteem, and affection of his countrymen.

"Whoever may be the successor to his high and sacred office, we are not likely to see so great energy of mind with so much sweetness of disposition, so great talent with so much diffidence, or so great zeal with so much charity."

Sir Charles Chambers also expressed himself nearly in the following terms:

"Sir,—After the eloquent eulogiums to which we have just been listening, I could have been well content to sit down in silence, after having read to the meeting the resolution which I have the honor to hold in my hand; but, having been active in promoting this public testimony of our regard for Bishop Heber, and feeling, as I do, a more than ordinary anxiety that the expression of our respect should be, in some measure, adequate to the extent in which I am sure we all feel the sudden termination of his valuable life, I feel that I should be guilty of great remissness if I did not exert my utmost endeavor on this occasion to do honor to his memory, and to identify my own feelings with the object of this meeting.

"By the public notice we have been called upon in the first place to express our regard for the private virtues of our lamented diocesan; but I think, on many accounts, that it is not necessary to dwell much upon them. It is so short a time since he was amongst us, and he spent so much larger a portion of time here than we could reasonably have anticipated, that every one who hears me must have had ample opportunities of forming an estimate of his private character. Indeed, openness and ingenuousness, with a humility both deep and unaffected, were so much the characteristics of his whole life, that it was impossible to be long in his society without surveying and discovering his whole character. There was nothing concealed or disguised. His virtues shone forth to all with all their original brightness; and his faults, could they be called such, were the inseparable companions of those virtues, and were equally conspicuous. The commemoration, however, of private virtues is satisfactory as the expression of private friendship or affection, although perhaps we best show our sense of their value by endeavoring to imitate them.

"But, in endeavoring to do honor to the memory of our illustrious friend, other and more important considerations demand our attention,—considerations connected with the most enlarged views of Christian philanthropy, and interwoven with the fate of nations. We shall not do justice to the character of Bishop Heber by confining our attention to the period of his episcopal career. Neither shall we do it justice by considering it only with reference to his

labors in this corner of the globe. The age in which he lived is very remarkable. In what former period of the world have there been such rapid strides to the perfectibility of man and his happiness? When have the educated classes turned their attention with more ardor and with more zeal, but at the same time so judiciously and temperately, to those speculations which are most intimately connected with the best interests of mankind? When did the great and good of every clime, with so impartial and unimpassioned a spirit, without infringing upon the duties of true patriotism, look abroad and survey the institutions of other countries for the purpose of benefiting their own? When did the light of divine truth burst forth with more unconfined splendor to illumine the universe, and cause a ray of health and comfort to shine over the face of the whole earth? At such a period, it is no mean praise that the name of Reginald Heber is always to be found in the foremost rank; that if he did not direct he kept pace with the mighty torrent, and expanded his capacious mind to the conception of the boundless prospect before him.

"But if this be the general impulse of mankind to improvement, can it be doubted that a field does not present itself better calculated to feed this insatiable ardor than India? It is now somewhat more than half a century since we have acquired a right to guide and influence not only the political but the moral destinies of this vast peninsula. We have subjected its timorous and unwarlike inhabitants to our dominion. We have erected great establishments; individuals have returned to England with their princely fortunes out of its spoils. It has been a well-merited reproach that we did not sooner turn our minds to the solid and more durable conquests of peace; that we did not sooner attempt to lay a more lasting foundation for esteem than the splendor of military achievements. But we have at length gloriously redeemed ourselves from this disgrace; and two nobly-gifted individuals have been found, adorned with all that ancient lore and modern refinement could afford, endowed with the means of enjoying all the blessings of their native land, sacrificing their ease, their comforts, their health, and even life itself, for the benefit of a people who cannot, for centuries to come, if ever, be made adequately sensible of the obligations they owe to their disinterested benevolence. * * * They are both

gone to their last home; they are beatified spirits; and if they are conscious in any way of sublunary things, they look down with the utmost contempt on our vain and petty distinctions; all mists are cleared from their minds by the perfect day; they know each other even as they are known; and they contemplate no part of their earthly existence with satisfaction, except that which has contributed to their present happiness in the enjoyment of the inexpressible and absolute perfections of the Supreme Being.

"It would be a presumptuous undertaking in me to attempt to portray to you the pattern of a Christian bishop. But, with reference to the occasion on which we are assembled, it may be permitted me to make one or two remarks, which have been suggested by my personal knowledge of Bishop Heber. In looking at the particular duties of a bishop of the Indian diocese, it must have often occurred to every one that the contemplation of its countless inhabitants, immersed in worse than pagan darkness and ignorance, and debased by worse than pagan superstition, and the desire, which is at first created by this reflection, of elevating them to a higher state of existence by the blessings of knowledge and the blessings of religion, has a tendency to raise the mind above its proper and sober level; while, on the other hand, the consideration of the innumerable and almost insurmountable obstacles which present themselves to the progress of improvement is apt to depress the hopes of the most sanguine, and to give to all our schemes of melioration the appearance of being visionary. The views of Bishop Heber, carried into action with his characteristic promptitude and energy, and animated by a zeal which some might deem enthusiastic, never appear to have misled his judgment. Carrying into the investigation of the situation of his vast diocese all the lights which human learning could afford, with the firm conviction of the truths which his high office called upon him to inculcate, his moderation and temperance were conspicuous to all. In respect to the great point of improving the condition of the natives by education, he earnestly and zealously followed the steps of his great predecessor, Bishop Middleton. His tongue and his heart were ever employed in giving effect to that institution which will immortalize the name of his predecessor; and, doubtless, this meeting cannot be more appropriately employed than by making this an occasion of promoting the welfare of Bishop's

College, which the almost boundless liberality of Bishop Heber, when living, contributed to cherish.*

"I must touch on one more point of his episcopal character and exertions, and that part which, at first view, we might be disposed to consider of inferior magnitude, but which, rightly appreciated, must always be acknowledged to be of the first importance, — I mean the demeanor and conduct of Bishop Heber to the European inhabitants of India. It cannot, I think, be a moment doubted that the first important step which will tend to enlighten the native population, will proceed from a gradual approximation between the two classes: more kindliness and consideration on the side of the former, more knowledge and less prejudice on the side of the latter. When this effect will take place, in the revolution of ages, it is impossible even in idea to anticipate. It cannot reasonably be conceived probable, until the European population shall numerically preponderate to a greater extent than it does at present: but this we may confidently affirm, that if the approximation of the two classes, by education and mutual good will, is to be hailed as the forerunner of a new era, nothing can well be considered as of greater effect to retard such a blessed event, than the neglect of the European population to act up to their own light and information, and to make their lives consistent with the precepts of our holy faith. It seemed to be natural inclination, as well as the sense of duty, which induced Bishop Heber so to deport himself as to allure men to his society and conversation by candor, by fairness, and urbanity; while, at the same time, his fervent and genuine piety, and his earnest and patient discharge of the ministerial duties of his sacred office, insured the respect of all, both to his own character and the service in which he was engaged. Through his long progress in the upper provinces he seems to have fascinated all classes; nor do I think, upon examination, there would be found a single dissentient voice upon this point of his character. Had he lived to continue his indefatigable labors, and to have studied the various parts of his extensive flock more at leisure, his maturer judgment might have

* A subscription was entered into at this meeting for the purpose of raising a fund to endow one or more scholarships at Bishop's College, Calcutta, for the benefit of the presidency of Bombay, to be called "Bishop Heber's Bombay Scholarships."

led him to modify his intercourse in some points: but the broad outline of his character would have remained the same, and he would always have appeared to be actuated by the same ruling principle, — a simple desire to draw men to a holy and religious life by the representation of it under the most gentle, unassuming aspect.

"In the midst, however, of labors so abundant, and, to human conceptions, so well calculated to promote the great object of his life, we are called upon to lament its sudden termination, under circumstances calculated to call forth our deepest sympathy. The countless leagues of the ocean had removed him forever from those relatives whom he most honored and loved; from his affectionate brother, who loved him with a love passing the love of woman; from his aged and bereaved mother, to part from whom had cost him his acutest pang. His afflicted wife and his orphan children, though not so far removed from him, had not, nevertheless, the consolation of following his remains to the grave, or of laying his thrice revered head in the dust. They have indeed a consolation which neither the wisdom of philosophy nor the fancy of the poet could have supplied, — a sure and certain hope full of immortality Their sorrow is not dead. He has put off his earthly mitre for the crown incorruptible. He has laid aside his sacerdotal robes for the pure and unblemished marriage garment. He hears the expressive nuptial song. With his loins girt and his lamp burning, he has gained an entrance, when the bridegroom with his friends passed to bliss at the mid-hour of night.

"To us, also, who are not so intimately allied to him, his death presents an awful and affecting spectacle. After a laborious personal survey of his diocese, — after promoting by precept and example the welfare of the church, and good will amongst men, — he was conducted, by a mysterious hand, to finish his life and his labors upon hallowed ground, amidst the scenes which the primitive and apostolic Schwartz illustrated by his life, where he gained the love and veneration of his heathen neighbors, and insured the grateful admiration of the Christian world. Bishop Heber's feelings seem to have been thoroughly excited on the occasion, and being deeply impressed with the responsibility of his office, he took leave of the last congregation he was destined to address on earth, in terms of the most exquisite sensibility and pathos. He retired from the scene, and, having unrobed himself of the emblems of his

earthly functons, with the smallest quantity probably of acute pain he seems to have expired, without experiencing any of the pangs of a mortal dissolution. What may have been the purpose of Providence in this awful dispensation, it were profane for us to inquire: but, without trespassing upon a subject above our comprehension, it may be allowed me to suggest a reflection which has forcibly impressed my own mind. Perhaps it may have been necessary to remind us that taste and genius and talents are not absolutely necessary to the great work which this illustrious prelate had so much at heart. Perhaps, rather, it was essential to the furtherance of the same great cause to rouse us to the contemplation of higher degrees of virtue, and a greater singleness of mind; to represent to us what manner of person he ought to be who shall undertake the care of this great diocese; that he must be prepared to put in practice, in all their literal severity, the precepts of self-denial inculcated by our divine Master, — to cut off the right hand, or to pluck out the eye. 'Him that overcometh,' says the sublime language of the Apocalypse, 'will I make a pillar in the temple of my God.' Two massive and majestic pillars already support the gorgeous dome of the Eastern Church, — of different materials, and perhaps of different orders, but well fitted to grace the same temple. Let us fervently hope that their bright example will cause other columns innumerable to be added to this costly edifice, to support and to adorn it till the final consummation of all things, each upon the same firm and solid base, with the same polished elegance of shaft, with the same capital ornaments of Christian graces and good works.

"I have thus endeavored, to the best of my ability, to do its merited honors to the character of our illustrious friend. From the earliest period which I can recollect, his character and endowments have been familiar to me; and the intimacy which has for a long period existed between our mutual friends and connections — an intimacy which has now survived more than one generation — has rendered me equally familiar with the general outline of his interesting and eventful life. The learned Chief Justice has told you of the splendor of his academical career. After having exhausted the stores of ancient learning, he travelled over a great part of the Continent, and was familiarly acquainted, I believe, with all its languages. When he returned home, he devoted himself to the sacred

office, and became as deeply imbued with sacred lore as he had previously been with profane literature. For nearly twenty years before his undertaking the episcopal office, he enjoyed in England all the benefits which the most refined society of the most refined country in the world could afford; and all the blessings of domestic life, which he knew so well how to appreciate, were abundantly showered down upon him. In the midst of happiness almost without alloy, and of society which he was so well calculated reciprocally to enjoy and to adorn, the opportunity presented itself of visiting India in the character of its bishop. Let it not be thought that he eagerly and unadvisedly snatched at the elevation to gratify worldly pride and ambition. I well remember hearing from those most intimate with him the circumstances under which he was induced to accept its responsibility. It was pressed much upon him by his friend and connection, Mr. Wynn: but natural affection to an aged relative, and those ties which, at a mature time of life, acquire the strongest claims upon the mind, both from duty and inclination, made him recoil from the thought. He declined the office; but after the lapse of about a week, — after, I was assured, devout meditation, and not without private prayer to that Being 'who is the source of all utterance and knowledge, who sendeth the seraphim with the hallowed fire of his altar to touch and purify the lips of whom he pleases,' — he desired that this high dignity, if not already disposed of, should be entrusted to him. He accepted the great work from the imperious sense of duty alone, and from duty alone consented to encounter those thousand deaths, which we are called upon, even when living, to endure in the separation, perhaps forever, from those whom we most love and honor. Upon his arrival on these shores, we have seen how cheerfully and zealously he entered upon his pastoral duties; how promptly and energetically he pursued his apostolic mission up to that melancholy period which has beheld at once the extinction of his labors and of our hopes."

Several scholarships in Bishop's College, Calcutta, besides those to which reference has already been made, perpetuate his memory, the grief occasioned by his death, and the gratitude awakened by his talents and virtues.

When the intelligence of the loss which India and Christianity in general had sustained reached England, some of the bishop's personal friends met at Oxford, and issued the following advertisement:

"At a meeting of the personal friends of the late Reginald Heber, Bishop of Calcutta, assembled for the purpose of testifying, by some public act, their respect to the memory of one so distinguished in this university by his genius and learning, one so virtuous and amiable in private life, and so thoroughly devoted to the great cause in which his life was lost, it was resolved, that a subscription be opened for defraying the expense of a monument, to perpetuate those feelings of admiration and esteem which are well known to prevail in the kingdom at large, and to transmit to posterity a record of his eminent services in the propagation of Christianity in India.

"It is hoped and expected that the design thus commenced among his more immediate friends, and in the scene of his early studies, will soon be generally approved and encouraged. According to the extent of this encouragement, must, at some future period, be determined both the kind of monument to be erected, and the place most suitable for its reception."

The subscriptions which, in consequence of this advertisement, were in a short time received, amounting to a large sum, it was determined to extend the original design; and a meeting was consequently held in London, when the following resolutions were adopted:

"*London, April* 12, 1827.—At a meeting held on the 30th of March last, at the house of the Right Honorable Charles Watkin Williams Wynn, in furtherance of a design, commenced at OXFORD, to testify, by some public act, the respect felt for the memory of the late Right Reverend Bishop Heber, it was resolved, that a committee should be formed for the purpose of promoting the subscription more generally in LONDON, and the COUNTRY AT LARGE; and the experience of very few days having authorized the belief, that, wh[redacted]

the design shall be more publicly known, ample funds will be collected to erect, in the Cathedral Church of St. Paul, a monument worthy of Bishop Heber's memory, it has been determined, first, to extend immediately the subscription for effecting that object, and, secondly, to appropriate the surplus, if any, to the endowment of an oriental scholarship."

This design was carried into effect. The monument is the work of Mr. Chantrey. It is that of a colossal figure of the bishop, kneeling on a pedestal, in the attitude of devotion, with one hand on his bosom and the other resting on the Bible.

With America Bishop Heber had no connection, either of a public or private nature; with but few individuals in the United States was he personally acquainted; and yet in no country has his name been more honored. His "Journal in India" was reprinted in New York, and had an extensive circulation throughout the country. Concerning this publication, a gentleman residing in New York, writing to Mrs. Heber in the year 1828, said, "It was read by night and by day with the most profound interest and deep enthusiasm." At Canandaigua, N. Y., the inhabitants were so forcibly struck with the talents and virtues of its author, and with the piety which breathes through every sentence, that they caused his name to be engraved in letters of gold, on a rock of granite, which forms a part of the outer foundation of their Episcopal Church, as a memorial of their veneration for his character. At a subsequent period, the vestry of St. John's Church, in the same village, erected a monument in that church to his memory. It is composed of white marble, having an urn on the top, with the following inscription in golden letters engraved on its tablet:

"To the piety and virtues of Reginald Heber, Bishop of Calcutta. 1829." At Portsmouth, N. H., also, the words, "Sacred to the memory of Bishop Heber," have been engraved on the front foundation-stone of St. John's Church in that city.

But the most pleasing memorial of Bishop Heber in the United States is a living and breathing one. With hearts filled with faith and hope, ten thousand times ten thousand Christians, scattered over all the land, in every hamlet, village, town, and city, are found every month singing his missionary hymn, "From Greenland's Icy Mountains;" and thus their zeal and liberality, their prayers and praises, ascend as a grateful odor to the throne of God, and their efforts are prompted to labor for the accomplishment of the glorious consummation, when

> "—— O'er our ransomed nature
> The Lamb, for sinners slain,
> Redeemer, King, Creator,
> In bliss returns to reign."

The volume of sermons preached by the bishop in England, which was published by Mrs. Heber in 1828, was reprinted in New York the year after, with the following eloquent preface from the pen of the Right Rev. J. M. Wainwright, D.D., who was then rector of Grace Church in that city:

"This edition of the 'Sermons of Bishop Heber preached in England' is respectfully presented by the American publishers to the literary and religious community. It has been executed with great care, page for page with the London edition, and it is believed that it will be found little inferior to that as respects the quality of paper and style of printing. No expense has been spared; for the object of the publishers was not so much pecuniary profit as to

evince the respect with which the character of the late Bishop of Calcutta is viewed in this country. Few individuals of the present age, born and nurtured and performing their important functions at so great a distance from us, have ever excited such warm or such general interest in their favor. He was indeed a scholar, and the republic of letters extends over the whole surface of the globe; he was a poet, and increased the literary treasures of a language which is also our mother tongue; but, more than all, he was prominent in a cause which breaks down all barriers of distinction between men, and unites those who are engaged in it in bonds of the most affectionate brotherhood. A devoted friend to the cause of missions during his whole professional life, and at last a voluntary martyr to that sacred cause, it was in this character he excited our deepest interest; and, in contemplating it with admiration and respect, his elegant attainments, his extensive learning, and poetical inspiration, were comparatively unobserved. Now, however, his various excellences have been placed before us in a strong light, and in him we see and acknowledge 'splendid talents, profound learning, cultivated taste, poetic imagination, the loveliness of domestic virtue, saintly piety, and apostolic zeal, combining together to form a character almost perfect.'

"All these estimable qualities are amply illustrated in his 'Journal in India,' a work too well known and too highly estimated to need commendation, and one that will make all who have read it desirous of perusing whatever else may be presented to the public from the same source.

"The American publishers have been anxious to gratify this curiosity by the early publication of the present volume. The sermons it contains, as will be seen by the English preface, were in part prepared for publication by the lamented author. The others were selected by the editor, — his widow, — of whom it will be acknowledged that, as she is more deeply interested in his fame than any other person can be, so has she proved by the past execution of her editorial duties that there are few more competent than herself to extend and establish this fame, both by the publication of his remaining works, and by the memoir of his life which is promised. The sermons preached by Bishop Heber while in India, and also a selection from the parochial sermons at Hodnet, are announced in the preface to the present work. We anxiously look

forward for the reception of these volumes, and particularly the latter. The clear and forcible exhibitions of Scripture truth, the earnest appeals to the conscience, and the affectionate exhortations of such a man as Heber, in the discharge of his duties as pastor of a beloved flock, must possess deep interest, and be calculated for extensive usefulness. The sermons in the present volume, although by no means deficient in the above qualities, — nay, on the contrary, distinguished for the union of practical reflection and exhortation with ingenious and learned disquisition, — yet, being prepared for public occasions, and delivered principally before learned bodies, are less adapted to universal perusal than parochial sermons would be. To the man of letters, and the theologian especially, the present work will prove a valuable acquisition, and the publishers have great satisfaction in thus presenting it to their notice."

ON THE PORTRAIT OF REGINALD HEBER.

BY ROBERT SOUTHEY.

I.

Yes, — such as these were Heber's lineaments;
Such his capacious front,
His comprehensive eye,
His open brow serene.
Such was the gentle countenance which bore
Of generous feeling and of golden truth
Sure Nature's sterling impress; never there
Unruly passion left
Its ominous marks infixed,
Nor the worse die of evil habit set
An inward stain engrained.
Such were the lips whose salient playfulness
Enlivened peaceful hours of private life;
Whose eloquence
Held congregations open-eared,
As from the heart it flowed, a living stream
Of Christian wisdom, pure and undefiled.

II.

And what if there be those
Who, in the cabinet
Of memory, hold enshrined
A livelier portraiture,
And see in thought, as in their dreams,
His actual image, verily produced;
Yet this shall counterfeit convey
To strangers, and preserve for after-time
All that could perish of him, — all that else
Even now had passed away:
For he hath taken with the living dead
His honorable place,
Yea, with the saints of God
His holy habitation. Hearts, to which
Through ages he shall speak,

Will yearn towards him ; and they too (for such
Will be) who gird their loins
With truth to follow him,
Having the breast-plate on of righteousness,
The helmet of salvation, and the shield
Of faith, they too will gaze
Upon his effigy
With reverential love,
Till they shall grow familiar with its lines,
And know him when they see his face in heaven.

III.

Ten years have held their course
Since last I looked upon
That living countenance,
When on Llangedwin's terraces we paced
Together, to and fro ;
Partaking there its hospitality,
We with its honored master spent,
Well pleased, the social hours ;
His friend and mine, my earliest friend, whom I
Have ever, through all changes, found the same,
From boyhood to gray hairs,
In goodness, and in worth and warmth of heart.
Together then we traced
The grass-grown site, where armed feet once trod
The threshold of Glendower's embattled hall ;
Together sought Melangel's lonely church,
Saw the dark yews, majestic in decay,
Which in their flourishing strength
Cyveilioc might have seen ;
Letter by letter traced the lines
On Yorwoth's fabled tomb ;
And curiously observed what vestiges,
Mouldering and mutilate,
Of Monacella's legend there are left, —
A tale humane, itself
Well nigh forgotten now ;
Together visited the ancient house
Which from the hill-slope takes
Its Cymric name euphonious, there to view,
Though drawn by some rude limner inexpert,
The faded portrait of that lady fair
Beside whose corpse her husband watched,
And, with perverted faith
Preposterously placed,
Thought, obstinate in hopeless hope, to see
The beautiful dead by miracle revive.

IV.

The sunny recollections of those days
Full soon were overcast, when Heber went
Where half this wide world's circle lay
Between us interposed.
A messenger of love he went,
A true evangelist;
Not for ambition, nor for gain,
Not of constraint, save such as duty lays
Upon the disciplined heart,
Took he the overseeing on himself
Of that wide flock dispersed,
Which, till these latter times,
Had there been left to stray
Neglected all too long.
For this great end devotedly he went,
Forsaking friends and kin,
His own loved paths of pleasantness and peace,
Books, leisure, privacy,
Prospects (and not remote) of all wherewith
Authority could dignify desert;
And, dearer far to him,
Pursuits that with the learned and the wise
Should have assured his name its lasting place.

V.

Large, England, is the debt
Thou owest to Heathendom;
To India most of all, where Providence,
Giving thee thy dominion there in trust,
Upholds its baseless strength.
All seas have seen thy red-cross flag
In war triumphantly displayed:
Late only hast thou set that standard up
On pagan shores in peace!
Yea, at this hour the cry of blood
Riseth against thee, from beneath the wheels
Of that seven-headed Idol's car accurst;
Against thee, from the widow's funeral pile,
The smoke of human sacrifice
Ascends, even now, to heaven!

VI.

The debt shall be discharged; the crying sin
Silenced; the foul offence
Forever done away.

Thither our saintly Heber went,
In promise and in pledge
That England, from her guilty torpor roused,
Should zealously and wisely undertake
Her awful task assigned:
Thither, devoted to the work, he went,
There spent his precious life,
There left his holy dust.

VII.

How beautiful are the feet of him
That bringeth good tidings,
That publisheth peace,
That bringeth good tidings of good,
That proclaimeth salvation for men!
Where'er the Christian patriarch went,
Honor and reverence heralded his way,
And blessings followed him.
The Malabar, the Moor, the Cingalese,
Though unillumed by faith,
Yet not the less admired
The virtue that they saw.
The European soldier, there so long
Of needful and consolatory rites
Injuriously deprived,
Felt, at his presence, the neglected seed
Of early piety
Refreshed, as with a quickening dew from heaven.
Native believers wept for thankfulness
When on their heads he laid his hallowed hands;
And, if the saints in bliss
Be cognizant of aught that passeth here,
It was a joy for Schwartz
To look from Paradise that hour
Upon his earthly flock.

VIII.

Ram boweth down;
Creeshna and Seeva stoop;
The Arabian moon must wane to wax no more;
And Ishmael's seed, redeemed,
And Esau's, to their brotherhood,
And to their better birthright then restored,
Shall within Israel's covenant be brought.
Drop down, ye heavens, from above!
Ye skies, pour righteousness!

Open, thou earth, and let
Salvation be brought forth!
And sing ye, O ye heavens, and shout, O earth,
With all thy hills and vales,
Thy mountains and thy woods!
Break forth into a song, a jubilant song,
For by himself the Lord hath sworn
That every tongue to him shall swear,
To him that every knee shall bow.

IX.

Take comfort, then, my soul!
Thy latter days on earth,
Though few, shall not be evil, by this hope
Supported and enlightened on the way.
O Reginald, one course
Our studies and our thoughts,
Our aspirations held,
Wherein, but mostly in this blessed hope,
We had a bond of union, closely knit
In spirit, though in this world's wilderness
Apart our lots were cast.
Seldom we met; but I know well
That whatsoe'er this never-idle hand
Sent forth would find with thee
Benign acceptance to its full desert:
For thou wert of that audience — fit, though few —
For whom I am content
To live laborious days,
Assured that after-years will ratify
Their honorable award.

X.

Hadst thou revisited thy native land,
Mortality and Time
And Change must needs have made
Our meeting mournful. Happy he
Who to his rest is borne
In sure and certain hope,
Before the hand of age
Hath chilled his faculties,
Or sorrow reached him in his heart of hearts!
Most happy if he leave in his good name
A light for those who follow him,
And in his works a living seed
Of good, prolific still.

XI.

Yes, to the Christian, to the Heathen world,
Heber, thou art not dead, — thou canst not die!
Nor can I think of thee as lost.
A little portion of this little isle
At first divided us; then half the globe;
The same earth held us still; but when,
O Reginald, wert thou so near as now?
'T is but the falling of a withered leaf—
The breaking of a shell—
The rending of a veil!
O, when that leaf shall fall,
That shell be burst, that veil be rent, may then
My spirit be with thine!

TO THE MEMORY OF REGINALD HEBER, BISHOP OF CALCUTTA.

BY MRS. OPIE.

How well I remember the day I first met thee!
'T was in scenes long forsaken, in moments long fled;
Then little I thought that a *world* would regret thee,
And Europe and Asia *both* mourn for thee dead!

Ah, little I thought, in those gay social hours,
That round thy young head e'en the *laurel* would twine,
Still less that a crown of the amaranth's flowers,
Enwreathed with the *palm*, would, O Heber, be thine.

We met in the world, and the light that shone round thee
Was the dangerous blaze of wit's meteor ray;
But, e'en then, though unseen, Mercy's angel had found thee,
And the bright star of Bethlehem was marking thy way.

To the banks of the Isis, a far fitter dwelling,
Thy footsteps returned, and thy hand to its lyre;
While thy heart with the bard's bright ambition was swelling,
But holy the theme was that awakened its fire.

Again in the world, and with worldlings, I met thee,
And then thou wert welcomed as *Palestine's bard;*
They had *scorned* at the task which the SAVIOUR had set thee,
The Christian's rough labor, the martyr's reward.

Yet, the one was thy calling,* thy portion the other;
The far shores of India received thee, and blest,

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* At first he refused the appointment to the bishopric, but, after "devout prayer," he accepted it, thinking it was his duty to do so.

And its lowliest of teachers dared greet as a brother,
And love thee, though clad in the prelate's proud vest.

In the meek, humble Christian forgot was thy greatness,
The follower they saw of a crucified Lord;
For thy zeal showed his spirit, thy accents his sweetness,
And the heart of the heathen drank deep of the Word.

Bright as short was thy course, "when a coal from the altar"
Had touched thy blest lips, and the voice bade thee "Go!"
Thy haste could not pause, and thy step could not falter,
Till o'er India's wide seas had advanced thy swift prow.

In vain her fierce sun, with its cloudless effulgence,
Seem'd arrows of death to shoot forth with each ray;
Thy faith gave to fear and fatigue no indulgence,
But *on to the goal* urged thy perilous way.

And, martyr of zeal! thou e'en here went rewarded,
When the dark sons of India came round thee in throngs,
While thee as a father they fondly regarded,
Who taught them, and blest in their own native tongues.

When thou heard'st them, their faith's awful errors disclaiming,
Profess the pure creed which the Saviour had given,
Those moments, thy mission's blest triumph proclaiming,
Gave joy which to thee seemed a foretaste of heaven.*

Still, "On!" cried the voice, and surrounding their altar,
Trichinopoly's sons hail'd thy labors of love;
Ah me! with no fear did thine accents then falter,
No secret forebodings thy conscious heart move?

Thou hadst ceased, having taught them what Rock to rely on,
And had'st doffed the proud robes which to prelates belong;
But the next robe for thee was the *white robe of Zion*,†
The next hymn thou heard'st was "the seraphim's song."

Here hushed be my lay, for a far sweeter verse,—
Thy requiem I 'll breathe in thy numbers alone;
For the bard's votive offering to hang on thy hearse
Should be formed of no language less sweet than *thy own*.

"Thou art gone to the grave, but we will not deplore thee,
Since God was thy refuge, thy ransom, thy guide;
He gave thee, he took thee, and he will restore thee,
And death has no sting, since the Saviour has died."

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* When they gathered round him at Tanjore, on Easter day evening, to the number of thirteen hundred, and he blessed them in their native tongue, he exclaimed, "he would gladly purchase that day with years of his life."

† He had scarcely put off his robes in which he officiated at the altar, when he was suddenly called away "to be clothed with immortality."

TO THE MEMORY OF BISHOP HEBER.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

If it be sad to speak of treasures gone,
Of sainted genius called too soon away,
Of light, from this world taken while it shone,
Yet kindled onward to the perfect day;
How shall our grief, if mournful these things be,
Flow forth, O guide and gifted friend, for thee?

Hath not thy voice been here among us heard?
And that deep soul of gentleness and power,
Have we not felt its breath in every word
Wont from thy lip, as Hermon's dew, to shower?
Yes! in our hearts thy fervent thoughts have burned, —
Of heaven they were, and thither are returned.

How shall we mourn thee? With a lofty trust,
Our life's immortal birthright from above!
With a glad faith, whose eye, to track the just
Through shades and mysteries, lifts a glance of love,
And yet can weep! for nature so deplores
The friend that leaves us, though for happier shores.

And one high tone of triumph o'er thy bier,
One strain of solemn rapture, be allow'd, —
Thou who, rejoicing in thy mid career,
Not to decay, but unto death hast bow'd,
In those bright regions of the rising sun,
Where victory ne'er a crown like thine hath won.

Praise! for yet one more name with power endowed
To cheer and guide us onward as we press;
Yet one more image on the heart bestowed,
To dwell there, beautiful in holiness!
Thine, Heber, thine! whose mem'ry from the dead
Shines as the star which to the Saviour led.

ELEGY ON BISHOP HEBER.

BY THE REV. J. W. CUNNINGHAM.

He fell not in climbing the icy steep
Which ambition delights to scale;
For the deeds of his arm not a widow shall weep,
Or an orphan her father bewail;
It was not in piercing the mountain's side
For the mine's forbidden treasure,
Or in pushing his bark o'er the shallow tide
Of bright but delusive pleasure.

Here Honor and Interest woo'd him to rest,
And spoke of the evils to come,
And Love clasped him close to her cowardly breast,
And whispered the joys of his home;
But zeal for his Lord dissolved every chain
By which we endeavored to bind him,—
He paid every tear by tears back again,
But cast all our wishes behind him.

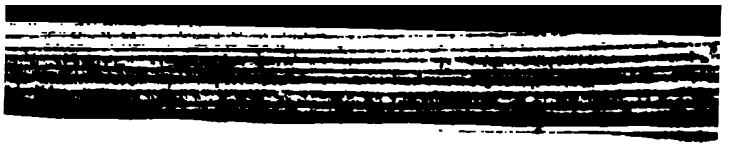
And he mounted the deck, and we saw him depart
From our breezy and verdant shore;
And we left him in sadness and sickness of heart,
To think we might see him no more.
But he sought the far coast of the sultry land,
Where the sun never knows a cloud,
And he planted his foot on the burning strand,
And his head at the altar he bowed;

And his soul by the solemn oath he bound
To live and to die for the Lord;
The idol temples to strew on the ground,
And to publish the life-giving Word.
And he preached it by day and by dewy eve,
And when night had darkened the plain:
Ah! who shall the tale of his labors weave,
And so give us our brother again?*

He fell as he conquered; a sorrowing crowd
Of each people and language and tongue
Pressed sadly around his cold grave, and aloud
Their heart-broken obsequies sung:
"Our brother has fallen, and low in the dust
Do his earthly relics slumber,
But his spirit is gone to the land where the just
Surround the 'white throne' without number."

But his grave has a voice, and I heard it proclaim—
"Go forward till day chases night;
Till all nations adore th' unspeakable Name,
And the world's one wide ocean of light;
Till our God is enthroned on Judah's dark hills,
And sheathes his all-conquering sword;
Till the desolate earth with his glory he fills,
And all realms are the realms of the Lord."

* This Elegy was written before the Memoir of the Bishop's Life was published.





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